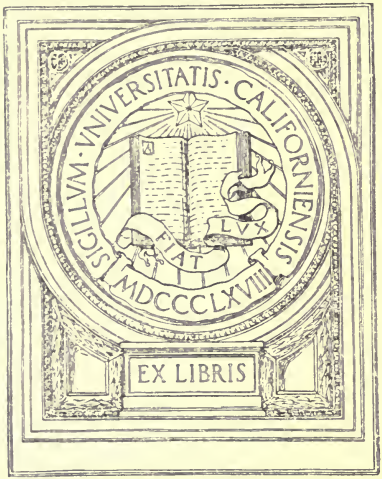
The Changing Order

By OSCAR LOVELL TRIGGS, Ph. D.

INTERNATIONAL LIBRARY
OF
SOCIAL SCIENCE

UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
LOS ANGELES



GIFT OF
Estate of Thomas J.
Mooney

The Changing Order

A Study of Democracy

BY

Oscar Lovell Triggs, Ph. D.

And slowly answered Arthur from the barge:
"The old order changeth, yielding place to new,
And God fulfills Himself in many ways,
Lest one good custom should corrupt the world."

CHICAGO
CHARLES H. KERR & COMPANY
1908

UNIV. OF CALIFORNIA
AT LOS ANGELES
LIBRARY

Copyright, 1905
by
Oscar Lovell Triggs.

UNIV. OF CALIFORNIA
LOS ANGELES
LIBRARY

AT 12-10-45

PS
3539
T73c
1908

Duplicate Exchange DEC 18 '44

TO MY ACCOMPLICE.

474194

NOTE.

Several of the papers of this volume have appeared in the Forum, Sewanee Review, Poet-Lore, Unity, Open Court, Independent, Chautauquan, and Craftsman; and to the editors of these magazines I am indebted for permission to reprint in the present form.

O. L. T.

Chicago, July, 1905.

THE WORD DEMOCRACY.

Underneath all now comes this Word, turning the edge of the other words where they meet it.
Politics, art, science, commerce, religion, customs and methods of daily life, the very outer shows and semblances of ordinary objects—
Their meanings must all now be absorbed and recast in this word, or else fall off like dry husks before its disclosure—
Art can now no longer be separated from life;
The old canons fail; her tutelage completed she becomes equivalent to Nature, and hangs her curtains continuous with the clouds and waterfalls—
The form of man emerges in all objects, baffling the old classifications and definitions—
The old ties giving way beneath the strain, and the great pent heart heaving as though it would break—
At the sound of the new word spoken—
At the sound of the word Democracy.

EDWARD CARPENTER in "Towards Democracy."

TABLE OF CONTENTS

Introduction 9
Democratic Art 15
The Esoteric Tendency in Literature: Browning . . . 52
Subjective Landscape Art: George Inness 78
The Critical Attitude 87
An Instance of Conversion: Tolstoi 112
A Type of Transition: William Morris 120
The Philosophy of Play 151
Democratic Education 169
"Where Is the Poet?" 181
The New Doctrine of Labor 195
The Sociological Viewpoint in Art 199
The Philosophy of the Betterment Movement 215
Industrial Feudalism — and After 223
The Workshop and School 233
A School of Industrial Art 249
The Philosophic and Religious Ground: Walt Whitman . . 262
The Outlook to the East 279

INTRODUCTION.

I am to make constant use of the word democracy in the following studies yet I am unable to give it precise definition. I understand, however, that the term is indicative of a new order of ideas. Broadly speaking it represents an attitude of mind that is opposed to the monarchic and aristocratic. As yet the foundations of the social order are largely aristocratic. The new ideas are obscured and their effects destroyed by the stream of traditionary tendency. My purpose, then, is to separate the new order from the old, to gather materials for a definition from the more subtle fields of distinction, leaving the final formulation to those who shall live within the new world. I have in view certain phenomena that seem to me to be the effects of the new spirit of life which we call democracy. Democracy signifies the uprise of the people, the "masses," their complete utterance and exercise in politics, art, education, religion, and all other forms of human activity. Probably the first result of the denial of the feudal relation was felt in the sphere of government. The American Revolutionists discarded at the first political inequality which was exemplified in arbitrary taxation, though they continued to maintain nearly every other feudal condition. Washington might well have been proclaimed King at the time of his election to the presidency and in the states of the South a genuine aristocracy was upheld until the civil war. The principle

of popular control was, however, acknowledged and in Lincoln, the peasant president, the man of common fibre, unlettered in the European sense of culture, yet the accredited prophet of the new social order, truly called by Lowell "the First American," the advent of the people was fully justified. But to describe democratic polity in the sphere of government is no part of my motive. I have in mind the more subtle effects of democracy, its radiation in art, industry, education, and religion. Now one of the new ideas is the doctrine of labor as distinguished from the aristocratic doctrine of leisure. "Blessed is he who has found his work" spoke out Carlyle. But what is the nature of that work from which the ancient curse has been removed—work which is a tangible blessing in itself, a pleasure even as sleep and food? In truth a new industrialism is forming. Moreover a new sense of life itself is shaping among those whose perceptions are not obscured by power and luxury and a Maeterlinck is born to become the prophet of the humble. "There are about us," says Maeterlinck, in one of his recent essays, "thousands of poor creatures who have nothing of beauty in their lives; they come and go in obscurity, and we believe all is dead within them; and no one pays any heed. And then one day a simple word, an unexpected silence, a little tear that springs from the source of beauty itself, tells us they have found the means of raising aloft, in the shadow of their soul, an ideal a thousand times more beautiful than the most beautiful things their ears have ever heard or their eyes ever seen. O, noble and pallid ideals of silence and shadow! It is you, above all, who soar direct to God!" Where this thing is true, where the speech inclines to silence, where life is esoteric, of

what avail is the old ideal of external authority? A marked transformation is taking place likewise in the field of art, both in respect of theory and of subject matter. Tolstoi would define art in terms of experience and William Morris in terms of pleasurable activity. "One day," Morris said, "we shall win back art to our daily labor: win back art, that is to say, the pleasure of life, to the people." And that was a profound saying of his when denied the laureateship at Tennyson's death: "If I can't be the laureate of writing men, I'll be the laureate of sweating men." So the people are finding inclusion in the books. One recalls now with a new sense of their significance the innovations begun by Euripides in the direction of the realistic drama, the new spirit of Chaucer who gave the miller and plowman a place among his pilgrims, the greatheartedness of Burns who sang the glories of the home and field, the wide sympathies of Wordsworth who depicted with all sincerity the dignity of the commonplace. For these are among the historic tokens of democracy. Changes, springing from the same impulses are taking place in education. Nearly every school building is the arena today of a conflict between the old and the new. Every teacher and pupil feels, in some degree, the turmoil of transition. The ideal of a special culture is yielding. The scholar, once revered as holding the keys of that knowledge which was power, is losing place and function—receding into the past like the vanishing forms of nobles and priests. But life is becoming itself educative. Schools are being established with methods based on the principle of self-government. And for the discipline of the intellect there is being substituted the culture of personality. So into all realms of thought

the spirit of democracy is penetrating. Religion is perhaps the last to suffer change. For long ages the Christian world has been taught to observe the judgments that arise within the "Kingdom of God"—how God is a king, who has established a kingdom, who compels service upon subjects whose duty is to obey. But these conceptions, king, kingdom, subject, duty, obedience, find little response among men who as to all other affairs are living in federation and under republican forms. And at length prophets are arising upon whose lips the word king is never heard, and in whose minds the conception of kingship is never formed—prophets, that is, of cosmic democracy. The doctrine of immortality was once aristocratic; it is now inclusive and democratic. These, then, are the type of phenomena that I have in mind to describe. It should be understood that from the very nature of the subject the discussion can not always be elaborated but must be conducted largely by the method of suggestion.

II.

Nothing betrays the force of tradition more than the persistency with which democracy in America has been construed in terms of a system of politics. Our forefathers were political revolutionists, and when the principles of free government were formulated and political equality was secured for all, it was supposed that the citizens of the new republic were safe in their pursuit of happiness. The social ground work which the Colonists actually laid was industrial democracy, which requires for its well being not a government of laws, but a copartnership of men. Notwithstanding this condition,

our national difficulties have been adjusted by political instruments, and the deposit of a ballot and the enactment of a law have been regarded as the chief duty of man. What these instruments really recorded were industrial changes. The American Revolution was fundamentally a war undertaken for the independency of labor. The Civil War was the occasion of a conflict between two opposing ideals of life—that attendant upon labor and leisure. The principles of representative government in the one case, and of state and national sovereignty in the other, were secondary matters. Our fathers gained certain industrial rights by the one struggle and their sons abolished one form of industrial slavery by the other. The result of confusing the issues so completely has been to place excellent sets of laws upon the statute books, but to leave the community in unregulated turmoil. Our actual democracy is crude in the extreme; the first lines of relationship proper for an industrial community having hardly been drawn, the first principles of justice having hardly been considered. As Morris once said succinctly: "The industrial situation is bad. I wish it would better."

It is seen that political equality does not mean industrial equality and that manhood suffrage does not bring manly independence. And save for the professional politicians no one engages very seriously today in government. We look back upon our political declarations very much as we read the XXXIX Articles, or the Book of Homilies, surprised at the disputes they occasioned: "As certain Anabaptists do falsely boast," "As the Palagians do vainly talk"—how little "understanded of the people" are these differences now! The political issues of the so-

called political parties are equally obsolete and outworn. Men belong to parties by tradition, accident, or according to locality, no longer by conviction—because there are no longer political questions at issue. The real problems of life in America are neither ecclesiastical nor governmental: they are industrial. What men are struggling for today is industrial freedom. We have still to make any genuine Declaration of Independence, or to write a Constitution adapted to the needs of a non-political community. Doubtless it has been well that those who were publicly inclined have had the bauble of government to play with. They have toyed eloquently with the surface of things and left the deeper forces opportunity to become conscious and gather for emergence. In the year 1899 more than fourteen thousand laws were enacted by legislative bodies in the United States, not that laws were needed, but that legislatures might have occupation. If, in the revolution now upon us, our political institutions should be greatly changed or even swept away, it would not much matter. Administration is practically the only vital function left in any state; for the most part our legislation is simply for the sake of legislation. If government had much significance today, it would point to the vast degeneracy of peoples. For, as Tacitus penned, "When the state is corrupt then the laws are most multiplied." As it is with us today a corrupt government may be the sign of a healthy popular condition, an indication of the fact that men are attending to the vital issues of life. What is needed at this hour is not to establish free government but to develop free men—"not," as William Morris once said, "to establish socialism, but to educate socialists."

DEMOCRATIC ART.

I.

Democracy, to repeat, is not merely a political term: it is a universal idea, whose entertainment determines conduct in every one of the spheres of human activity. It will not prove itself established until its principles have permeated society in every part. Its function is to bring to growth out of the social soil strictly autochthonic education, religion, philosophy, and arts, which shall be uniform with progress; corroborating in the fullest degree the immediate land and contemporary life.

The progress of transformation and adjustment which the fine arts are undergoing, in passing from an aristocratic to a democratic basis, is one of the most important and significant, though generally unrecognized, movements of the modern world. Although the subject is beset with difficulties, I propose, in this first study, to examine with some care the nature and extent of the specific changes, compelled in art by the Time-Spirit, in the midst of the general results flowing from universal emancipation. The movement is, of course, incomplete in its operation. The present period is one of transition. An adequately representative art does not exist today in any democratic community, not even in any portion of America, which is still the most perfect and consistent embodi-

ment of the democratic idea, and in whose bounds, therefore, we should expect the evidences of artistic freedom.

If a reason be sought for the insufficiency of American art, two facts will be found to have a bearing upon the question. One is the commonly recognized truth that the actual scenery of the American land and the events of its population are themselves transcendent in their poetic quality. As the French Revolution, by transferring the drama of life from the stage to the streets, ruined the theatres of Paris, so the very variety and intensity of our own dramatic life make us content to forego the simulation of the play and the poem. At the time of the Spanish-American war it was complained that the struggle brought forth no poetry commensurate with the occasion. But would not the events themselves, brought close to us through the medium of the daily press, recorded there vividly and dramatically, render the poetic celebration of deeds comparatively uninteresting? This is the moment of being and doing. Our "Iliad" is still in the making.

Another fact connects the foregoing with this discussion, namely, that our art, however potential in its subject-quality, is still formed, to a considerable degree, under the guidance of the traditions of feudal Europe. To this day Paris is the Mecca of painters. The foreign melodrama, false to our notions of heroism, remains the accepted model of playwrights, rather than native plays of the type of Herne's "Shore Acres" or Thomas's "In Mizzoura." Dvorak's "American Symphony" contains nothing distinctively American; Damrosch's "Scarlet Letter" is Germanic in everything but subject. And not only is our creative art formed under direction, but the ac-

cepted principles of criticism are traditional; and we look at even the art that is modern through the eyes of foreign courts. Emerson's "American Scholar" was called "the scholar's Declaration of Independence": that revolution is completed. But the declaration of artistic and critical independence has yet to be formulated and written. It must be understood, therefore, that any conclusion respecting either the descriptive or the speculative phases of democratic art and criticism is but tentative. The event awaits the completion of the democratic movement. Enough, however, has been accomplished, and tendencies are clearly enough defined, to enable us to understand, in part by speculation, in part by observation, the characteristics of democratic art.

These characteristics may first be formulated by drawing a contrast between aristocracy and democracy in their political and social aspects. As pointed out by Professor Santayana, such preliminary scrutiny and definition of political distinctions will be found to be valuable because of the aesthetic ingredient that all social ideas contain, inasmuch as this or that idea is generally entertained on account of its appeal to the imagination as well as to the reason; and a final selection of any idea is made as much on the grounds of its propriety as of its service. When the members of any society prize the political form they have achieved as having value in itself, as somewhat intrinsically and eternally right and beautiful,—when, that is, the subjects of a king consecrate the law and order of their society as something inherently beautiful, and the citizens of the republic are pleased to contemplate their structureless, but practical, democracy as something divinely just and righteous,—the social imagination receives

a coloring that may be called aesthetic; and the artistic product, in its turn, is consciously or unconsciously made to conform to the general principle. It is historically, as philosophically, true that the fine arts correspond, in general aspects at least, often in the minutest detail, to the modes of thought and feeling that characterize social conditions.

Socially an aristocratic society exhibits three special features; viz., conventionality as to form, exclusiveness as to content, conservatism in matters of progress. A democracy, on the other hand, is unconventional, almost structureless in its forms, inclusive in its content, progressive in its ideals.

An examination of artistic production with respect to form, content, and general attitude toward life and thought, in a manner suggested by Professor Dowden and John Addington Symonds in their essays upon the subject, will give the definition of the two classes of art in question.

In its forms aristocratic art will first be dignified: it must wear the dress prescribed by custom, and defer to the proprieties that hedge the throne. Composition is determined by the standard of "good form," which has been established by the critical class, and is maintained in force by tradition. Aristocratic art is largely external, but perfect within the limits of the "grand manner," and fixed in its "classic" perfection by authoritative conventions.

As a patrician shuns the vulgar phrase in the interest of culture, so it seeks to preserve its refinement by avoiding the vulgar person. Its art, accordingly, is exclusive in its subject-matter; only those characters and themes

having admission which, by their nobility and dignity, are thought to be susceptible of artistic treatment. The passions that run from lord to lady inspire the lyric song; while "knights' and ladies' gentle deeds" constitute the scope of epic or dramatic action. In pastorals shepherds and shepherdesses of the field appear; but the dainty *Corydons* and *Chloes* that play at keeping sheep never see a pasture; and the sheep that play at being kept never enter a fold. A really common person may enter upon the stage to play buffoonery or point a biting satire, but never to maintain an independent interest or destiny. On Shakespeare's stage fates were given only to kings and nobles. It was doubtless his own amibtion to have

> "A kingdom for a stage, princes to act,
> And monarchs to behold the swelling scene."
> *Hen. V. I., 1.*

Toward life aristocracy ever maintains the conservative attitude. It exists by gifts of the past. Its power and privileges, private and public, are derived by inheritance. The will of the father governs the career of the child: the experience of age restrains the creative impulses of youth. An aristocracy resists the encroachment of new ideas: it doubts nothing, desires nothing, holds permanently to beliefs, is content with metes and bounds. Its art pictures in the past the Golden Age. The virtues it extols are those that belong to feudalism, loyalty to the king, obedience to inherited authority.

The popularization of art results in forms that are fluid and varied, in subjects fully comprehensive in their scope, in ideals that freely enlarge and advance. The one word comprehending these features, the word which

justifies the use of the term "democratic" in characterizing them, is "freedom"—the freedom to choose without restraint forms and subjects, making possible a sincere expression of personality, which is the fundamental content of all true art; the freedom to experiment and prophesy, rendering easy a progression to higher and sincerer modes of expression.

As the leading principle of a democracy is individualism, the art that arises from among the people has for its chief characteristic infinite variety of form. The one effort of democratic art being to exploit individuals, diverse from each other, the modes of utterance change to correspond to the nature of the man. Every artist becomes a law unto himself, and learns to follow an impressionistic method to the full license of egotism. The acceptance of all the facts of life involves a primitive directness of method in exhibiting such facts. All true realism contains the personal quality, the individualization of sight and interpretation. Styles, therefore, in realistic art, are simple, fluid, and various. Instead of a single standard of established "good form," a hundred plebian modes of significance arise. The canon of order in variety is supplanted by that of significance with variety. The symmetrical unity of aristocratic art gives place to multiple meaning.

Now, irregularity of form is the very genius of an art that is controlled by an inner principle. Ruskin said of a Gothic building: "If one part always answers to another part, it is sure to be a bad building; and the greater and more conspicuous the irregularities, the greater the chances are that it is a good one." Imperfections of form in painting, discordant notes in music, vulgar phrases in

poetry, are artistically permissible so long as these are significant of character. Individual sincerity governs manner, rather than the conventions of a dictatorial artistic class.

A second great principle of democracy is equality. Equality opposes comprehensiveness to exclusiveness. Democratic philosophy asserts that the most common subjects of nature, and the most common events of life, are instinct with latent principles which, when detected, approve themselves divine. So long as the all-inclusive light falls round the objects of the universe, so long will love and sympathy comprehend the divinity that appears universally in objects. Nothing in man or in nature is unpoetical, if treated sincerely by a poet who has the largeness and the insight to penetrate below externals to the heart and essence of things. There is nothing profane save profane eyes and minds. The acceptance of the universal and unseen is rendered imperative; for only, I believe, by the transcendent idea can each fact and person be given place and significance in the scheme of the world. The democratic principle springs from faith—a faith becoming more and more absolute as man rises in the scale of being. In every individual the prophetic eye perceives the revelation in outlines, however dim, of gods and heroes. By virtue of faith the note of popular art is inclusiveness. Love casts out scorn and denial. High life and low life contribute their characteristic themes.

Goethe defined good society as that which furnished no materials for poetry; and Mr. Symonds says: "How hardly shall they who wear evening clothes and ball dresses enter into the kingdom of art." But democratic art does not exclude good society. Society, bending and

gliding at the dance, has a specific note of grace no less to be admired and cherished than that attending the superb poise of the reaper as he swings his sickle, or the strong flex of the blacksmith's muscles as he strikes the glowing iron. The older themes of aristocracy are not to be neglected. Why should they be? Heroism remains heroic still. The youth of a Western village may hearken to the shout of *Achilles* as it rings out on the plains of Troy; he may shudder at the heroic suffering of *Prometheus* undergoing chastening like a god; he may spring up at the sound of *Roland's* or *Oliver's* trumpet to recover a lost field; but while not failing to recognize the noble heroism of god-like action, he is, as a member of the common mass, more concerned about the lovely qualities that attach to all human life. The hero at the plow or the forge, the heroine at the loom or in the kitchen, may be dignified beyond our means of expressing by patiently enduring the edicts of fate, and by suffering with hardihood all tragic woe. "Lads a-hold of fire-engines and hook-and-ladder ropes no less to me," said the bard of democracy, "than the gods of the antique wars." "We owe to genius," says Emerson, "always the same debt of lifting the curtain of the common, and showing us that divinities are sitting in the seeming gang of gypsies and peddlers."

It is a feature of democracy that it looks to the future for its justification. As yet the social ideal of democracy is unrealized. The New World is destined to vast growths and unparalleled achievements. Whitman announces for America "splendors and majesties to make all previous politics of the earth insignificant." He apostrophizes the New World in his most optimistic strain:

"Thou mental, moral orb—thou New, indeed new, Spiritual World!

The Present holds thee not—for such vast growth as thine,
For such unparallel'd flight as thine, such brood as thine,
The *Future* only holds thee and can hold thee."

Bold in this promise, the pioneer of progress, accepting what accrues to him from the past not as an obligation, but as a free inheritance, moves gladly forward toward an ideal goal; believing he is marching toward something great and fortunate. The Golden Age lies somewhere in the twentieth century—always beyond, a "Flying Perfect." The poet is given to celebrate not the advance that has been made, but the progress that shall be; and if he look to the past at all, it is to gain ground for prophecy. Shelley, despairing over the past, restless in the present, constructing an ideal world in a far-distant future, fully incarnated the democratic spirit. William Morris, though he dreamt of the past, yet had eyes ever fixed on ideal landscapes, ideal social systems, ideal fellowships. With characteristic optimism, Whitman announced: "All that the past was not the future will be;" and to that future the poet trusted his ideas, never doubting that an audience would be raised up to justify him. Such usage is significant of democratic procedure. "Nothing conceivable," said De Tocqueville, "is so petty, so insipid, so crowded with petty interests, in one word so unpoetic, as the life of a man in the United States; but amongst the thoughts it suggests there is always one which is full of poetry, and this is the hidden nerve which gives vigor to the whole frame." This thought, so vital and poetic, De Tocqueville goes on to say, is the perfectibility of human nature. To each in some degree comes the splendid vision of the not distant future when personal independence, good-will, charity, comradeship, shall be

the rule and practice, the joy and independence of the race. The attitude of hope and expectancy encourages the formulation of new ideals, and experimentation with respect to new art forms.

Aristocratic art is typical: it lays aside the common attributes and seeks the type-forms. Democratic art is individual and real: it accepts the personal view, and invests common attributes with meaning. The one gives unity to the beautiful; the other expands and diversifies it. The one, being reminiscent, is static; the other, being prospective, is dynamic. The one harmonizes what is given: the other suggests what is to be. The note of the one is despair: that of the other is triumph and joy. The one is bound: the other is free.

II.

All the fine arts, with the exception perhaps of sculpture, which has never undergone romantic revival, might be drawn upon to illustrate the various effects of the democratization of art. Architecture was the first of the arts to be popularized. We should expect such an event, inasmuch as architecture is the most intimate of the arts, the most closely related to our daily life; for though we may not be able to write a poem, or to paint, we are most of us called upon at some time to build something, a home at least. As a matter of fact, architecture, up to the time of the invention of printing, was the chief register of human thought; and its forms corresponded most closely with the dominant ideas of history. The whole series of structural changes which freedom accomplishes is exhibited in the history of architecture from the time of

the Hindu and Egyptian temples, the forms of which answered to the conditions of a theocracy, to the period of the Middle Ages, when the Gothic cathedral took shape under conditions of greater freedom.

The general character of ancient architecture is immobility. Conventionality covered the temples like another petrifaction. Primitive types were consecrated to the embodiment of a fixed and most rigorous dogma. Traditional lines were retained from century to century without variation. As the stone embodied an obscure symbolism, the interpretation of a special priestly class was required, the directive functions of whom have been performed by the critics of culture and good taste in every aristocratic age. Victor Hugo, in the Fifth Book of his "Notre Dame," relates the story of the escape of the mediaeval cathedral from the authoritative absolutism of the priest, and how, for the first time since the Greek, the religious temple fell into the hands of the artist, and became the property of the imagination, of poetry, of the people. Thought, it appears, was free in the Middle Ages in the one direction of architecture. The modern freedom of the press is scarcely greater. The creative genius of the people, repressed from political and social activity by feudalism, and from religious constructiveness by ecclesiastical absolutism, emerged in the one way left open—the way of architecture. The cathedral of Roman and Byzantine traditions furnished the conventional ground; but, when the mobility and spiritual expressiveness of stone were once discovered, forms tractable to thought and capable of infinite variation were rapidly developed. If a genius was born he became a builder. The other arts, being more restricted in their expressiveness, were subordinated to

this one achievement. Architecture became a co-operative art, the art of the arts, the art of the whole people. The sculptor must fill the niches and cap the pinnacles with appropriate figures; the painter must decorate the walls with scenic frescoes, and design forms and select colors for the windows; the musician must raise the lofty organ to complete the mystery of vaulted roof with vanishing sound; the poet must exercise his genius in the composition of canticle and responsions. A sublime unity of the arts was thus accomplished to enhance the glory of the one free art.

The effect of the popularization of architecture may be seen in the very enthusiasm for structure that was engendered in the free cities of Europe. During the period of emancipatory process so many cathedrals arose in every part of Christendom, that we can hardly believe the report of their number. With invention unhindered, rapid and innumerable changes took place in styles. In three centuries the aspect of the standard cathedral was completely transformed. Upon the nature of the changes, William Morris, in his essay on "Gothic Architecture," makes the following comment:

"If some abbot or monk of the eleventh century could have been brought back to his rebuilt church of the thirteenth, he might almost have thought some miracle had taken place: the huge cylindrical or square piers transformed into clusters of slim, elegant shafts; the narrow, round-headed windows supplanted by tall, wide lancets, elegantly glazed with pattern and subject; the bold vault spanning the wide nave instead of the flat wooden ceiling of past days; the extreme richness of the mouldings with which every member is treated; the elegance and order of the floral sculpture, the grace and good drawing of the imagery." (Pp. 38, 39.)

Free creation thus resulted in every improvement.

Though a logical style was finally developed, there was not at any time a fixity of form. Throughout the period of growth the use was granted of material of any kind, arches of any span or altitude, pillars of any degree of strength or tenuity, windows of any size or shape, and details of any amount of elaboration. Says Morris:

"Slim elegance the Gothic could produce, or sturdy solidity, as its moods went. Material was not its master, but its servant; marble was not necessary to its beauty; stone would do, or brick, or timber. In default of carving, it would set together cubes of glass or whatsoever was shining and fair-hued, and cover every portion of its interiors with a fairy coat of splendor; or would mould mere plaster into intricacy of work scarce to be followed, but never wearying the eyes with its delicacy and expressiveness of line. Smoothness it loves, the utmost finish that the hand can give; but if material or skill fail, the rougher work shall so be wrought that it also shall please us with its inventive suggestion. For the iron rule of the classical period, the acknowledged slavery of everyone but the great man, was gone, and freedom had taken its place." (*Id.*, pp. 32, 33.)

With increasing license the priestly symbolism was modified; and a meaning foreign to religion would be embodied in a door, or a facade, sometimes in an entire church. As Victor Hugo remarks in "Notre Dame:"

"No idea can be given of the liberties taken by architects. We find capitals interwoven with monks and nuns in shameful attitudes, as in the Salle des Cheminées of the Palace of Justice at Paris; we find Noah's adventures carved at full length, as under the great porch at Bourges; or we find a tipsy monk, with the ears of an ass and a glass in his hand, laughing in the face of an entire community, as in the lavatory of the Abbey of Bocherville. Sometimes a doorway, a facade, an entire church, offers a symbolic meaning hostile to the Church. Guillaume de Paris in the thirteenth century, Nicholas Flamel in the fifteenth, wrote

such seditious pages. Saint Jacques de la Boucherie was a church of opposition throughout." (English trans., Sterling edit., pp. 213, 214.)

With the restrictions of dogma removed, the interests of beauty or significance alone determined the artist's plan.

The secret of the evolution was found in the freedom of the workmen. Each builder and mason was at liberty to leave some evidence of his own individuality upon the materials, some mark of his pleasure in service. The chief architect was only the master-workman; and the masons and carvers were architects in their turn; mingling fancy and imagination with their technical skill, and giving to each object the vitality of spontaneous design and execution. Freedom, in short, was the essential quality of Gothic architecture.

For full three hundred years the development of an individualized architecture continued—a bright, creative, golden period. When the printing-press was invented "the book," as Victor Hugo puts it, "destroyed the building." Mind had found other channels for its activity. But the Gothic cathedrals accomplished their purpose; and they stand to witness forever to the advantages of freedom—a promise of democratic art.

The freedom, originality, variety, and progress that marked the making of Gothic architecture are the characteristics that distinguish the modern structures being produced on American and democratic soil. The waves of classical renaissance that swept across Europe in ages subsequent to the Gothic, leaving in its recession such masses of formal, pedantic structures as St. Paul's in London and its group of parish churches,—just meant to

be the homes of cultivated, unenthusiastic ecclesiasticism, —had but little effect upon the architectural movement of the New World. Architecture in America, especially during the last fifty years, is conspicuous by the quantity, variety, and originality of native forms, and by the freedom with which the traditional models are employed. The leading characteristic is a readiness to strike out new paths under the requirement of changing conditions and of practical considerations. The principle of individuality, especially in the newer cities of the West, controls domestic structure to the end of multiplying designs almost infinitely, many of which, it is true, are painful and monstrous to classic good taste (the penalty democracy pays for its freedom); but many more are full of artistic beauty and promise.

Conspicuous secular architecture may be said to constitute America's contribution to the modern. The epochs of popes and kings have passed; and this is no age in which to build churches or palaces. Secularism and industrial democracy are keys to the present. We build libraries, school houses and railroad stations. The commercial temple, largely the product of the American mind, is the exact equivalent of the modern business ideal. The daring, strength, Titanic energy, intelligence and majesty evidenced in many of the modern business temples indicate precisely one, and perhaps the dominant, feature of American character. These buildings are significant in their principles of structure, rather than formal. They observe the logic of function. They are not built, that is, primarily, to display artistic proportions, but to serve a purpose and fulfill a need. The Time-Spirit was their

architect; necessity was their craftsmaster. In them a new group of social conditions found a habitation.

The growth of population in cities, the centralization of business in a "down-town" district, the co-operation of men necessitated by economy and despatch, the abundance and cheapness of iron and steel, the convenience and serviceability of steam heat and electric light, the quick transportation made possible by the elevator—these economic forces and mechanical devices have combined to make such structures as the Masonic Temple in Chicago masterpieces of modernity, admirably answering to new conditions; and structures as full of meaning and ideal content as any that architectural history records. In display of simplicity, in the use of broad surfaces, in control of the lines of height, and in the artistic handling of mass, the Chicago group of office buildings is unique among the architecture of the world. These are proud structures, defiant in their altitude, every story soaring and exulting. In their pride and altitude their artistic feeling lies. I admire the daring, wisdom, and genius of the men who designed and erected them. The genius of men like Root and Hardenberg marks an epoch in art. They were no hawkers of worn-out creeds; neither were they infidel. But actuated by a new motive they inaugurated an architectural movement that may be said to be the only genuinely new and creative tendency in architecture since the completion of the Gothic in the Middle Ages. When to the strength of a general idea are added the delicacy and refinement of a personal conception, when the strictly artistic sentiment is perceived and accentuated, democracy may point to its commercial structures with the pride of a

great achievement. They spring from freedom: in the lines of freedom they are elaborated.

In a few instances, notably in the work of Mr. Louis H. Sullivan, the architect of the Auditorium and the Schiller theatre at Chicago, I believe the signs of a new and enlarged architecture are visible. Mr. Sullivan, more than any other builder known to me, founds his works in personal character and personal responsibility and permeates them with poetic feeling. He is the exponent in theory and in practice of poetic architecture by which he means an architecture that rises freshly out of the heart of nature and out of the soul of man, seeking to typify the harmoniously interblended rhythms of nature and humanity in a form characterized by mobile equilibrium or static rhythm. In his essay "Objective and Subjective," Mr. Sullivan explains his theory:

"I hold that the architectural art, thus far, has failed to reach its highest development, its fullest capability of imagination, of thought and expression, because it has not yet found a way to become truly *plastic;* it does not yet respond to the poet's touch. That it is today the only art for which the multitudinous rhythms of outward nature, the manifold fluctuations of man's inner being, have no significance, no place.

That the Greek architecture, unerring as far as it went—and it went very far indeed in one direction—was but one radius within the field of a possible circle of expression. That, though perfect in its eyesight, definite in its desires, clear in its purpose, it was not resourceful in forms; that it lacked the flexibility and the humanity to respond to the varied and constantly shifting desires of the heart.

It was a pure, it was a noble art; wherefore we call it classic: but, after all, it was an apologetic art; for, while possessing serenity, it lacked the divinely human element of mobility. The Greeks never caught the secret of the changing of the seasons, the orderly and complete sequence of their rhythms within the

calmly moving year. Nor did this self-same Greek know what we now know of Nature's bounty: for music in those days had not been born; this lovely friend, approaching man to man, had not yet begun to bloom as a rose, to exhale its wondrous perfume.

That the Gothic architecture, with sombre, ecstatic eye, with its thought far above with Christ in the heavens, seeing but little here below, feverish and overwrought, taking comfort in gardening and plant-life, sympathizing deeply with Nature's visible forms, evolved a copious and rich variety of incidental expressions, but lacked the unitary comprehension, the absolute consciousness and mastery of pure form that can come alone of unclouded and serene contemplation of perfect repose and peace of mind.

I believe, in other words, that the Greek knew the statics, the Goth the dynamics of the art, but that neither of them suspected the mobile equilibrium of it—neither of them divined the movement and stability of Nature. Failing in this, both have forever fallen short, and must pass away when the true, the Poetic Architecture shall arise—that architecture which shall speak with clearness, with eloquence, and with warmth of the fulness, the completeness of man's intercourse with Nature and with his fellow-men." (Pp. 12, 13.)

The completion of a personalized rhythmic architecture, the attainment in structure of what Wagner has done in music and Whitman in poetry, Mr. Sullivan reserves for the builders of his native land.

The same freedom characterizes the American use of traditional forms. By means of association democracy must realize its connection with a historic past. Innumerable memories cling to and linger around a Grecian column, a Roman arch, a Gothic spire. These forms serve as organs of recollection; reminding democracy of its historical attachments. In buildings designed in part for display,—capitols, churches, libraries, museums, and other edifices of a public character,—artistic and purely architectural conditions meet the maker; and the forms and

proportions sanctioned by historical experience may be properly employed.

When traditions are used as servants and not as masters, when they are permitted to suggest and not allowed to command, the architecture resulting from such combination of tradition and free creation may still be classed as democratic. In cases where a style was adopted arbitrarily, and rigidly applied, as often by Bullfinch and the earlier architects, the freedom of creation had no part in it; a dead past had been continued into the living present; the artist was a slave to tradition and not a freeman. But the Italianism of the Boston Public Library, the Romanesque features of Trinity Church, Boston, the Florentine traditions in the Capitol at Washington, the Gothicism of the halls of the University of Chicago, the classicism of the World's Fair buildings, serve their proper and proportionate function by perpetuating historic experience and by displaying cultural association, while they leave the buildings free to modern and American uses.

Of what a free adaptation of traditional styles may accomplish, to the end of forming an architecture which is yet modern and almost worth the name of an original American style, the work of Henry Richardson furnishes an illustration. Mr. Richardson's characteristic productions are the Trinity Church at Boston and the Wynn Memorial Library. Freely employing an ancient mode Richardson was bold to carry tradition forward in the direction of national and personal aspirations. He produced a style simple, intellectual, and massive, one in perfect harmony with the virile, serious civilization of the Puritan. More significant, too, were certain buildings in the World's Fair group at Chicago. For the group

as a whole the traditional classic style was adopted,—probably from fear and distrust,—and to this rigid form every architect was required to restrain his exuberance and trim his fancy. For the purposes of a Fair the classic style is altogether irrational. A Fair gives occasion for a holiday; it is lyric in its motive and suggestiveness, and fancy and individual creativeness come rightly into play in the builders. At Chicago the rigidity of the style was corrected by the environment, the bright skies and gleaming lake. It was transcended by the free use of ornamentation and imposing sculpture groups. Its limitations were actually overcome in Sullivan's Transportation Building and Cobb's Fisheries Building, built of honest staff with no pretence of marble and genuinely plastic. Both had the individual touch; the Fisheries Building, with its stucco of frogs, fishes and snakes, being the one attempt at humor among buildings dedicated to a holiday. Handling equally free while under the same restrictions of style was made by D. H. Perkins in a building devoted to machinery and electricity at the Omaha exposition. His arrangement of this was suggested by the use of the building and with wires and lamps, rods and cog-wheels he made a plastic design, crowning the whole with a superb group of five driven lions, symbolizing the mastery by man of the physical forces of nature. I would wish that that mastery could be carried into other materials.

III.

I have used the history of architecture to illustrate the variety of form that follows the popularization of

art. The other arts may be briefly referred to, in order to give examples of the comprehensiveness of subject-matter resulting from the deification of nature and man.

The history of music, from Bach to Wagner, presents the features of emancipation with respect to form, and also the extension of the scope of music to the inclusion of poetical concepts.

Berlioz, Schubert, Schumann, Liszt and Wagner represent the contest between the classical and the romantic, the effort, that is, to enlarge the domain of music by including the theme and method of poetry and scenic art. Two of these musicians, Berlioz and Wagner, were active revolutionists in the political as well as the musical world. Berlioz won his first musical victory by a cantata written while the bullets of revolution were rattling round his window and later on in the barricade wielded his weapons with the rest of the Parisian mob, while Wagner was banished from Saxony as a "politically-dangerous individual" and was known as an exponent of anarchy. Of very necessity their art was expansive. Berlioz declared his purpose was not to subvert any of the constituent elements of art, but to add to their number. Liszt invented modes elastic enough to reproduce poetical concepts. The tendency was toward expressiveness. The significance of Wagner, who may be taken as the representative democrat in music, consists in his effort to restore the relations between life and art—first, by forming a drama which should be all-inclusive, expressing the vast issues and complex relations of modern life; and, second, by composing music which is indifferent to the rules of the symphony, but which is dramatic and realistic

in motive and fully apprehensible by personality and the poetic judgment.

Such a composer, being independent, is limited in his display only by the bounds which define the ideas he seeks to embody.

IV.

Painting has had a similar development; its history being marked by a growing individualization of form and an increasing inclusiveness of theme. The disabilities imposed by the mediaeval church relating to sacred theme have long since been overcome, on the one hand by the growth of religious skepticism, which resulted in a general secularization of life, and on the other hand by increase in scientific knowledge, which has cast out fear and penalty, and filled the void fixed by romantic theology between man and nature with infinite and lovely forms of life. The romantic movement, at the beginning of the nineteenth century, freed the painter from the rules and pedantries of the academy, which had been no less restrictive than the church. The "Men of 1830" stood for sincerity and the personal view in confronting nature. Jean Francois Millet carried forward the movement of 1830 by adding to the interest of landscape the inspiration of humanity, and avowed that a peasant was as worthy as a king for portraiture. He broke from the slavery of conventional art, and put freely upon canvas the actual earth-born man and woman, rude in their outline, but vigorous in their action, and who face courageously their destiny on the laborious earth. "Beauty," said Millet, "is the fit, the appropriate, the serviceable

character well rendered, an idea well wrought out with largeness and simplicity."

Impressionism, the latest of the emancipatory modes, asserts the verity of the personal view and even though this method has been carried to extremes and the painter rioted in the excesses of egotism, the effects which seem oftentimes distorted are still significant as an outcome of the democratization of art.

V.

The popular art of the present day is literature chiefly in the forms of essay and fiction and certain kinds of poetry. The romantic movement long ago delivered literature from bondage to a special measure or class of subjects. Any man of letters may avail himself of the full freedom of the modern world. If, like Shelley, he has a passion for reforming the world, his verses may not only be expressive of personality but may seek also to inculcate the ideals that inform the present and lead forward the future. The close association of poetry with the regnant ideas and dominating tendencies of the modern render its history particularly serviceable to illustrate the most important phase of the democratic movement in art, the enlargement of subject and especially the inclusion of the people in the guise of the "average man," about whom more and more the ideals and sympathies of men are gathering. Says Edward Carpenter:

"There was a time when the sympathies and the
ideals of men gathered round other figures;
When the crowned king, or the priests in procession,
or the knight errant, or the man of letters in

his study, were the imaginative forms to which men clung;

But now before the easy homely garb and appearance of this man as he sweeps past in the evening all these others fade and grow dim. They come back after all and cling to him."

And this is one of the slowly unfolding meanings of democracy.

It may not be commonly appreciated how thoroughly modern English poetry is permeated by political and social ideals. Byron and Shelley were in open rebellion against aristocratic usage and were even anarchic in their passion to destroy the fabric of civilization. Coleridge and Wordsworth reflect in their poetry the enthusiasm for liberty that led to the conception of a Pantisocracy in the Western world. Swinburne has long been a fervid singer of odes to freedom and is known not to be averse to political revolution. William Morris during his last years turned all his poetic genius to the establishment of positive socialism. The cry of Armenia was heard in England most clearly by a poet, William Watson, whose words in denunciation of the Turk who destroyed and in scorn of his own people who permitted the ruin, seem as if they must burn the page upon which they are written. Rudyard Kipling is an embodiment of English imperialism. A poet like Browning while not political in intent ranges the world for his subject like a democrat and enunciates ideas that may destroy or shape social institutions. Even Tennyson, aristocrat as he is at heart, must admit that "kind hearts are more than coronets and simple faith than Norman blood," reversing thus the standards of feudalism. On the part of America, Emerson, though

he did not go to the war to free the slaves sent forward ten thousand men and liberated from the prison-house of mind the thought out of which the union of the states was formed. The New England poets cried out against the wrong of slavery and loyally held up the hands of Lincoln in the war for union. Lowell and Whitman adopted democracy as a positive philosophy and from this point of view gave utterance to the loftiest ideals. In poetry, if anywhere, will be found the history of the theory of man.

The contrast of the present with the past in respect to the position of the average man is most striking and illustrative. By the Greek poets the heroic few were honored: of the thousands who sailed the Aegean with Agamemnon only a few figures stand out from the groups of the Myrmidons. Upon the Greek stage gods mingled with men to dignify the hero and the deed. Euripides, for the first time, introduced touches of realism but his innovations had no chance of being established and were not followed up until long afterwards in another land. Throughout the Middle Ages the hero continued to be the object of poetic celebration. The praise of Charlemagne and his peers was sung throughout Europe. Knightly adventure formed the theme of the novel. Cervantes for the first time intermingled with the romance of nobility various phases of popular life. The popular voice appears also for a time in England in the series of ballads which celebrated the deeds of Robin Hood and his merry men in Sherwood forest. These free men of the woods stood for the rights of the common people against the exaction of the rich and noble born and the report of their adventures formed a genuine epic of revolt.

Still much of Robin Hood's popularity was due to the fact that he was a mad-cap prince, reputed Earl of Huntingdon. The democratic ideals hinted at by Euripides did not in reality emerge before Chaucer. It is the distinction of Chaucer to have created in his Canterbury Tales characters of flesh and blood with touches of local color, not forgetting the miller or the ploughman or their environment of mill and field. The company that rode to Becket's shrine knew no great separation in class, made uniform perhaps by the levelling tendency of the Catholic creed. Shakespeare, it must be confessed, is generally aristocratic. Not once did the so-called "Lord of all the passions" give a fate to a common man or woman. Fates were for kings and nobles to feed their vanity. Sometimes wisdom is spoken by fools but fools were men of privilege in the court and in any case perform a secondary part in the drama, playing buffoonery to relieve the tragedy of the great. Spencer ignored the commonplace, idealized the shepherds of the hill, wrote to inform the lives of the ladies at the court of the queen and to fashion a "gentleman of noble person in virtuous, brave and gentle discipline." Still there is in the sixteenth century in chap book and picaresque novel a distinctive realism and on the stage a tendency toward the humanization of art. The moral plays and interludes furnish other elements of a popular character. This tendency, however, went no further than the stage in England. The Latin supremacy entered by way of the universities and through the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries there was no marked democratic manifestation. From the revolt of 1688 there ran on underground, as it were, the popular social movement but it had few superficial evidences until

the present century. English art of the eighteenth century was decidedly aristocratic. The popular writers ignore the populace and celebrate the great. The dictator of this class, the absolute emperor of their literary lace and ruffles—as J. W. Hales puts it—was the poet Pope. But some pricks of conscience begin now to disturb the century's complacency. In one passage Pope wonders whether it is quite right that the great should monopolize the poet:

"Yet all our praises why should lords engross?
Rise, honest muse, and sing the Man of Ross."

That a plain man, a man without a title, could be thought worthy of record indicates that something of the century's exclusiveness is disappearing. Richardson in "Pamela," published in 1740, recognized the new order by adopting a servant girl for a heroine but he acknowledged the old order by marrying her to the worthless lord and making her Lady Pamela. In Cowper, sympathies that comprehend the poor and lowly begin to abound; a lowly man himself, he loved the commonplace and took pleasure in his garden and his rabbits and found it in his heart to justify the unlovely cucumber vine. It was left, however, to the genius of a ploughman, Robert Burns, to discover and open forever to poetic use the thought and emotion contained in the world of the common. The service of Burns in this respect can never be overestimated. The cunning genius of poetry might still lie unexposed in the laborer's cottage and in the open sun-purified field had he not possessed the insight to detect and the genius to exploit the dignity of the simple, the common, the sublime. He has the immortal distinction of being the first real democrat in letters. The new

spirit is just in evidence in Walter Scott, who, although he preferred the aristocracy and attempted at Abbotsford to restore the glitter and gold of a feudal past and in his writings to set the world in love with dreams and phantoms, was yet wide and generous in his sympathies. It is said of him that he spoke to every man as if he were his blood relation.

In the great era of the French Revolution the spirit of brotherhood passed permanently into literature. The era of Humanity dawned with the ruin of a social aristocracy. The English revolutionary poets all shared in the passion for the restoration of freedom: Byron in a moody fiery spirit of tumult and destruction, Keats in a gentle mood of longing, Shelley with a passion for the domination of Love. More than any other man Wordsworth, perhaps, taught the world the duty of catholic affection. "O, gentle reader," he exhorted, "you will find a tale in everything." It was his great service to display the hitherto unrecognized attractions of the commonest circumstances, the most ignoble things, the most ordinary persons.

Wordsworth presents the type of poetic feeling prevalent in an era of social revolution. By a further democratic advance indicated by the rise of industrialism which tends always to substitute an industrial for a political copartnership, an organization of men for a government of laws, the people, as the real members of such an organic community, have gained a new importance and furnished poetry with a significant theme and subject—the theme of labor, the heroic character of the average man. The writings of Dickens, Thackeray, George Eliot, Ruskin, Carlyle, Browning and Morris worthily interpret the age

in its enthusiasm for humanity. There is fine passion glowing in Carlyle's words concerning the "toilworn craftsman that conquers the earth and makes her man's": "Venerable to me is the hard hand, crooked, coarse; wherein, notwithstanding, lies a cunning virtue, indefeasibly royal, as of the sceptre of this planet. Venerable, too, is the rugged face, all weather tanned, with its rude intelligence; for it is the face of a man living manlike. O! but the more venerable for thy rudeness, and even because we must pity as well as love thee; hardly entreated brother! For us was thy back so bent, for us were thy straight limbs and fingers so deformed; thou wert our conscript, on whom the lot fell, and fighting our battles wert so marred. For in thee lay a God-created form, but it was not to be unfolded; encrusted must it stand, with the thick adhesions and defacements of labour; and thy body, like thy soul, was not to know freedom. Yet toil on, toil on; thou art in thy duty, be out of it who may; thou toilest for the altogether indispensable, for daily bread."

Carlyle was the prophet of toil, but not the craftsman's intimate. The spirit of industrial association becomes supreme, for the first time, in contemporary fiction. In the novels of George Eliot there are notable and characteristic pictures of English social life. The district around Nuneaton where George Eliot lived for many years is just on the edge of the section where industrialism centers. As the traveler passes northward from London, through the beautiful feudal county of Warwickshire, the county of regal parks and immemorial elms and lordly manor houses, the land of chivalric Shakespeare, he enters by slow stages a region of more lowly mien and repellent

features—the Great Black country, a country of mines and manufacturies, so black and repulsive that the traveler looks back with regret at the stately forms of nobles fading at the threshold of the industrial region. From glowing furnaces rise a thousand smoke-formed pillars which support in air a vast and shifting dome of vapors. The sun and the blue sky are obscured. The land, the houses, the men are blackened and seem stricken with disease. Yet these are the scenes and faces, here the ideas working, which George Eliot at Nuneaton and the Brontes farther north at Haworth, recognizing their real grandeur, made forever interesting. Thus did Eliot plead:

"Paint us an angel if you can, with a floating violet robe, and a face paled by the celestial light; paint us yet oftener a Madonna, turning her mild face upward and opening her arms to welcome the divine glory; but do not impose on us any of the aesthetic rules which shall banish from the regions of art these old women, scraping carrots with their work-worn hands, these heavy clowns taking holiday in a dingy pothouse, these rounded backs and stupid weather-beaten faces that have bent over the spade and done the rough work of the world—these homes with their tin pans, their brown pitchers, their rough curs, and their clusters of onions."

Dickens understood the common people even better. The *Chimes, Bleak House,* and *Hard Times* exhibit his popular sympathies that included the lowest and even the criminal classes. Judging Dickens by the standards of the twentieth century, Dr. Leet in *Looking Backward* said: "He overtops all the writers of his age, not because his literary genius was highest, but because his great heart

beat for the poor, because he made the cause of the victims of society his own, and devoted his pen to exposing its cruelties and shams." Thackeray took for his part in the democratic movement the exposition of the meanness and selfishness abounding in the circles of wealth and rank. Thackeray's return to reality, from that which is external to that which is vital and attached to character, constitutes his contribution to the modern. Later English fiction is not less marked in its absolute inclusiveness. John Watson gives us the reason for the success of his short stories that "the people liked to read about the doings and sayings of the plain, unsophisticated, everyday people, who were still close enough to the heart of nature to keep something of the freshness and originality, rather than to hear about the introspective questionings and narrow discussions of the over-cultivated members of a coterie."

In other departments of modern English literature, the democratic subject-matter is hardly less prominent than in fiction. The poets of the century with but few exceptions are involved in the movement in some degree and the spirit of brotherhood colors largely the writings of the leading essayists. Browning is the typical English democrat, both in his comprehensive philosophy of love, which principle is the universal solvent of human experience, and in his actual poetic treatment of life and character in which nothing is excluded that is vital and dynamic. I do not mean that Browning touches the common people as Burns, but that his works contain democratic philosophy and exhibit the democratic method. He has gone the whole round of creation, searched the world for persons who had been lost or forgotten or

misunderstood, the Sordellos, Pompilias, Fifines, Paracelsuses, Grammarians, pointed out that love is underlying all of these, and for each personality found an individual voice and style.

In America where democracy is so largely industrial and conditioned by free labor it is natural to expect a literature when most native most replete with the mode of democracy. Democracy with us is not a mere literary theme but is our life, our habit of thought, the condition from which we take departure in action. Emerson, Thoreau, Lowell, and Whitman are American products, impossible in any other than modern soil. Their whole work takes meaning from the social environment, as they are related to the democratic age. Emerson and Thoreau each in his own way displayed the theory of the independent self-centered man. Lowell with scholastic insight and precision declared the meaning of democracy as the life that is separate, self-poised and sole as stars, yet linked by love, made one as light. Whitman, uniting in his personality the results of historical process, presents himself as a typical, complete personality, the first unconditioned absolutely sovereign, average man. The theme of literature in America, taken in its entirety, revolves about the individualized personality, which is seen not to be simple but to have relations and identities with every other personality, with nature and the Divine Spirit. The sublimation of the thought of identity is expressed in Whitman's lines:

"Ah, little recks the laborer
How near his work is holding him to God,
The loving laborer through space and time."

In this essay I have quoted several times from Whit-

man. If one poet alone is sought who is fully representative of humanity, of democracy, the modern and the New World, whose works exhibit in every aspect the features of democratic art, its sincerity, universality, and idealistic tendency, Whitman certainly would be chosen. Indeed, without the illustration of Whitman's poems which indicate the direction of the wind of the human spirit more truly than any other collection of recent production this essay could hardly have been written. "Through me," the poet affirms, "the afflatus surging and surging, through me the current and index." With perfect freedom he ignored the conventionalism of form and constituted a line and rhythm that would most adequately convey his content. For subjects he ranged the whole subjective and objective world, saying to every person or thing: "Not till the sun excludes you do I exclude you." He said, "I have made my poetry out of actual, practical life, such as is common to every man or woman, so that all have an equal share in it. The old poets went on the assumption that there was a selection needed. I make little or no selection, put in common things, tools, trades, all that can happen or belong to mechanics, farmers, or the practical community. I have not put in the language of politics but I have put in its spirit; and in science, by intention, at least, the most advanced points are perpetually recognized and allowed for." His ideals include also the most advanced philosophy and religious opinions. In every way he is the most conspicuous artistic identity of the age. Beyond all others he is the poet of joy. His exultation mounts high and soars wide. His faith is so absolute, his confidence in the goodwill of the World-Spirit and of each individual soul so great, that

no imperfection in the world order, no evil in the social system, no meanness in the individual, is sufficient to check the play of an optimism that is all inclusive and boundless as light. To the future and to the Invisible World he dedicated his poems.

VI.

As the stream of tendency toward democracy cannot be turned back nor permanently checked, it must be concluded that along the lines of freedom art will continue to advance until every subject shall be included, and every thought shall find its appropriate form.

It is likely that there are those who are not in sympathy with these tendencies, who resent the destruction of ancient idols, and who maintain that these innovations indicate the decline and decay of art. The fear of timid souls is well expressed by Lowell in "The Cathedral."

> "Lo, where his coming looms,
> Of Earth's anarchic children latest born,
> Democracy, a Titan who hath learned
> To laugh at Jove's old fashioned thunderbolts—
> Could he not also forge them, if he would?
> He, better skilled, with solvents merciless,
> Loosened in air and borne on every wind,
> Saps unperceived: the calm Olympian height
> Of ancient order feels its bases yield,
> And pale gods glance for help to gods as pale.
> What will be left of good or worshipful,
> Of spiritual secrets, mysteries,
> Of fair religion's guarded heritage,
> Heirlooms of soul, passed downward unprofaned
> From eldest Ind? This Western giant coarse,
> Scorning refinements which he lacks himself,

Loves not nor heeds the ancestral hierarchies,
Each rank dependent on the next above
In orderly gradation fixed as fate.
King by mere manhood, nor allowing aught
Of holier unction than the sweat of toil;
In his own strength sufficient; called to solve,
On the rough edges of society,
Problems long sacred to the choicer few
And improvise what elsewhere men receive
As gifts of deity; tough foundling reared
Where every man's his own Melchisedek,
How make him reverent of a King of kings?
Or Judge self-made, executor of laws
By him not first discussed and voted on?
For him no tree of knowledge is forbid,
Or sweeter if forbid. How save the ark
Or holy of holies, unprofaned a day
From his unscrupulous curiosity
That handles everything as if to buy,
Tossing aside what fabrics delicate
Suit not the rough-and-tumble of his ways?
What hope for those fine-nerved humanities
That made earth gracious once with gentler arts,
Now the rude hands have caught the trick of thought
And claim an equal suffrage with the brain?"

The lament is to be expected. The heading of one of the chapters of "The Dream of John Ball" is the commonplace truth: "Hard it is for the Old World to see the New." But the changes I have described cannot well be avoided. Metamorphosis is the law of all living things. This is not a matter of what an artistic or academic class wants. It is what the people can be prevailed upon to give. I do not want an art of scholars, but one of men. Art must descend from academic technicalities and become commonplace: in the words of Mr. Schreiber, "it must be reinstated as a natural exponent of our common

culture." Art must be reclaimed for men, the masses. Otherwise it will become abnormal, degenerate into pettiness, and forsake the walks of common truth. Shame to us that stigma should attach to work that is close to the universal heart and mind, and praise be accorded to what is rare and exotic and refined. Beauty is wherever light is—the most common thing in the universe. Ruskin declined to interest himself in America because there were no castles here, nor ruins—is beauty limited to where castles are? Castles, me thinks, were built by men. Time, that wrought the present ruin of past buildings, will make future ruins of present buildings. But who wants an art based upon ruins? Who will consent to be ruled by a dead hand? Is it not better to free the creative energies in the present? "Faith and wonder and the primal earth," said Lowell, "are born into the world with every child."

To my mind, the popularization of art—the rendering of form and color and theme characteristic and commonplace—marks a real advance. I will not admit for a moment that the triumph of democracy means the wane of art. Indeed, before the modern artist lies a more arduous task than any yet attempted. In approaching the people with sympathetic knowledge the danger is not that the artist's standards will be abased, but rather that his thought and skill will not be sufficient to express the real dignity of the people. It is not so easy to

> "Give to barrows, trays, and pans
> Grace and glitter of romance."

My feeling is that the opportunities of modern and American art are great and beyond compare. Almost for the first time in history the artist is a freeman. Obsolete

obstructions are fully cleared. He is independent of any ecclesiastical or aristocratic authority. He is delivered from a scholastic tradition regarding style and subject. He shares in the emancipation of the individual brought about by social movements, and in the freedom of the intellect caused by modern science. He may face the whole of nature and the whole of humanity. It is his privilege to create the styles adequate to a great people and land. It is his opportunity to begin the epic of the modern world,—the world as modernly known,—the world of Titanic forces taking birth. It is his mission to open for the imagination the universe as scientifically disclosed. It is his fortune to be able to set forth in all its nobility and grandeur the democratic idea,—the idea of self-sovereignty and of sovereign association, the idea of a life self-poised and sole as stars, yet one as light. If art falls short of its present possibilities, the fault is not with the materials: it does not lie in any want of freedom, but rests rather with the artist who lacks the eyes to see, the mind to think, the skill to compose.

Yet again the fault shall not be alone with the artist, but with the people: art is the answer to a need felt in the popular heart. The people create: they furnish life for art's impulse, freedom for its atmosphere, patronage for its support. From them alone can come the impulse that shall hasten the production of a genuine democratic art.

THE ESOTERIC TENDENCY IN LITERATURE: BROWNING.

I.

The physical energy of the modern world seems to be expended in the acquirement of some external gain: material possessions, comforts and conveniences. At the same time the tendency of life, as disclosed in the more significant modes of art—which is life moulded nearer to the heart's desire—is in the direction of the esoteric. While the nations of the earth are struggling to gain or to retain markets, the art of the day is seeking to satisfy some desire of the heart, some longing of the soul.

By an esoteric art I mean an art whose visible forms are determined not by external but by psychic necessity. The art of a Greek temple is exoteric—it is an art whose aesthetic effects arise from form. Its materials are arranged with reference to external order. The law of visible proportions is inviolable. Its bases, columns, entablature and roof have logical and structural meaning. It is an art that is intellectual, precise, and without mysticism. Christianity released an immense emotionalism and with the consequent increase in mystic feeling, the formal orders of the Greek were broken up. In the course of the middle ages, in the period called Gothic, there were built over the face of Europe, in the lands where Christian ideal-

ism was nurtured, structures that did not arise from the ground as form but descended, as it were, from the heaven as idea. These majestic temples seem to defy all structural laws—they seem not to rest upon the ground so much as hover over it—as if gravitation had been reversed, or as if they were suspended from some superior altitude. They are symbols of idea. I see in them not material form or laws of proportion, but multiple ideas. The materials vanish and one is face to face with living men—with the great mediaeval mystics, whose eyes pierced through form to psychic realities. Mind unifies the structure. It is genuine esoteric art. Exoteric art may be described as manipulation of materials to the end of form; esoteric art as the essential expression of the soul.

The proof of the esoteric tendency in art as a whole is discoverable in the phenomena of modern music and poetry. Architecture is more esoteric than at first appears; for when a builder inserts a window into a dwelling house according as the house needs the light of a window rather than as the exterior needs a harmony, or when he gathers his steel frame and terra cotta envelope about a man in an office instead of bringing columns from Greece and proportions from Rome to please the man in the street, he is employing the esoteric mode of structure. Such building follows the logic of function. Probably, however, the fullest freedom of man is found in those arts which are farthest removed from use, the arts of music and poetry.

The Tone-Poem, called "Thus Spake Zarathustra," by Strauss, is an illustration in point. It is a compo-

sition striking in its originality and power, extraordinarily intricate in its modes, and more comprehensive in its scope than any music that has been heard up to its time. The significance of the composition resides in the fact that a most intimate union and correspondence exist in it between tones and soul-states. It is a music that follows no external necessity whatever. Its effects are measured in terms of psychology. Though freed from formal law it is yet bound by a profound mastery, the law of psychic process. It exhibits with absolute fidelity the history of a soul. It is a pure form of esoteric music. Now, if this composition stood alone, if the world had not been preparing to receive a music of this character for over a century, it might not signify a general tendency. But for a century music has been transferring its center of control from the outer to the inner. Mozart's ideal, for instance, was simple and perfectly organized progression, without great passional force. With Beethoven the outer relations are obscured in the interest of greater soul expression. An entire revolution was then wrought by Wagner when he conceived music dramatically, emancipated it from formal restrictions, rendered it capable of expressing the vast issues of modern life, and offered music forever to the free uses of the soul. Emboldened by his example the younger composers have continued to enlarge the expressive capacities of music until today it includes nearly the whole idealism of the modern world.

The poets who best represent the esoteric tendencies in literature are Whitman and Browning. It is a

matter of no little moment that two representative English writers of the nineteenth century were idealists. The peculiarity of Whitman's writings is that they can not be understood with any success if approached from the outside. The reader must be absorbed in the thing contemplated—he must become the poet, look through his eyes, realize the universe in his way; "I act as the tongue of you," said Whitman; "In my poems, all concentrates in, radiates from, evolves about myself. I have but one central figure, the general human personality typified in myself. Only I am sure my book inevitably necessitates that its reader transpose him or herself into that central position and become the actor, experiencer, himself or herself, of every page, every aspiration, every line." Other books remain standing on the outside of our personality and contribute only to our taste or our knowledge; this book incorporates itself with the reader and contributes pride, love, health, consciousness. By some strange process a man has actually got into a book and hence the book must be apprehended for its character, not for the mere grace of its manner. His writings derive from personality and to personality they return. To an occultist, a mystic, one accustomed to read the symbolism of words and forms, Whitman presents no difficulty. The spread of his influence, the recognition of his power, seems to indicate the increasing idealism of the modern mind.

II.

Browning displays his esotericism in three ways: in

the personalization of his poetry, in the artistic modes of his expression, and in the forms of his philosophy.

To personalize poetry is to inform it with life. Objective art is impersonal. For its effects depend upon skillful manipulation of materials. The artist as a man remains concealed. The world is indifferent to the authorship of Shakespeare's plays for they are uninformed by personality. They were written to produce stage effects. They were tested by their dramatic outcome: do they play well? Is the dramatic motive sufficient? Is the dramatic consequence required? That the audience should be informed, vitalized, transformed, did not enter into their dramatic purpose. While Shakespeare was a great artist, the greatest master of strictly dramatic motives that the world has ever known, he need not have been a great personality. In esoteric art a great personality is presupposed. Greatness is an attribute that must belong to the man before it can enter into and characterize his work. Whitman's writings rest absolutely upon the character of the writer. In one place he says of himself and his book:

"I have loved the earth, sun, animals; I have despised riches;
I have given alms to every one that ask'd, stood up for the stupid and crazy, devoted my income and labor to others,
Hated tyrants, argued not concerning God, had patience and indulgence toward the people, taken off my hat to nothing known or unknown,
Gone freely with powerful uneducated persons and with the young, and with the mothers of families,
Read these leaves to myself in the open air, tried them by trees, stars, rivers,
Dismiss'd whatever insulted by own soul or defiled my body,

Claim'd nothing to myself which I have not carefully claim'd
for others on the same terms,
Sped to the camps, and comrades found and accepted from
every State,
(Upon this breast has many a dying soldier lean'd to breathe
his last,
This arm, this hand, this voice, have nourish'd, rais'd, restored,
To life recalling many a prostrate form;)
I am willing to wait to be understood by the growth of the taste
of myself,
Rejecting none, permitting all."

By the truth of this declaration, Whitman's poetry rises or falls. His character vitalizes the lines, the motive of the line being to vitalize the reader. The art forms have no independent value; they exist simply as a means of conveying life to those not having life. Untold latencies thrill in every page.

As Browning employs the dramatic method he hides himself behind dramatic masks in some degree, but nevertheless the reader is always conscious that his poems move not by dramatic necessity so much as compelled by thought, and that behind the fictions, informing every line, is the author, alert, unconquerable, wearing a hundred disguises, contributing something out of his own abounding personality, something that stimulates and vivifies the reader. In a passage in "The Ring and the Book," Browning outlines the theory of which the poem itself is the exemplification:

"I find first
Writ down for very A B C of fact,
'In the beginning God made heaven and earth';
From which, no matter with what lisp, I spell
And speak you out a consequence—that man,

Man—as befits the made, the inferior thing—
Purposed, since made, to grow, not make in turn,
Yet forced to try and make, else fail to grow—
Formed to rise, reach at, if not grasp and gain
The good beyond him—which attempt is growth—
Repeats God's process in man's due degree,
Attaining man's proportionate result—
Creates, no, but resuscitates, perhaps.
Inalienable, the arch-prerogative
Which turns thought, act—conceives, expresses too!
No less, man, bounded, yearning to be free,
May so project his surplusage of soul
In search of body, so add self to self
By owning what lay ownerless before—
So find, so fill full, so appropriate forms—
That, although nothing which had never life
Shall get life from him, be, not having been,
Yet, something dead may get to live again,
Something with too much life or not enough,
Which, either way imperfect, ended once:
An end whereat man's impulse intervenes,
Makes new beginning, starts the dead alive,
Completes the incomplete and saves the thing."

"The Ring and the Book" is Browning's test of this proposition. Taking facts and persons as history furnished, he fused his live soul with the inert materials, vitalized them by contact with himself, his motive being to write a book which would mean beyond the facts, suffice the needs of art, and save the soul beside. An effect in soul can be secured only by such informing process. There is but this means of soul enlargement. Personality is given increase only by contact with personality. And just so much power proceeds out of a book as went to the making of the composition.

The striking feature of Browning's personality is its vigor—a vigor of mind and body that gives to his whole work the note of strenuousness, a vigor of soul that makes him an unconquerable optimist. Strenuousness, the outcome of physical and mental vigor, and optimism, the result of a deeply penetrative insight, are the two most marked characteristics of his nature. Physical and spiritual courage enabled him to describe himself truthfully as "one who never turned his back, but marched breast forward; never doubted clouds would break; never dreamed, though right were worsted, wrong would triumph; held we fall to rise, are baffled to fight better, sleep to wake." This might and courage are infused into the reader; he becomes eager to assume an armor, seize a weapon, and strike out for some cause with the strength of a newly liberated soul.

But vigor, admirable in any character, is not enough for purposes of conversion and vitalization. Carlyle compares with Browning in point of vigor. He had intensity, the might of a Titan. But to what end was his strength expended? Was it not strength beating itself out against prison bars, rather than strength freely winging its way to new heights? Carlyle lacked the far-seeing spirit. He knew no unity in the chaos, no clue through the vast revel of the cosmic atoms. He was short-sighted, hemmed in, fought in desperation his friend and foe alike. Consequently, Carlyle discourages, not empowers. He never sets his reader on a hill or starts him on an endless journey. For the guide himself sees no goal to be won, not even the path for the feet.

Browning contributes power, opens up vistas, ex-

plains destiny, imparts hope, reveals the goal. It is his optimism that gives carrying power to his personal vigor. His book regenerates through the fullness and force of an embodied personality.

III.

A second aspect of Browning's esotericism is disclosed in the features of his artistic method. Instead of adopting the objective stage as the scene of his exploits, he chooses for a worthier place the soul itself and depends upon the reader, as it were, to supply the footlights, shift the scenes, give the cues and perform the action. The method which he follows is that of suggestion, for the success of which the active response of the reader is required. The author initiates the poem but the reader completes it. In "Pauline" the action in seen to take place within the soul; the actors are desires, passions, and thoughts, and without subjective experience, the power of inner sight, the reader can not follow the poem or understand a single motive. In the preface to "Paracelsus" Browning gave warning to his readers: "A work like mine depends on the intelligence and sympathy of the reader for its success—indeed were my scenes stars, it must be his co-operating fancy which, supplying all chasms, shall collect the scattered lights into one constellation—a Lyre or a Crown."

Not only is the process of a poem subjective but also its unity. What one may call logical unity, that form which characterizes most prose and some poetry, is external; thought grows out of thought, line out

of line, in the relation of cause and effect. But synthetic unity is internal; there are no visible causes—only effects. Again in the preface to "Paracelsus" the author explained his method: "It is an attempt to reverse the method usually adopted by writers whose aim is to set forth any phenomena of the mind or passions, by the operation of persons and events; and that instead of having recourse to an external machinery of incidents to create and evolve a crisis I desire to produce, I have ventured to display somewhat minutely the mood itself in its rise and progress, and have suffered the agency by which it is influenced and determined, to be generally discernible in its effects alone, and subordinate throughout, if not altogether excluded." In many cases, then, the real action may precede the one recorded. The poem will not begin with the first line or end with the last line; it is that which is suggested. The real poem is that developed in the imagination of the reader, or it will be found floating in a sea of idea. The unifying element is the idea and not the form, just as at night unity is given the stars by the sky and not by the light. It is not possible to count the stars; it is not possible to enumerate all the facts and experiences of life, but the multiple stars are unified by their setting in a single sky and the multiple facts may be gathered into a single unifying principle, some universal essence, some solvent of experience. Such a solvent is the principle of Love. Browning's poems number several hundred; their unity is found in the principle of Love. This form of unity I would call idealistic or esoteric. The reader discovers the method when he finds that he must read

a poem through before the meaning of the whole appears, then successive readings are required before its full significance is made clear. Such is the method employed by seers and mystics. Whitman said: "I will not make poems with reference to parts. But I will make poems, songs, thoughts with reference to ensemble. And I will not sing with reference to a day but with reference to all days. And I will not make a poem nor the least part of a poem but has reference to the soul." Similarly Emerson might have said: "I will not write essays with reference to parts but with reference to wholes." For the unity of his essays is ideal or synthetic. They have no logic—nor were they meant to have logic. They contain something better than logic—a universalizing idea.

Another characteristic of Browning's artistic method is the correspondency existing between form and content. There are two classes of poets, the traditional and the original. The first class aims to give a perfect objective form to any given content, the form being that which has received the sanction of tradition. The poet of the second class permits the thought to shape itself, striving only for self expression or revelation. In a passage in "Aurora Leigh" Mrs. Browning asks, "What form is best for poems?" Her answer is given in terms of the untraditional class:

> "Let me think
> Of forms less, and the external. Trust the spirit,
> As souvran nature does, to make the form;
> For otherwise we only imprison spirit
> And not embody. Inward evermore
> To outward—so in life, and so in art
> Which still is life.

> Five acts to make a play?
> And why not fifteen? Why not ten? or seven?
> What matter for the number of the leaves,
> Supposing the tree lives and grows? Exact
> The literal unities of time and place,
> When 't is the essence of passion to ignore
> Both time and place? Absurd. Keep up the fire
> And leave the generous flames to shape themselves."

This quite exactly describes the usage of many of the leading artists of the century. The tendency of Wagner's method, for instance, was to seek artistic effects in underlying harmonies of thought and tonality. His music springs from the words, and the words from the music. "Unless the subject absorbs me completely," Wagner wrote to his friend Uhlig, "I cannot produce twenty bars worth listening to." And again he said: "The musical phrases fit themselves on the verses and periods without any trouble on my part; everything grows as if wild from the ground." The orchestra is, therefore, no mere accompaniment, but an essential expression of the thought and action. "Every bar of music," the author explained to Liszt, "is justified only by the fact that it explains something in the action or in the character of the actor." Always his themes originate coherently and with the character of plastic phenomena. In other words, renouncing the artificial and formal symmetry of beat and measure, he endeavored to correlate physical and psychical phenomena. The beauty of his music is one that belongs to idea. Such also is the beauty of Whitman's poetry. He dared to permit the original creative energy to issue forth without hindrance. There is a deep in man below the region that mind arrogates mastery upon

—a deep that is unsounded, recognized in every life but not defined. The pulsing, dynamic motion of that sea gives to Whitman's lines their form and fashion. They are absolutely genuine, faithful to the mastery of the soul, not independent as fluency and ornamentation are, but dependent as truth is bound to be. His poems grew out of their source as unerringly as lilacs or roses on a bush. He is as careless about mere beauty as the stars about numbers. Said another esoteric artist, the French painter Millet: "Beauty is the fit, the serviceable character well rendered, an idea well wrought out with largeness and simplicity." "Beauty is expression. If I am to paint a mother, I shall try and make her beautiful, simply because she is looking at her child." "Has not everything in creation its own place and hour? Who would venture to say that a potato is inferior to a pomegranate?" In proof of these statements Millet would point to certain frescoes of Giotto at Padua and show how the expression, the character in them was everything. Their naturalness was fine even if it were only that of one man washing the feet of another. And then by way of contrast he would show the works of Titian such as "The Nativity": "There," he would say, "the figures lack the roughness of the peasant type, the room is unlike a stable, the child is naked instead of being wrapped in woolens. There you see the beginning of an art of ornamentation."

In Browning the intimacy between the outer and the inner is perhaps the closest in literary history. His style and rhetoric are always dramatic. The inner and the outer exactly correspond. Instead of having a few

standard forms or molds of expression he has as many forms as poems. The critical question we have a right to ask is concerning the adequacy of expression. Such queries as: Is the poem musical, has it perfect rhyme, is it smooth, soft, metrical, well ordered?—such queries will not reach the heart of the matter at all. But has the poem character, does it say what it means, does it act genuinely out of its own substance?—these questions will win the secret. The poems display a beauty that is not formal, but characteristic. The love poems, for instance, which exhibit the perfect union of kindred lives, are of unvarying sweetness. Hate will introduce at once a jarring, discordant note, as in the "Spanish Cloister." The Gipsy's song in the "Flight of the Duchess," and the recital called "Mesmerism," have mesmeric power to loosen and to bind. The "Cavalier Tunes" move to their appropriate measures; the marching of the soldiery, the circling of wine cups in the air, the galloping of horses. "The Grammarian's Funeral" proceeds by slow steps and solemn pauses. "Abt Vogler" opens with the pulse of the music that is still beating in the musician's soul. "Andrea del Sarto" reflects the quiet silver gray of the evening and darkens with the spread of night over the painter's home. In these poems, Browning proves himself the undisputed master of the psychological method.

Any genuine criticism of Browning starts then from the inside, and this is the most difficult of all forms of criticism, requiring preparation both deep and wide, deep in personality, wide in knowledge. Any technician, however evil-minded, can correct bad drawing,

but only one who has the capacity for being inspired can interpret drawing. The critic must become the artist, he takes his stand at the center, and watches the growth of form out of thought, a growth that in the case of a great and genuinely creative artist is always vital and inevitable. It is to the critics of the formal type that Browning turns in one of his poems:

"Was it grammar wherein you would 'coach' me—
You—pacing in even that paddock
Of language alloted you *ad hoc*,
With a clog at your fetlocks—you scorners
Of me free of all its four corners?
Was it 'clearness of words which convey thought'?
Aye, if words never needed enswathe aught
But ignorance, impudence, envy
And malice—which word-swathe would then vie
With yours for a clearness crystalline?
But had you to put in one small line
Some thought big and bouncing—as waddle
Of goose, born to cackle and waddle
And bite at man's heel, as Goose-wont is
Never felt plague its puny *os frontis*,
You'd know, as you hissed, spat and sputtered,
Clear cackle is easily uttered!"

V.

A third aspect is the philosophic. Browning is a profound thinker. Having philosophic content to disclose, he employs for that purpose innumerable symbols. His ideas rarely appear in their abstractedness but as draped in sights and sounds. Through the symbols we are able to reach back to the ideas and discover a complete systematic philosophy. The sym-

bols, in short, relate to just three themes: the Good, the True and the Beautiful, which in the last synthesis become resolved in the one supreme conception of the Absolute Love. All the incidents and persons are absorbed in the idea. The objects are multiple, but the idea is one. What has been accomplished is the illustration of a transcendental philosophy. Browning has done for idealism what Dante did for mediaeval theology—made it visible. We perceive in his poems philosophy in masks. Philosophy loves and hates, hopes and fears, strives, fails, succeeds. We perceive men in many guises and in many circumstances, governed by Reason. We contemplate thought thinking itself, then by a strange indirection we become the thinker, and construct a philosophy: God in the absolute is the ultimate essence, with attributes of Power and Love. The particular and temporal modes of Power's and Love's manifestation are Truth, Beauty, and Love, with their opposites, Falsehood, Ugliness, and Hate. The triad of positive and continuing factors, while existing in correlation (since their ground is the one Unity), have different means of expression in Time, and require for perception in the human the development of special faculties. Truth abides in the objective realm, where God's Power operates, and is the concern of the Intellect. Beauty and Love reside in the subjective, where God's Love is made manifest, and are the motives, respectively, of Feeling and the Moral Will. Truth is abstract, and is gained by observational and ratiocinative process, having its ground in the object world. Beauty and Love are concrete, and rest in immediate perception,

since they begin and end in human consciousness. The scientist approaches God by unending steps of hypothesis and proof; the artist and lover know Him face to face. Art and religion, in their turn, while agreeing in their intuitional and concrete methods, are differentiated by the medium in which each has its operation. Love is purely spiritual, having its source in God; art is publication, and in order to affect the sensibilities of men, employs material media —stone, color, sound or language. For the exhibition and dispersion of this metaphysics, Browning's poems may be said to exist.

In one thing, Browning as becomes a poet, stands supreme, namely, in the emphasis placed upon Love. Other philosophers had chosen for their absolute principle Idea, as with Hegel, or Will, as with Schopenhauer. The poet saw that the solvent of all phenomena, natural and spiritual, was Love. To know Love is to know God. And Browning has lovers of many kinds—the Grammarian, who loved knowledge and devoted his life with enthusiasm to the doctrine of *de* and *oun*; Fra Lippo Lippi, who loved his Florence and its environment of mountain and wood; Aprille, who loved Beauty, whose aspiration it was to carve in stone the forms of things, and for his shapes to paint a world, and into his world to infuse through song all passions and soft emotions, and, consummating all, to supply all chasms with music; then above all, the lovers of Love: Rudel, Norbert, Pompilia, who, though suffering deprivation and pain, found light enough in the eyes of the loved one to rise to heaven.

Love is aspiration, the want and passion of the soul, the Platonic madness. It is the pursuit of something, the eager quest of an ideal.

Metaphysical as this conception is, Browning does not lose himself in the abstraction, but faces fairly and courageously the actual incidents of nature and man. Nature exhibits power and intelligence, but it seems to be in moral strife, indifferent to weal or woe; but penetrate deeply enough, and God appears in the stock and the stone, in the plant and the bird, an evolutionary force tending to the Good. In the world of men wrong is often on the throne, and evil seems often to endure beyond the good; but look deeply enough, and the wrong is righted and evil is seen to serve.

Beyond all others, Browning is the poet of love in its human aspect. You will not find anywhere, except in modern fiction, a treatment of the relations between the sexes so honest and truthful. Other poets have shunned this field, except to write sonnets to their mistresses' eyebrows. Were it not for the novel, the Italian opera, and Browning, we would hardly be aware of the presence of two sexes in the world of artistic folk. If a New Zealander were to visit America with Emerson as a guide-book, what illumination would he receive concerning the most common facts that would meet his observation. Emerson suspected the sexes. He was silent about them, because his philosophy of idea did not contain them. But what a multitude of men and women throng Browning's pages—men and women, loving, hating, united, estranged, in every degree of relationship. A poet who starts right is apt to conclude right. He wins

our allegiance by his truthfulness in treating the world's most primitive theme.

From this philosophy seen in essence in the life of men and women, the larger theory of the universe proceeds. The universe is love coming into manifestation. The world is a becoming. The mode is evolutionary, an unending process. Love was at its beginning, accompanying the "first huge Nothing." Slowly the plan of the earth unrolled—a plan involving love as its motive and end. Man appears endowed with unsatisfied yearnings. With man began a tendency to God. In the order of process a Christ appeared, a god-man, the all-loving, fulfilling the prophecy of the universe, outlining what was to be. In the fullness of time men shall be as gods. Love shall reign from star to star.

Concerning the evolutionary process Browning advances the following propositions: Evolution is an order imposed on every object in virtue of its being. There is no escape. If the object lags at one point, it is hastened at another. All things are thrust out into the cosmic stream. The soul of things moves as the planets in their orbit, hasting, unresting. Redemption is wrought into the very constitution of things. The Christs do not save —the universe saves.

The sign of evolution is aspiration. Growth is a coming into being. The whole universe groans in its travail, yearning for accession of life. It reaches out its hands after God. It is not what man does, but what he would do, that exalts him. There is no good fixed and absolute, the attainment of which marks one's salvation. The good is the desire for the good. Salvation is a process. Attainment is a tendency. Paracelsus reached the point

of death, with body marred and soul a wreckage, but he pressed God's lamp to his breast. He saw the truth, and the seeing gave him means for a never ending progress. What he achieved was not a fixed salvation, but a tendency. All good is relative.

The accompaniment of evolution is struggle. Materials offer obstruction to spiritual possession. The artist finds his media intractable. He cannot mold the clay as he would; he shapes, re-shapes, adds, subtracts the stubborn materials, only to make a shape all unlike his desire. So life presents unscaled walls. Our purposes are balked. Nevertheless, there can be no peace. Browning sounds the call to battle. He does not avoid the evil, waiting for Nirvana, an ending in dream. Rather he welcomes the strife, grapples with the evil, endures the pain and defeat. That is the way of the world, not to be resisted.

Evolution is eternal. As love was at the beginning, so love continues in the process. There is no stoppage; there can be no stoppage. Love is exhaustless. Immortality is not a dogma—it is an experience. It is the consciousness of growth in love.

Starting with an esoteric philosophy, the principle of which works by inner evolutionary or esoteric means, the very outworking of this principle in his own life lead Browning to personalize his poetry and to follow the evolutionary or esoteric method in the forms of his art.

SUBJECTIVE LANDSCAPE ART: GEORGE INNESS.

I.

"Some persons suppose," said George Inness, in one of his wonderfully suggestive conversations, "that landscape has no power to communicate human sentiment; but this is a great mistake. The civilized landscape peculiarly can, and therefore I love it more and think it more worthy of reproduction than that which is savage and untamed. It is more significant." In these words, George Inness, whom I fain would believe the greatest among landscape artists, touches upon a discovery that the human mind has been long in making; the discovery of the essential unity and kinship of all living things, the discovery that landscape, sunshine and atmosphere yield a full and adequate response to human thought and feeling, that these have significance, not only in their own right, but also as defining and interpreting man's own subjectivity.

The stages of exploration whereby the world's painters have approached the monistic conception are three: the first, a transitional era, during which, having some faint perception of kinship with nature, men freed themselves from the theological dogma of dualism; the second, the stage of realism, when under the direction of materialistic science, painters looked outwardly and described phenomena in their superficial aspect; the third,

that of idealization, corresponding to the modern stage of monistic science, when the discovery was made that nature has its mystery, that there is something underlying the objective reality, that "something," perceived by Wordsworth, "whose dwelling is the light of setting suns, and the round ocean and the living air, and the blue sky, and in the mind of man," and which is further described as "a motion and a spirit that impels all thinking things, all objects of all thought, and rolls through all things." The time of emancipation and first discovery was the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, and exactly coincided with the emancipatory movements inaugurated by Luther in the sphere of religion and by Copernicus and Galileo in the realm of knowledge. Nature, to be sure, had been employed to some extent by the early Italian masters, but simply as background. In the paintings of Fra Filippo Lippi and Botticelli and other members of the Renaissance group, even as early as Fra Angelico of the strictly pietisic and ethical school, appear charming little bits of landscape hidden away in the background of madonnas and saints, seen perhaps only through windows and open doors as if the caprice or accident of the moment. And in these dainty glimpses of clouds, woods, mountain and river the suggestion is stealthily made that saints and madonnas were not wholly heavenly minded, but lived environed by the facts of this our mundane sphere. "The world's no blot for us, nor blank," Browning makes Lippi say, "It means intensely and means good." The discoveries of science, the substitution of the sun for the earth as the center of the planetary system, destroyed forever the egotistic assumption of the centrality of man in the universe; and the history of

painting from that day to this might almost be said to consist in the disappearance of man as having sole and independent value, and in the advance of the backgrounds of the early painters into the foreground of art's canvas. By the seventeenth century, in the works of Reubens, the Poussins, Claude Lorraine, and Salvator Rosa, the independence of landscape is acknowledged. Nature, it is true, was treated by these painters with hardly a touch of realism. Their canvases are formal, pedantic and artificially composed. But their task was not to realize but to emancipate. There is even the need of compromise and in many paintings, whose chief interest is clearly that of the natural scene, some figure from the old scriptures or reminiscent of the mythologies would be included in deference to the traditions.

It belonged to the Dutch painters of the seventeenth century, to the group about Hobbema and Ruisdael, to ascertain with accuracy the content of the objective vision. Certain aspects of nature, as the forms of trees, the manner of running water and moving clouds, occasionally the fugitive play of light, were understood by them as never before, and recorded with fidelity to the object. Their pictures bear signs of their penetrating observation; their objects are heavy with the pull of gravitation, but of inter-penetration, of the sense of relationship between the painter and the scene there is scarcely a token. In the Christian masters there was lacking the sense of the actual; even more do we miss in the work of the Dutch painters of this period the feeling of surmise. But after long centuries of neglect of nature, their task was to study, explore and record the objective world. To man and objects they gave equal

value. Their motive was realism; their merits were frankness and fidelity in handling the objects of vision.

Upon the Dutch painters and their honesty of report the idealists built their superstructure—or if this figure be too dualistic, let it be said that when Constable and Gainsborough saw how good the actual appeared when seen with the objective eye, they were emboldened to record the results of a more penetrating and sensitizing vision. The movement now begun in England and continued in France by the Barbizon painters has reference to the idealization of landscape, or more properly to the realization of the ideal or sensient element in landscape. Varied as are the actual forms of nature, the perception on the part of modern painters of the sensient life governing forms is even more various, the difference, however, being measured by relative depth of vision rather than by the presence or absence of humanizing capacity; for one and all are monistic in tendency and perceive that nature is passional and that passion is natural. Constable, a painter of the transition, carries still something of the material burden of the Dutch painters; but so delicate is Corot in sentiment that only the quiet morning or the evening, treated with Doric simplicity and harmony, measures his still nature. Less classic than Corot, Rousseau, whose symbols are distance, sky depth, and intricate woods, strikes deeper into nature's sentiency. In Delacroix the objects of nature appear almost altogether as symbols, so conscious is he of kinship in language. With George Inness the identities are well nigh perfected, with the emphasis laid perhaps a little too strongly upon his own impression: yet I would not call Inness—or indeed any painter of this group—an impressionist, but

an expressionist. His two hundred and more landscapes are the notes and jottings of a soul's biography. Could all his paintings be displayed together in the order of their composition, they would show even in their solution of the problems of light and perspective the stages of his spiritual history. To this state, then, landscape art has arrived: a single painting may be faithful at once to what is called nature and to what is termed human; without neglecting any of the problems of natural form and color, a painter may serve his own need of self expression. "Was somebody," said Whitman, "asking to see the soul? See your own shape and countenance, persons, substances, beasts, the trees, the running rivers, the rocks and sands."

II.

The annals of Inness's life are simple. A biographer would note his Scotch descent, the general Celtic bearing and habit of gesture, rapid speech, and imaginative conversations, which might lead to the recollection of Matthew Arnold's proposition that from the Celtic the English derives its "natural magic." He would mark the slender, agile form, the lines of the face, denoting extraordinary fire and energy—the face that in later life had the drawn intensity of Michael Angelo's. The painter's career—the labor he endured first as a grocer's apprentice, then in an engraver's shop, before he found his kingdom, and then his struggles for place and maintenance after his true work had begun—would illustrate the certainty of genius of possessing its own. His visits to Europe and acquaintance with the Barbizon painters whereby the direction of his art was confirmed would be

pointed to as one of the happy accidents whereof no man's life is bereft. His excitement at the news of the firing on Fort Sumpter and his insistence upon going to the war, though he could not pass the examination, would furnish diversion and be seen to redound to the painter's humanity. The record of idyllic periods, of home and studio life at and near New York and Boston, of successes and increasing fame, would make up a biography that in its main lines would be not unlike that of many others born in uninspiring environment, but destined by pure force of genius to achieve great name and fame.

III.

To get the secret of an art so unique in its quality of balancing the outer and inner, one must seize on the genius itself. Primarily, Inness was a man of ideas, holding carefully considered opinions not merely upon art, but respecting questions of science and metaphysics. He was himself a "spiritualist" and agreed on the whole with Swedenborg. He was a voluminous writer in both prose and verse, and left masses of manuscript. His writings prove him to have been a mystic. One of his studies was concerning the science of numbers, wherein he developed a system of mathematical symbols: thus 1 denoting infinity, 2 conjunction, 3 potency, 4 substance, 5 germination, 6 material condition, etc. While frequently incoherent and rhapsodical in composition, there was no lack of force or directness in speech. He was an astonishing talker when once aroused to deny or affirm—as strenuous as Carlyle and with something of the same Scottish disputatious nature. His judgments were

invariably formed on the authority of the inner consciousness. "The consciousness of immortality," he once said, "is wrapped up in all the experiences of my life, and this is to me the end of the argument. Man's unhappiness arises from disobedience to the monitions within him." In argument, he supported the side of the sincere and unconventional. Among painters he admired such men as Daubigny and Rousseau in whom there was no trace of affectation. He was impatient with men like Bouguereau and Verboeckhoven, who painted "mercantile imbecilities" from simple spiritual inertia. He thought Meissonier, Jerome and Detaille wonderful painters, but that their aim was material rather than spiritual, imitative rather than creative. He pronounced Turner full of falsity and clap-trap, saying that Turner's Slave Ship was the "most infernal piece of clap-trap ever painted," that there was nothing in it and it was not even a fine bouquet of color. He thought Millet the greatest figure painter that ever lived, that he conveyed the sentiment of labor and home with just enough of objective force for perfect lucidity. "If a painter," he said, "could unite Meissonier's careful reproduction of details with Corot's inspirational power, he would be a very god of art. But Corot's art is higher than Meissonier's. Let Corot paint a rainbow and his work reminds you of the poet's description, 'The rain-bow is the spirit of the flowers.' Let Meissonier paint a rain-bow, and his work reminds you of a definition in chemistry. The one is poetic truth, the other is scientific truth; the former is aesthetic, the latter is analytic."

Among his views on art, I note the following: "What the painter tries to do is simply to reproduce in other

minds the impression which a scene has made upon him. A work of art does not appeal to the intellect. It does not appeal to the moral sense. Its aim is not to instruct, not to edify, but to awaken an emotion. This emotion may be one of love, of pity, of hate, of pleasure, or of pain; but it must be a single emotion if the work has unity, as every such work should have, and the true beauty of the work consists in the sentiment or emotion which it inspires. Details in the picture must be elaborated only full enough to reproduce the impression that the artist wishes to produce. When more than this is done, the impression is weakened or lost, and we see simply an array of external things, which may be very cleverly painted and look very real but which do not make an artistic painting. The effort and the difficulty of the artist is to combine the two: to make the thought clear and to preserve the unity of impression." "The true use of art is, first, to cultivate the artist's own spiritual nature, and secondly, to enter as a factor in general civilization. Every artist who, without reference to external circumstances, aims truly to represent the ideas and emotions which come to him when he is in the presence of nature, is in process of his own spiritual development, and is a benefactor of his race. No man can attempt the reproduction of any idea within him from a pure motive, as love of the idea itself, without being in the course of his own regeneration. The difficulties necessary to be overcome in communicating the substance of his idea (which in this case is feeling or emotion), to the end that the idea may be more and more perfectly conveyed to others, involves the exercise of his intellectual faculties; and soon the discovery is made that the moral element

underlies all, that unless the moral also is brought into play, the intellectual faculties are not in condition for conveying the artistic impulse or inspiration." "The principles that underlie art are spiritual principles—the principle of unity and the principle of harmony. Christ never uttered a word that forbade the erecting or enjoying of sensuous form. The fundamental necessity of the artistic life is the cultivation of the moral powers, and the loss of those powers is the loss of artistic power. The efforts of the Catholic Church to excite the imagination are admirable, because the imagination is the life of the soul. Art is an essence as subtle as the humanity of God, and like it, is personal only to love—a stranger to the worldly minded, a myth to the intellect. I would not give a fig for art ideas except as they represent what I, in common with all men, need most—the good of our practice in the art of life. Rivers, streams, the rippling brook, hillsides, sky, and clouds—all things that we see—will convey the sentiment of the highest art, if we are in love with God and the desire of the truth."

IV.

That Inness embodied general esoteric ideas and meanings in his paintings there is no reason to doubt, in spite of the evidence of their astonishing objective force. He believed himself to be inspired, and that "spirits" superintended his painting. His mind teemed with subjects, derived from sources he knew not of, and his soul conceived more rapidly than even his busy hand could shape. His coloring, rich and luminous, has both objective and symbolic values. I doubt not that the lines of form in

his pictures, the relation of perspective and distance, were determined in accordance with a subtle symbolism of line and number for the interpretation of which the world has no key. Most of his pictures regarded objectively are studies in light. From descriptive notes by Richard Gruelle, I make a redaction of several paintings:

a. You are looking down the center of a broad street in a village. In the distance you see a mass of indistinguishable objects, bathed in a warm purple grey atmosphere, full of mysterious suggestiveness. On the right are some low buildings painted with an uncertain effect. Near them are some tall, slender trees with tremulous leafage. Near by is a cottage, rustic and picturesque, on the front of which the moon's light falls. From a window in this light, you see the faint glow of a lamp, whose flickering ray struggles wierdly with that of the moon. A bit of fence and some weeds complete this part of the picture. In the mid-distance and still to the right, some trees are but dimly seen, above which are the spires of a church. On the left is a group of trees, clad in golden green-gray foliage, their tall, graceful forms casting long phantom-like shadows on the ground. In the center of the street you see a woman accompanied by a dog. High above, the moon wings its way through the vast expanse of ethereal blue, while just above are tender grey clouds, ghost like in their evasiveness and upon which the moon's light makes but faint impress. The entire scene is saturated with a mysterious light, the effect of which is enhanced by the lengthening shadows cast from the various objects and falling forward.

b. In the midst of a bit of swampy meadow, where weeds and grasses grow in great luxuriance and are accented here and there by clusters of wild flowers, stands a white cow. The full ray of the sunlight falls on the animal with almost dazzling brilliancy, illuminating the surrounding verdure into a mass of beautiful yellow-green hues. The upper sky is cloudy, a shower passing. From the upper right hand of the canvas and extending downward until lost among the grasses is a beautiful rain-bow. To the left is a group of trees robed in dark luxuriant green; back of them

the clouds are torn asunder and a rift of sunlight breaks through. Over all is the gloss of early summer—the very essence of June.

c. A sky of charming blue, flaked with fleecy white clouds which hover low down on the horizon. A distance in which a picturesque village is seen nestling snugly among foliage of mellow coloring. To the left is a row of slender trees whose pale yellow leafage shimmers in sunlight, which falls tenderly on the verdure of a bit of meadow, turning it into a mass of warm yellow green found only in Autumn. This light merges by almost imperceptible gradations into the cool, velvety shadows which fall from trees of sombre coloring. In the foreground is a pool of water around which tall grasses and weeds grow. Rich, luminous and transparent the picture glows with the beauty of harmony. It is that coloring in which there are woven colors that thread up through and form into tones full of solemn grandeur. It is as a beautiful ode to Autumn, yet written in the language of the painter pure and simple.

d. You are in the midst of a grand old forest upon which many centuries of time have been registered. Here we have the solemn hush of the primitive solitude, in whose awful silence you commune with the soul of all things. There are no figures introduced; in fact, nothing that would disturb the all prevailing sentiment of repose. A shaft of sunlight tears its way through the dense foliage, turning all that is touched into deep golden tones save where it falls with marvelous beauty and power upon the trunk of an immense old tree. Here lichen, moss and fungus are transformed into gleaming color, that is gem-like in its effect. The light, which seems to saturate everything clings with tenacity to the old tree as if it wanted to linger. From this brilliant point the eye passes through gradation of rare chromatic beauty, into velvety shadows whose depths are filled with deep sombre colorings in which the gamut is almost exhausted. These tones likewise grade into a second mass of light farther back in the picture which is brought into contrast with the cool tones which are seen in the extreme distance. Here the lights are cool and phosphorescent in quality, and emerald light in color. As a piece of coloring it is unsurpassed. The relationship of light and

shade, of warm and cool tones, the bold rugged drawing of the tree forms, are well nigh perfect.

The last picture, entitled "Sunset in the Woods," was begun at the moment of receiving the impression of the actual scene, but waited seven years for completion. "The idea," Inness said of it, "is to represent an effect of light in the woods near sundown, but to allow the imagination to predominate." Here doubtless is the secret of the art of Inness. Fused with the actual landscape is another landscape. Blended with the thing seen is the man seeing. But landscape and painter coincide to some purpose. What was taken from the landscape that was symbolic—what was contributed by Inness that the picture might be expressive? I think the symbolism of Inness's paintings refers almost without exception to what is evanescent and mysterious in all life. Inness was attracted to light on account of its elusiveness. He loved to paint at the hours of the day most characterized by movement—he seized the dawn at its uprise, the sunlight in wane, the clouds that chased each other in the air or as shadows over the earth. He intercepted that most subtle and mysterious moment when sunlight and moonlight mingle, and shadows cross. In such moments Inness realized his unity with nature. In evanescent light, he found the outward tally of a fugitive soul of fire.

V.

The personal characteristic that most distinguished Inness was intensity. It is the mark of all greatly creative natures, of those who develop from within outward. When absorbed in work, the lapse of time was never

noticed. He was known to work at times nearly the entire day, and while the inspiration lasted the impulse of his mind seemed to extend through the fingers to the brush, and fairly energize the canvas. Otherwhiles his moods were changeful and, not to sacrifice his energy, he would arrange a number of canvases in his studio upon each of which he would work as the mood directed. At other times, the picture would change its motive under his hand and starting out as a morning scene might end as a summer afternoon; or dissatisfied, picture would be imposed upon picture, one canvas being said to contain twenty-five separate and superimposed pictures. To a mind controlled from without by codes and conventions, conduct such as this seems indicative of madness. Such phenomena, however, require other explanation. "The question is not yet settled," said Poe, "whether much that is glorious—whether all that is profound—does not spring from moods of mind exalted at the expense of the general intellect." In other days Inness would have been spoken of as "beloved of the gods." We are not yet certain to what extent a sensitive soul may work under subconscious direction, from what universal sources a genius may trace its derivation.

VI.

In France the reaction against the positive and scientific has gone to the extreme of transcedentalism. Purely subjective painters, like the so-called French Symbolists, will employ color to effect psychic states with no intention of objective simulation. It is the merit of Inness that he stayed in his evolution at the point of balance.

Because he reconciled nature and the soul so wholly and joyously, he is fitted to be named among the great monists. He has many affinities with Whitman. They were both mystics and occultists of a high order, yet refused to subdue sensation utterly to consciousness. The poet colors a landscape with the sensory appeal of the painter, and the painter meets the poet on the high plane of the spiritual. They are both pantheistic and monistic: Inness more special and subtle in his sense of identity, Whitman more elemental and cosmic. Where Inness finds in the evanescence of light the typical symbol of existence, Whitman seeks the sea and reads in its abysmal motion, its ebb and flow, the secret of being:

"Then last of all, caught from these shores, this hill,
Of you O tides, the mystic human meaning:
Only by law of you, your swell and ebb, enclosing me the same,
The brain that shapes, the voice that chants this song."

Inness was more intense in special directions, Whitman more brooding and inclusive; but both were original and creative and gave tokens of identical inspiration. In one instance the poet measured strength with the painter. To accompany Inness's painting "The Valley of the Shadow of Death," and to correct its gloomy view, Whitman wrote "Death's Valley:"

"Nay, do not dream, designer dark,
Thou hast portray'd or hit thy theme entire;
I, hoverer of late by this dark valley, by its confines, having glimpses of it,
Here enter lists with thee, claiming my right to make a symbol too.
For I have seen many wounded soldiers die,
After dread suffering—have seen their lives pass off with smiles;

And I have watch'd the death-hours of the old; and seen the
infant die;
The rich, with all his nurses and his doctors;
And then the poor, in meagreness and poverty;
And I myself for long, O Death, have breath'd my every breath
Amid the nearness and the silent thought of thee.

And out of these and thee,
I make a scene, a song (not fear of thee,
Nor gloom's ravines, nor bleak, nor dark—for I do not fear thee,
Nor celebrate the struggle, or contortion, or hard-tied knot),
Of the broad, blessed light and perfect air, with meadows, rippling
tides, and trees and flowers and grass,
And the low hum of living breeze—and in the midst God's
beautiful eternal right hand,
Thee, holiest minister of Heaven—thee, envoy, usherer, guide at
last of all,
Rich, florid, loosener of the stricture-knot call'd life,
Sweet, peaceful, welcome Death."

Though Inness's picture is filled with the gloom of the valley, yet I doubt not that when he passed through on his journey he might have uttered, with much cheer, the last words of Daubigny: "I'm going up to see if Corot has any new subjects to paint."

THE CRITICAL ATTITUDE.

I.

Two modes of criticism have been developed in the history of judgment which may be designated by the terms "aristocratic" and "democratic," on the ground that as the art of an aristocracy is the product of an exclusive culture, the object of the accompanying criticism is to develop and discipline "good taste," and as the art of a democracy is an outcome of generous human impulses, the aim of its criticism is to increase and fortify personality.

In a "classic" age, the ideal of which is to have and be the "best," the fine arts are patronized and enjoyed in the interests of an intellectual and special culture. The reader of books, reclining at ease in his library chair, assumes the judicial attitude and essays to find that in the book which accords with "good taste" and "right reason." He concerns himself largely with questions of taste, matters of style, and principles of correct composition. A Matthew Arnold selects a line from Dante and one from Chaucer and uses them as touchstones of propriety. The æsthetic canons that support this criticism relate to principles of refinement, selection, symmetry, balance and proportion, the general effects, that is, involved in the standard classical canon of order in variety.

The classical canon was a rule of temperance. The Greeks lived resolutely in the whole, loving equally truth

and beauty and goodness, proportioning the play of each faculty so as to secure the largest total effect of life. With the authority of their matchless achievements they imposed upon all succeeding art and criticism an æsthetics corresponding to their ethics.

But the classical idea of perfection, as it has received application in the modern world, is an ethics of restriction. Intellectualism dominates the process. Today to be cultured in the classical sense means to be intellectually refined and polished and to have the impulses of the heart well under the control of the head. To be socially aristocratic means to seek the attainment that only the few can achieve and to abhor the coarseness and vulgarity that attach to the general mass. So to be critically aristocratic is to love the good form and the grand manner that spring from a prerogatived culture and to detest the imperfections that belong to universal and humanistic art.

The first great force that affected æsthetics to the opposition of the exclusory canon of culture was Christianity. Christ directed the sight of the world away from the external to the truth of the inner life. The beauty of his religion is the beauty of holiness. The contest between the two principles of beauty is well illustrated in "Quo Vadis," by Henryk Sienkiewicz, which may be read as an allegory of the struggle between sense and soul in the transition period from paganism to Christianity. Greek poetry and beauty passed with the death of Petronius and Eunice, but a higher poetry and beauty was born at the marriage of Vinicius and Lygia. "Whoso loves beauty is unable to love deformity," said Petronius, the arbiter of elegance. But in the mind of

Vinicius was generated the idea that another beauty resided in the world, a beauty immensely pure, even though deformed, in which a soul abides.

The next considerable force that tended to modify the classical standards was science. Instead of the cultured man, science rewards the knowing man; and instead of the art of "good form," it advocates an art of true fact. In one sense science is an apotheosis of the commonplace. It exalts comprehensiveness. From its microscope, piercing inward to the atom, and from its telescope, pointing outward to the star, nothing is excluded that is inclusive. The love of pure truth which science has engendered, and the truer view of the constitution of things which knowledge has brought, has had a profound effect upon both artistic production and criticism. The first great result of science was the dispossession of the field of art of its conventional themes and the substitution of realities in their stead. Painting and literature, the representative arts, have been the arts especially affected. The weary round of madonnas and saints that the church required of its pietistic painters gave way before the awakened enthusiasm of men for the common sights of the town and woodland—"the shapes of things, their colors, lights, and shades, changes, surprises."

Fra Filippo Lippi was in too early revolt against the religious theme to establish a method, but still in his ideas he was a precursor of scientific landscape art. Browning in his poem on this artist makes the painter monk say to his captors, the constables of Florence:

> Do you feel thankful, ay or no,
> For this fair town's face, yonder river's line,
> The mountain round it and the sky above,

> Much more the figures of man, woman, child,
> These are the frame to? What's it all about?
> To be passed over, despised? or dwelt upon,
> Wondered at?

If science had not then come in to answer this question "What's it all about?" and to construct a new and vital mythology of nature, we might still be admiring St. Lawrence toasting on the irons, or Jerome beating with a stone his poor old breast.

In literature science has rendered nugatory for modern service the whole body of imaginative myths and fictions. "Geology," says Professor Chamberlain, "has dispossessed Hades. A great field of gloomy imagery is gone. Dante's 'Inferno' is a literary phenomenon that will never recur. On the earth the whole category of ghosts and witches, of demons and dragons, of elves and fairies are gone, and the literary function they subserved is destroyed. The 'Hamlet' of the future may have its Hamlet, but not its ghost. Astronomy has swept away the mystic heavens and destroyed still richer and brighter fields of imagery. Aurora and Phoebus and the crystalline sphere are gone. The curtain of the heavens has been folded up and laid away as the garments of our children, as things loved but outgrown. Olympus is gone. Milton's cosmos, equally with his chaos, is only a picture of the past. The richest imagery of all past literature has lost its power save as the glory of the past. And this is simply because it was not true." Truth is indeed the key word of science. To this everything is sacrificed. But while old things have passed away, a new literary heaven and earth are being created, and upon the new materials imagination proposes to work with the old potency and

charm and idealization. Whitman speaks the word of the modern in his declaration that "the true use for imaginative faculty of modern times is to give ultimate vivification to facts, to science, and to common lives, endowing them with the glories and final illustriousness which belong to every real thing and to real things only. Without that ultimate vivification which the poet or other artist alone can give, reality would seem incomplete, and science, democracy, and life itself finally in vain." If facts are to be made into art, the one factor necessary is the sufficient artist to harvest, grind, knead, and bake the facts. After the success of Emerson, Tennyson, Browning, and Whitman in handling scientific material there need be no fear of default in imaginative creation in art. It may be that the actual knowledge we shall gain of the visible universe will make the fictions of fancy comparatively petty and jejune. How sublime are the heavens to Whitman! Can fancy exceed this simple statement:

I open my scuttle at night and see the far-sprinkled systems,
And all I see, multiplied as high as I can cipher, edge but the rim of the farther systems.
Wider and wider they spread, expanding, always expanding,
Outward and outward and forever outward.
My sun has his sun, and round him obediently wheels;
He joins with his partners a group of superior circuit;
And greater sets follow, making specks of the greatest inside them.
See ever so far, there is limitless space outside of that,
Count ever so much, there is limitless time around that.

With this introduction of scientific fact into the productive field, the intrusion of the scientific spirit in the realm of criticism could hardly be avoided. Something was

needed to recover criticism from its "primrose path of dalliance" and to give it serious content. For the criticism of taste, during the period of declining aristocracy, had become mere dilettantism, mere tasting and relishing and objecting; in the words of Professor Freeman "mere chatter about Shelley," or in the phrase of a still severer castigator of cultured methods, Professor Gildersleeve, "mere sensibility and opulent phraseology," "finical fault-finding," or "sympathetic phrasemongery." In the face of such incompetency science, with its inductive method, its conception of law, had no difficulty in bringing the artistic world to a new point of view. The general effect of scientific methods and ideas upon æsthetics has been to advance the spirit of disinterestedness, to adopt relative for absolute standards, to emphasize matter instead of manner, and to introduce notions of life and growth. "Before all else," says Professor Dowden, an exponent of scientific interpretation, "the effort of criticism in our time has been to see things as they are, without partiality, without obtrusion of personal liking or disliking, without the impertinence of blame or applause." Perhaps of greater significance has been the recognition of law which has lifted the study of art out of the dominion of elegant trifling and allied it to the important science of life and mind. Specifically, three schools of study have arisen under the domination of the scientific spirit: first, the investigators who undertake the "higher criticism" of texts and deal narrowly with questions of fact; second, the inductive interpreters who work broadly with the factors of age, race, and environment, evolution and personal force, or who scrutinize specific compositions to determine the principles of interpretation; third, the "compara-

tive" group, who conceive literature as one of the provinces of universal nature, whose aim is to compare literature, to study origins, the development and diffusion of literary themes and forms, to group the whole body of literary facts according to natural lines of evolution, and to write the history of man in so far as that history is reflected in his imaginative creations.

II.

Contemporary with the seething intellectual movement which brought science to birth, a mightier and more extensive social revolution created the second of the modern Titans, democracy. Democracy, operating both as a destructive and a constructive force, was destined from the first effectually to destroy the monarchic and feudal position, to modify or supplement the ideas and methods of science, and to start the critical world toward a new point of view.

The general significance of the democratic movement in art is well expressed by Edward Carpenter in his poem "Towards Democracy:"

Art can no longer be separated from life;
The old canons fail; her tutelage completed, *she becomes equivalent to Nature,* and hangs her curtains continuous with the clouds and waterfalls.
The form of man emerges in all objects, baffling the old classifications and definitions. . . . .
The old ties giving way beneath the strain, and the great pent heart heaving as though it would break—
At the sound of the new word spoken,
At the sound of the word "democracy."

Wholly indifferent to the outcry of a privileged culture,

democracy has brought about an extension of the bounds of art in three directions. In another paper I have spoken of the inclosure in the field of art, through the growth of the modern spirit, of the average and the universal man. Democratic art has taken for its set purpose to unfold the beauties inherent in the people and to declare the glory of the daily walk and trade. Two features of the movement which have bearing upon the theory of art remain to be considered. First, the distinction drawn by aristocratic culture between the fine arts and the industrial arts, is losing its force. The removal of boundary lines does not point to the abasement and vulgarization of the fine arts, but signifies rather a radical and violent reversal in æsthetic theory. The grounds of art are shifting from outward formalism to some principle relating to the subjective play and life. The artist is the maker, the free creator, who molds materials of many kinds to the end of pleasure and self-realization. When the industrial artist works under the conditions of freedom and self-realization, he ceases to be a slave to commerce and production, is entitled to the name of the fine artist as well as to his rewards in joyous existence—the rewards that the divine artist gets in his own creations. Not a perfect object but a perfected man, not a rigid definition but a fluid personality, is the end of socialistic art.

The one mind that has penetrated the waste bewilderment of the industrial world, understood its tendencies, and solved the problem of its emancipation, is William Morris, whose career as a poet, master workman and socialist has been determined by his conversion and subsequent adherence to the cause of democratic art. Morris'

great life work has not been his poems but his theory of life. The redemption of the toiling masses of men from themselves, their environment and their actual oppressors, by a life expanding toward an ideal beauty to be realized in every activity from the lowest to the highest—this has been the end for which the poet labored. His desire to return art (by which he meant the pleasure of life) to the people explains his abandonment of his early lyrics and epics, his espousal of socialism as a means of redemption, and his industrial experiments in proof of the easy alliance of beauty and life.

The propositions of industrial æsthetics may be briefly formulated in the following terms: First, beauty and art are no mere accidents of human life, which people can take or leave as they choose, but a positive necessity of concrete living—unless men are content to exist in a manner less than the highest. Second, beauty is a subjective effect and to be defined in terms of pleasure. And the highest pleasure is that which arises when an artist is given permission to set forth freely in forms that which his mind conceives. "That thing," said Morris, "which I understand by real art is the expression by man of his pleasure in labor." Third, granting the pleasure of life to be the essence of beauty, how can beauty be universally realized? How but by the association of beauty and that which is commonest and nearest, the labor of the human hand? Labor is not rightly a preparation for living but a consecrated means of living. Labor becomes life when it is in the direction of a man's will. Structure should arise out of the soul. Decoration is the expression of man's pleasure in work, the play of the hand in free activity. The pleasure that the fine artist enjoys returns

to the people when the people in their turn learn to express themselves in their daily work with the artist's freedom and to the end of self-realization. Then are art and labor associated to the consecration of each, and modern industrialism is emancipated from its slavish subjection to a machine and a product. The popularization of art involves the two factors, the return of creation to that which man must perforce make and the return of pleasure to that which man must perforce use.

The association of art and labor is no new experience in the race's history. The life of the people of Japan furnishes a convenient illustration of the power of beauty to enhance the pleasure of living. Among the Japanese the love of art is innate, its production universal. Labor of every kind, even to the tilling of a tiny plot of ground or the building of their modest homes, is done as much to give delight in contemplation as to supply the gross needs of daily existence. The common articles of use bear the impress of artistic fingers. They are made to strike the senses by their beauty as the first effect of their use. Care is taken to build the home that it may command an ample view of the country side. The charm of their towns lies in their location and in the design of street and garden and grove. Nature is made subservient to their æsthetic impulses. Their appropriation of the world is not mechanical but personal. When a tree blossoms and flowers bloom an ecstacy is felt by the farmer, not at the prospective crop but at the immediate spectacle. A bird is held in regard for its song and plumage. A mountain is the symbol of the celestial paradise. They have exorcised the demon of hurry. They live for their ideals, working with loving care upon minutiæ

which seem to the Western mind incompatible with the serious business of life, the making fame, wealth, leisure, luxury. The result is that the poorest endure an otherwise burdensome lot with equanimity because of the satisfaction beauty affords the finest instincts. As a race the Japanese, in the land of flowers, are simple in their modes of life, quick in intelligence, gentle in character, elastic in temperament, juvenescent in feeling—a race kept ever young by their love of beauty.

Among European peoples there was a time in the Middle Ages when art and labor had their due association. That was the short, brilliant period when labor, having won its freedom, expended its energies in the erection of the Gothic cathedrals. "In the twelfth century," said William Morris, recounting the struggle for freedom, "the actual handicraftsmen found themselves at last face to face with the development of the earlier associations of freemen which were the survival from the tribal society of Europe; in the teeth of these exclusive and aristocratic municipalities the handicraftsmen had associated themselves into guilds of craft, and were claiming their freedom from legal and arbitrary oppression and a share in the government of the towns; by the end of the thirteenth century they had conquered the position everywhere, and within the next fifty or sixty years the governors of the free towns were the delegates of the craft guilds and all handicraft was included in their associations. This period of their triumph, marked amid other events by the battle of Courtrai, where the chivalry of France turned their backs in flight before the Flemish weavers, was the period during which Gothic architecture reached its zenith." The glory of Gothic architec-

ture lies in the association of art and labor in construction: labor was free, and free labor issued in glorious art.

In like manner the struggle of the modern world to gain its industrial independence is leading directly toward artistic constructiveness. Every gain in freedom means a step forward in art. The issue of the industrial battle is perhaps the greatest in history. For in it are wrapped up the possibilities of a universal art. It is not possible that the interests of men can be for very long confined to the development of the mechanical energies alone.

The principle of industrial æsthetics, and conspicuously the canon of the pleasure of life, are fortified and proved by the result of scientific investigation into the origin of the artistic impulse. Evolutionary æsthetics points to a conception of art as the outcome and embodiment of the freer and higher activities of being. By means of the principle of play, first suggested by Schiller, but for which in this connection the name of Herbert Spencer stands, the origin of art in primitive man is intelligibly explained. Briefly stated, the knowledge prevails that art had its origin when the race had reached that stage of culture that it could rise above mere physical necessity and gratify the instincts and feelings just dawning into consciousness by engaging in free "play." Play, as a form of more or less spontaneous expression, implies freedom from physical needs, an excess of life functioning, some conscious satisfaction, and a certain power of abstraction. When play came to be consciously regulated under some principle of order, and conducted to the satisfaction of higher instincts and the conveyance of the sense of spiritual significance in material things, the long process of art began.

Evolutionary æsthetics agrees with the propositions of industrial æesthetics in regard to the primal principle of the importance of beauty in life. In play primitive man, engaging in an ideal exercise, brought into activity, and therefore into fuller consciousness, the various ideal faculties of his being. It would seem that art, considered in its aspect of play, is the goal of all life. As Schiller says, man "only plays when in the full meaning of the term he is man, and he is only completely man when he plays." Evolutionary advance is along the line of the selection and survival of beauty. The agreement of the theories is even closer in respect of the universality of the artistic instinct and the corresponding need of every human being to become a free creator if he is to live the life designed by nature and advance himself into higher forms of spiritual godlikeness. The play of evolutionary æsthetics is the pleasure of industrial æsthetics, and play and pleasure are just so much of spiritual significance added to life and labor.

A third aspect of the general question appears in what may be called educational æsthetics, meaning by this the theory of beauty that concurs with the principles and methods of the new education. The new education differs from the old in regard to purpose and means. The education of the past has been in a great measure special and aristocratic. The feudal system evolved a curriculum directed to the shaping of a gentleman, a dignified and exalted object, and the gentleman in his turn took care to preserve his position by insuring general ignorance on the side of the masses and a special culture for himself and fellows. The means employed was an exclusive school with its classical studies and its formal discipline.

Though social conditions changed from century to century, and the world at large grew slowly democratic, the school remained a stronghold of the nobility and retained its feudal forms and traditions. Almost to the present day the school has educated its pupils intellectually and prepared them to live in an aristocracy. It has left them selfish and destroyed sympathy and the spirit of good will. So far as this education was æsthetic it followed the classical canon of culture, the canon of selection and refinement. To strive for selection and refinement in an age of humanity, to separate men from each other when the conditions of social happiness require association, is to leave life bare and barren. An education formed on the lines and principles of a Greek temple is too narrow, perfect, and exclusive to meet the wants of an era of expansion. Mutterings of discontent have recently been heard from some who recognize the failure of the dogma of discipline and who have visions of the future of good will. A prominent educator, Mr. Hezekiah Butterworth, has recently voiced this feeling of dissatisfaction: "Our schools have followed too largely the monarchical idea, and too little the plan of self-government, which represents the spirit of the Republic. We look out on the moral conditions of the people with alarm, and there comes to the prophetic souls the strong conviction that we must have a new order of universal education—an education that tends to character on the principle that 'power lies in the ultimates'—to make a new generation to meet the higher demands of the age." The age demands character, not merely knowledge or discipline. It demands a full-rounded personality, capable of responding to the myriad appeals of environment, equipped for sen-

sation, feeling, thought, and conduct. It demands an education that shall be social in its forms and altruistic in its motive. The failure of the present modes is further enforced by Mr. Butterworth: "Our present system of elementary education does not rise to the moral requirements of the age; it stands too largely for the development of memory for the purpose of mere money-making, to the neglect of the nobler spiritual faculties. It too often leaves out the cultivation of the heart and the training of the hand, the quickening of conscience and the growth of the moral perception. Such a system is not education in any large sense; it is what Pestalozzi called 'mere instruction.' The education that makes character, individual and national, begins with the heart, the conscience, and the imagination." Another censure of like import has been rendered by Josephine Locke: "Our education has been too mathematical and too analytic; it has trained the individual for self-preservation at the expense of his relationship to his fellows. It has blinded him to co-operation with the great law of evolution: vicarious suffering, self-sacrifice. How has it done this? By presenting the studies isolatedly for their own sakes, and by teaching each subject in its immediate details, in its Gradgrind facts, by the omission of the æsthetic element, by the exaltation of culture for culture's sake, by the offering of stimulants to excellence and by giving the disciplinary and formal studies precedence over the nourishing and informal." There is need, therefore, in modern culture of securing some effective means of cherishing the ideal within the soul. We need a new standard of values. The educational reforms in contemplation provide for the application of the principle of

self-activity in all lines of development. This involves the substitution of character for knowledge, an inward striving for an outward accomplishment, an experience for a derivation, the exercise of the whole social personality for mere intellectual display. As means to secure the spiritualization of education the advocates of the new theory offer creative or artistic studies in the place of formal or disciplinary ones. The child learns by creating. The power by which educational activity is carried on is imagination. This is the central faculty upon the development of which depends the efficiency of the faculties of observation and judgment, the exercise of the reason, the activity of the will, and the responsiveness of the moral sympathies. The studies calculated to discipline and nourish the imagination are the arts. Art is liberation. It is instinct, feeling, spontaneity. It is the full activity of the self. Good will lies at the heart. Its characteristics are freedom, self-activity, and love.

Whether the ideal of the new education can be realized remains to be seen. Surely the child, modeling a form in the pliant clay, affords a happier and more hopeful sight than the child learning by rote a printed page. As the new movement is the outcome of democracy, we may expect its advance with the increase of the democratic spirit. The æsthetical principle involved is the same as that presented by science and the new industrialism, the principle of play. May it not be that through the operation of evolution, the struggles of industrialism to secure the freedom of the workers, and the efforts of the school to reach the hearts and souls of its pupils a new æsthetic man will rise to grace the later ages of the world?

Besides establishing the canon of pleasure for the creative artist, democracy has given formulation to a second though allied principle of æsthetics for the use of the critic: the canon of correspondency or the canon of the characteristic. With the development of the modern spirit questions respecting the nature of beauty have again arisen. Does beauty lie in the right relation of the parts of a composition or in inherency and wholes? Is it something artificial and conventional, or something attached to vital functioning? Is it conserved by obedience to the aristocratic canon of order, or to the democratic canon of the characteristic? "My opinion," said Walt Whitman, "has long been that for New World service our ideas of beauty need to be radically changed and made anew for to-day's New World purposes and finer standards." Sooner or later the New World, for purposes of its own, will construct a complete system of æsthetics from the point of view of character or inherency. The feeling for beauty may be said, indeed, to be wide as life itself. Some stages of this expansion of interest may be seen in the never-ending revolt against the restrictions imposed by the classical canon of order, with the result of inaugurating at certain times vast and far-reaching revolutionary movements in the direction of the romantic. Theoretical stages of this change are discoverable in the growth of the term "beauty" in point of its inclusiveness. Up to the eighteenth century the term referred almost exclusively to that which was appropriately designed and ordered. But nature exhibited aspects harsh and terrible and uncouth, which nevertheless had interest to men. To explain human sympathy with that which was not well ordered, the theory of the

sublime was developed, at first without relation to the theory of beauty, but later falling within its scope. At the same time the theory of the ugly was broached, the ugly being regarded as the negative of the beautiful. But recent æsthetics understands that the ugly, by becoming characteristic, may be made a subordinate element in the effects of beauty, and so the theory is absorbed in the larger conception.

From a wider historical and philosophical point of view the stages of advance may be indicated by reference to the development of an important principle of thought. The Greeks were held at the stage of naturalistic monism, and, finding unity in external nature and in form, the æsthetic canon of order in variety sufficed the needs of their philosophy. The Middle Ages, under the influence of Christianity, advanced to the stage of romantic dualism, a vast gulf being fixed between an infinite ideal of perfection and any possible attainment in a finite world. The philosophy so deepened its knowledge with respect to the universe within that the mind learned to rely upon a symbol for the expression of its thought, without regard to the formal quality of the means. Thus far no adequate synthesis had been reached. The Greeks found unity in nature through defective idealism. The Middle Ages arrived at unity in the infinite through an imperfect sense of the finite. The last and modern stage of spiritual monism represents on the one hand the closure of the gulf between form and content, under the combined forces of idealistic philosophy and monistic science, which together reveal the immanent reason in both the world without and the world within, and on the other hand the attainment of a new synthesis of ideal in form.

A form idealized has the unity neither in the form nor in the idea, but in an idealized form that is different from either form or idea; it is form made abstract; it is idea made concrete. The racial expression of this philosophic synthesis is discoverable in the growing sense of the solidarity of society which is manifestly increasing through the extension of individual importance. The artistic outcome of the process is an art that does not aim primarily at a beautiful form, but at the most adequate expression of some particular content. The corresponding critical theory is one that scrutinizes form for its meaning and idea for adequate expression. Philosophic monism, social democracy, characteristic art, and the corresponding æsthetics are parts of one stupendous social movement.

According to the canon of the characteristic, beauty lies in significance. Beauty comes into being when a significant content is duly expressed. "Which is the more beautiful," asked Millet, "a straight tree or a crooked tree?" And he answered forthwith: "Whichever is the most in place. The beautiful is that which is in place." This describes the music of Wagner, and of other romantic composers; the beauty of whose music does not rest in tone or relation of tone, but in the adequacy of expression to meaning. The form is beautiful in so far as it has been absorbed in mind and feeling. As the middle term between form and content is the artist who gives the idea to the form, as no content can get into a form without first being in the man, art has come to be defined as "the utterance of all that life contains." But life must be sincere. Beauty abides in creation on the artist's part, in re-creation on the observer's part. The

admission of the personal element carries with it the justification of artistic egotism and even lawlessness; the real law, however, is not outer but inner. The ugly takes a place in the synthesis if it can be flushed with meaning. The grotesque gargoyles of a Gothic cathedral are directly related to the creed which the cathedral exhibits; they have the same right there as the figures of angels. The way is opened for the play of suggestions and associations. Formal art is displayed to the senses and to the logical intellect; characteristic art quickens the imagination and throws the observer back upon his own power to deal artistically with realities. It has multiple standards, inasmuch as the possible relations between form and idea are infinite. One perfection in art does not destroy any other perfection any more than one eyesight countervails another eyesight. The classical standards are not destroyed, provided the idea is of such a nature as to require the abstraction of form for its presentation. Further, characteristic art is often indeterminate in value. It is beautiful to one who can make it so. More than ordinary demands are made, therefore, upon the critic who would realize the unity of art that depends upon meaning. Schlegel makes this clear in discussing the higher unity of a play: "The separate parts of a work of art are all subservient to one common aim—namely, to produce a joint impression on the mind. Here, therefore, the unity lies in a single sphere, in the feeling or in the reference to ideas. This is all one, for the feeling as far as it is not merely sensual and passive, is our sense or organ for the Infinite which forms itself into ideas for us. Far, therefore, from rejecting the law of a perfect unity in tragedy, as unnecessary, I require a deeper,

more intrinsic, and more mysterious unity than that with which most critics are satisfied."

III.

Further considerations of the canon of pleasure, play, and the characteristic will lead to a constructive definition of democratic criticism.

The test of good art in a democracy must be its capacity to satisfy some universal requirement in human nature. Democratic art is to conquer in the plane of the common and general. What, then, is the paramount human wish, the realization of which brings happiness, the denial of which causes despair? I recall a drawing by William Blake, entitled "I Want," which represents a man standing at the foot of a ladder that reaches from the earth to the moon, up which he longs to climb. Is it the moon we all want? anything so far distant? Is it not something nearer at hand, as near as hands and feet, life itself? I do not mean that we all seek to escape death, but that we yearn here and now for full abounding energized being. As the poet says:

> 'Tis life, whereof our nerves are scant,
> O life, not death, for which we pant;
> More life, and fuller, that I want.

We want the fulfillment of the promise of every faculty. We want the greatest possible health of body, activity of mind, glow of emotions, play of imagination, force of will, vitality of character. We want the thousand possible streams of thought and will-impulse set freely flowing within us. Whence comes the satisfac-

tion of the want we all know to be universal? Where but from the source and fount of life, from art in which life has abundantly entered—life conceived after the heart's desire, life made not to the end of good taste alone, or of knowledge alone, but involving the whole of nature to the end of universal progress? Said Goethe in the midst of the waste and bewilderment of his time: "Art still has truth; take refuge there." Art in its entirety is the expression of man's being in its entirety.

A perfect response to art requires the activity in the observer of those faculties of being to which the artist has made his appeal. He who is unwilling or incapable of yielding the sympathetic response fails in his interpretation just to the extent of his denial. The best student of art is the one who is alive at most points, who can accept the challenge of the artist to the contest of thought and feeling, who in his own being is as active as the artist himself.

Before venturing upon a constructive definition we may inquire what is wanting in the methods of "good taste" and of scientific interpretation, when considered from the point of view of life's freedom and power and pleasure in play.

The criticism of taste is manifestly inadequate to our modern democratic needs. It was a method that came into vogue during periods of aristocracy, when men were more concerned about the manner of their speech and dress than the matter of their thought and character. It is a method essentially narrow, exclusive, the special instrument of a literary *coterie* and professional class. It is not, and cannot ever be universal. Democracy calls less for the fine phrase, the selected gracious ornament,

more for the large view, the inner character, the grand personality that betokens universal life itself. The criticism of taste has, however, one important feature: it contains ideas of the best, it has standards of the right. Even a democracy wants to know the best things thought and said in the world. The criticism that does not give rank to works of art fails in its important mission. When art comes to the judgment of the people, upon what grounds will rank be given? On the ground of the "grand manner?" or on the ground of the "grand" personality? Evidently works of art will be adjusted according to their capacity to satisfy and develop personality. One of the wisest utterances ever made in criticism is the dictum of Wordsworth concerning poetry: "If it contributes to the pleasures of sense, that is one degree; if to the higher pleasures, its rank rises as the whole personality of the reader is called into action." Such a standard is inner and not outer. Then books that read well in parlors will pass with difficulty in the open air, in streets and workshops. With the standard of "good taste" a democracy has little to do.

The scientific process has the advantage of being more universal. At least it is dependent only upon ability to handle the method, and not upon culture or refinement. It may be employed by any one who has intelligence; it has been used by those who have only patience and industry. The objection to induction is that in remaining objective scientific criticism omits from its results fully one-half, often the whole, of the artistic effect, the subjective—that is, the response which the observer in his own creative capacity gives to the call of the artist. Pure induction does not allow for personal absorption or pro-

vide for individual associations. It is afraid of enthusiasms. It denies any necessity of vital response. So long as men remain moral and sentient, there can be no disinterested endeavor to find the truth of art. In scientific criticism an attitude too exclusively intellectual is taken toward that which is a product of the whole man as a thinking, emotional, imaginative, and moral being: "Love, hope, fear, faith," says Browning, "make humanity." It is as Edward Carpenter said to the moon:

> I know very well that when the astronomers look at you through their telescopes they see only an aged and wrinkled body;
> But though they measure your wrinkles never so carefully, they do not see you personal and close,
> As you disclosed yourself among the chimney tops each night to the eyes of a child,
> When you thought no one was looking.

Research, it seems, is too analytic; detaching form from idea and idea from form, it destroys the synthesis of reality and life. Science has imperfect standards, weeds and flowers having the same value under its scrutiny. While immeasurably valuable as a means, the scientific understanding of art can never become the end of knowledge. As was finely said by Professor Blackie: "Not from any fingering induction of external details, but from the inspiration of the Almighty, cometh all true understanding in matters of beauty. All high art comes directly from within, and its laws are not to be proved by any external collection of facts but by the emphatic assertion of the divine vitality from which they proceed."

To close with a definition of criticism from the standpoint of democratic æsthetics it may be asserted (1) the effects of beauty depend upon the presentation of that

which stimulates, within the limits of pleasurable action, any or all of the faculties of being, the senses, the intellect, the emotions, the imagination, and the will. (2) Criticism is the statement of an effect, or the wording of the result of the vital contact of a work of art upon an energizing personality.

Democratic criticism includes in its scope both the objective and the subjective. It takes account of the medium in space and time and also of the subjective response. It requires personal absorption. It permits the fullest play of those vital associations which are different in every person. The end of its work is not "good taste," not knowledge, but life and character.

AN INSTANCE OF CONVERSION: TOLSTOI.

Leo Tolstoi, with respect to his personal history, may be said to describe a series of contraries. Thus he is a Russian opposed to Muscoviteism, a revolutionist who offers no resistance to evil, a follower of Christ who abjures Christianity, an artist who mocks at beauty, an author who disbelieves in copyright, a noble who preaches brotherhood, a man of over seventy years who says he is but thirty-two.

The explanation of this strange and complex history is found in the fact of his spiritual conversion in 1873. Before that date he was a Russian count, an atheist, a nihilist, an artist of the aristocratic school. But, turning from his past, and accepting Christianity in the terms of the Sermon on the Mount, it was not long before he left the palace for the fields and began to write according to a new definition of art. In Christianity and what may be called Peasantism his whole life is now contained. Christ gives him the principle of the new life, the peasant shows how it may be accomplished.

In conversation with Henry Fisher, Tolstoi recently gave the following account of his "new birth": "It's all so lifelike, I might have experienced it yesterday: A beautiful Spring morning, God's birds singing and His insects humming in the grass. My horse, tired of the great burden which I, brutelike, imposed upon his back, stood still under the wooden image of the Christ at a cross-road. I was so absorbed in the contempla-

tion of the scene that I indulged the beast, allowing the reins to rest upon his neck while he rummaged for young grass and leaves. By and by a group of moujik pilgrims intruded upon my resting place and without knowing what I was doing I listened to their prayers. It was the most wholesome medicine ever administered to a doubting soul. The simplicity and ignorance of the poor moujik, the confiding moujik, the ever hopeful moujik, touched my heart. I came from under that cross a new man. When I led my beast of burden—God's creature, like myself—away, I knew that the kingdom of God is within us and that the literal interpretation of the Sermon on the Mount should be the crowning rule of a Christian's life." From this it appears that a peasant was the agent of Tolstoi's redemption. And Peasantism, working on in the heart of the man, disrupting his old ideas, carried forward to completion the transformation that began with a spiritual conversion. To present the whole history of Tolstoi it would be necessary, therefore, to consider the play and interaction of these two forces. It is possible, however, to separate them in thought and to trace the line of Peasantism independently.

Specifically, Peasantism displayed its effect in Tolstoi in two ways. It determined the spirit of his philosophy of life and formulated in particular one of his few practical precepts for conduct, and it furnished him a standard of judgment with reference to which he criticised the current forms of religion, government and art.

Consider the temper of his practical philosophy. By way of negation he has said, "Offend no one," "Take

no oath," "Resist not evil." For personal commands he wrote, "Be pure," "Love mankind." Then, with the full force of Peasantism upon him, he said, "Do thou labor." This precept dates from the writing of "Anna Karenina," which appeared in 1875. From the time that Levine saved himself from pessimism by dwelling a day in the fields with the mowers, Tolstoi has proclaimed the doctrine of labor. Then take into view his social criticisms. The ideas advanced to condemn the present order are those of an average respectable, intelligent peasant. It is as if a peasant spoke. Is it not, indeed, a peasant's face that confronts us in his pictures? It seems that a man, born out of his due place in the palace, found in the fields at length the place to which he was destined by his very nativity—a place in nature and among realities.

To make this latter critical attitude altogether clear, one feature only of his Peasantism may be selected for exposition, his ideas on art.

A brief historical survey will be sufficient to clear the ground for Tolstoi's definition of art. For about two centuries now art has been defined in terms of beauty. The theory of art as beauty arose among the wealthy and cultured classes of Europe in the eighteenth century, its scientific formulation being due to a German metaphysician, Baumgarten, who flourished about 1750. From that time to this the field of art has been narrowing and refining, the artist withdrawing more and more from life, and within his special realm developing technique and abstracting form, until what is called the fine arts alone receive recognition, and among fine artists only the most dextrous to manipulate form win the plaudits

of the cultured world. For two centuries, in short, art has been developing along aristocratic lines. Criticism, likewise, has been called to serve the requirements of a society devoted to pleasure. The decision as to what is good art and what not has been undertaken by the "finest nurtured." The natural result of the refining process has been the creation of an art from the enjoyment of which the great masses of men are excluded.

Now Tolstoi is one of a small company of men who perceive the necessity of a new order of art. The spirit of the new day is universality. A culture that does not carry with it the whole people is doomed to failure. And this universality is to be gained not through the extension of aristocratic culture among the people, not through the education of the masses in the philosophy of the classes, but through a new philosophy and a new criticism that shall meet the demands of a democratic society and result in an art that shall be in its own nature universal in character. I do not see that democracy means either leveling up or leveling down; it means life on wholly new terms. The old art will be destroyed, root and branch, and a new art rise that shall start from the broad basis of the people's will. For the old art is based on privilege; the new art will not be simply the extension of privilege, but the utter rejection of privilege. Whitman gives what he well calls "the sign of democracy" in the following sentence: "I will accept nothing which all cannot have their counterpart of on the same terms."

In harmony with this thought, Tolstoi seeks to start a new definition of art: "To evoke in oneself a feeling one has once experienced, and having evoked it in one-

self, then by means of movements, lines, colors, sounds or forms, expressed in words, so to transmit that feeling that others may experience the same feeling—this is the activity of art." "Art is a human activity, consisting in this, that one man consciously, by means of certain external signs, hands on to others feelings he has lived through, and that other people are infected by these feelings, and also experience them." Or, in other words, "Art is the infection by one man of another with the feelings experienced by the infector."

This may be called the definition of Peasantism. Observe its grounds. It puts aside the conception of beauty altogether and defines art in terms of experience. That is, it ceases to consider art as a means of pleasure, but as one of the conditions of human life. Art, then, is one of the two organs of human progress. By words we exchange thoughts; by art we interchange feelings. Thus considered, art is primarily a means of union among men, indispensable for the life and progress toward well-being of individuals and of humanity. The idea of excellence in such an art is not exclusiveness of feeling accessible to some, but universality, not obscurity and complexity, but clearness and simplicity. Its motives will be sociological, that is, moral and altruistic. It will draw from the primal sources of religion.

The value of contemporary art, when judged from the ideal of universality, seems small. The experiences of the ruling classes, as they have come to record in art, amount to hardly more than three—the feeling of pride, the feeling of sexual desire and the feeling of the weariness of life. Upon these themes poetry especially has played endless changes. But these are by no means

universal feelings—they are those of an idle pleasure-loving aristocracy. Before such art the peasant stands bewildered. He has no attachment to it. All his own rich life is unreflected there. And lest it be thought that the experiences of the peasant are barren and uninteresting, Tolstoi insists that the world of labor is rich in subject materials for art. He points to the endlessly varied forms of labor; the dangers connected with that labor on sea and land; the laborer's migrations, his intercourse with his employers, overseers and companions, and with men of other religions and other nationalities; his struggles with nature and with wild animals, his association with the domestic animals; his work in the forests, the plains, the fields, the gardens, the orchards; his intercourse with his wife and children, not only as with people near and dear to him, but as with co-workers and helpers in labor, replacing him in time of need; his concern in all economic questions, not as matters of display or discussion, but as problems of life for himself and family; his pride and self-suppression, and service to others; his pleasure or refreshment; and, above all, his devotion to religion.

But to set off the value of one life against that of another is no part of Tolstoi's definition. The judgment of a peasant is no more to be respected than the judgment of the "finest nurtured." What the new theory shows is the shifting of the æsthetic ground from what is special to what is universal, from what is form to what is experience.

To illustrate Tolstoi's definition by reference to concrete instances of popular art, is not easy. Tolstoi's own illustrations seem trivial in comparison with the

great works of the past that may be mentioned to prove the aristocratic refinement of beauty. And, of course, the simple explanation is that a mature illustration of popular art does not exist. The rise of the people is a phenomenon of the present century. Whereas for centuries the field of art has been held by the artists of aristocracy. Today the professional artists are everywhere on the side of tradition. And criticism for the most part upholds the standards of culture. Outside of Millet's portraiture of the peasant laborer and Whitman's poems exploiting the average man, one does not know where to go for a large illustration of an art that springs from popular feeling. One painting at the World's Fair may, however, be mentioned. This was a picture recording an almost universal experience, the breaking of home ties, and few stood before that picture whose eyes did not wet with tears. As might be expected, this painting is pointed to by the professional artist as an instance of bad art, yet it was very generally applauded by the people. Art, says Tolstoi, is an infection—that picture is infectious.

From many signs it appears that this is the moment of transition. All the features that accompany transition are exhibited in the works of Tolstoi himself as well as in the works of kindred spirits, John Ruskin and William Morris. These men, with respect to "fine writing," illustrate almost the best that can be done in the creation of works springing from the sense of beauty. But catching glimpses of the new thought and becoming advocates of a new definition of art, they gave up art on the old terms of exclusion and labored in the interests of the people. This change of face is

not due to "perverted vision," as their critics would have us believe, but to the new revelation they have caught from the mountain tops of their observation. With this change of attitude, moreover, the inconsistencies with which these authors are charged could hardly be avoided. One may not wish to defend inconsistency, but in their case it is not difficult to explain. A river that meets the incoming tides from the sea is uncertain during the hour of transition whether to resist its own traditions or strive to overcome the new tendency. Would it not be strange if, even when in the grasp of the sea, it did not have memories of its flow through the upper meadows and be taken with a sudden ardor to reassert its past?

A TYPE OF TRANSITION: WILLIAM MORRIS.

I.

The socialists of Hammersmith were accustomed in former days to meet weekly at Kelmscott House, the London home of Mr. Morris on the Upper Mall. An old carriage house served as a place of gathering. Frequently at these conferences, Mr. Morris would act as chairman. Sometimes he would speak. One night, he had spoken with more than usual sadness upon the hope of his life, and in closing he uttered these words: "Neighbors, it is peace that we need that we may live and work in hope and joy." Leaving the hall, I stood with a friend for a half hour beneath the elm trees, looking out over the river. The tide was flowing quietly to the sea. A light mist obscured the opposite shore. The river, the passing boats, the bridge, the city beyond, were all toned down to the common grayness. Neither of us spoke a word. The peace of the evening seemed to mingle with the words we had heard and give direction to our thoughts. Then, near at hand, we heard the voice of the poet saying:

"So with this Earthly Paradise it is,
If ye will read aright and pardon me,
Who strive to build a shadowy isle of bliss,
Midmost the beating of the steely sea,
Where tossed about all hearts of men must be."

II.

William Morris, master-workman, poet and socialist, was born March 24, 1834, at Walthamstow, a village in Essex not far from London. He was the eldest-born of a family of nine. His father, of Welsh ancestry, was an enterprising and successful business man of the city. At Walthamstow, William went to a school kept by Dr. Greig, a Scotchman, who described his pupil as a rollicking boy, full of the vigor of life. At this period he was said to have been extraordinarily active with his hands, an omniverous reader, but not taking kindly to discipline. After the death of Mr. Morris in 1848, the family moved to Marlborough, where William attended the college and began to take an interest in art and archaeology. He went "steeple-chasing," made rubbings of memorial brasses, and became an adept in the Gothic. In 1852, he entered Oxford at Exeter College, matriculating for Holy Orders. At that time, after long quiescent conservatism, the University was in the midst of a strenuous mediaeval revival, which was fostered on the one hand by the Tractarian College of Newman, and on the other by the artistic guild of the pre-Raphaelite Brothers. Under the influence of Rossetti and other leaders of the mediaeval reaction, Morris, with his college chum, E. Burne-Jones, became a convert to romance. He passed his college days in comparative idleness, yielding himself to the enchantments of Oxford—that Oxford that ever summons its devotees to mark the lustre of ancient days. Wholly aristocratic in his tastes and sympathies, untroubled by any rumors of the inhuman conditions of the Great Black Country just then becoming rife, he lived

in entire isolation, accepting from his environment only the pleasurable contact of chosen companions. One enthusiasm only counted towards his later evolution—an interest in Ruskin, which was aroused on reading "The Stones of Venice," and maintained throughout the poet's life till his tribute was paid in printing from the Kelmscott Press, Ruskin's essay "On the Nature of the Gothic." In 1856, Morris and a few other poets and painters started a monthly magazine, called *The Oxford and Cambridge Magazine*. Like its prototype, *The Germ*, of 1850, the organ of the pre-Raphaelites, it had an existence of a year. To this magazine Rossetti contributed some of his finest poems, including "The Burden of Nineveh" and a revised form of "The Blessed Damozel." Morris, the financial sponsor of the magazine, and its most active contributor, wrote for successive numbers a series of mediaeval romances, having such titles as "A Dream," "Gertha's Lovers," "The Hollow Land," and "Golden Wings." Each story, as might be imagined from the titles, is conducted with an artist's love of color and with a poet's imagery, and all are steeped in the spirit of a time "long ago."

"Long ago," one begins, "there was a land, never mind where, or when, a fair country and good to live in, rich with wealth of golden corn, beautiful with many woods, watered by great rivers and pleasant trickling streams; moreover, one extremity of it was bounded by the washing of the purple waves, and the other by the solemn watchfulness of the purple mountains."

There are a few poems in the volume also by Morris. "Summer Dawn" is as beautiful as anything he afterward wrote, and is touched by that solemn grayness that colors so many of his poems.

"Pray but one prayer for me 'twixt thy closed lips,
Think but one thought of me up in the stars,
The summer night waneth, the morning light slips,
Faint and grey, 'twixt the leaves of the aspen, betwixt the closed bars
That are patiently waiting there for the dawn:
Patient and colorless, though Heaven's gold
Waits to float through them along with the sun.
Far out in the meadows, above the young corn,
The heavy elms wait, and restless and cold
The uneasy wind rises; the roses are dun;
Through the long twilight, they pray for the dawn,
Round the lone house in the midst of the corn.
Speak but one word to me over the corn,
Over the tender bow'd locks of the corn."

During a memorable journey afoot through France, in company with Burne-Jones, while the spell of mighty cathedrals was upon him, he decided to abandon his career in the church and devote his life to the service of art. Leaving Oxford, his next step was to enter the office of Mr. G. E. Street, a London architect, famed for his Gothic restorations, and as the builder of that composite structure in the Strand known as the Law Courts. Here he worked for nearly a year. Then, compelled by Rossetti who demanded that all who could not be buyers of pictures should become painters of pictures, he diverged to the study of painting and artistic decoration, continuing his study of the Gothic he had learned to love so well, doubtless building in fancy a house with strange towers and quaint gables for each lady and lover that thronged the avenues of his mind, without losing, however, his love of architecture which he always re-

garded as a co-operative art—an art not merely of building but of furnishing and decorations.*

In 1857, he was associated with Jones, Rossetti, Prinsep, and others in painting upon the walls of the Oxford Union Debating Hall, the frescoes, now but dimly visible, illustrating the Arthuriar Romance. The subject treated by Morris was Sir Palomides' jealousy of Sir Tristram and the fair Isulte, a story that seemed to attract him by reason of its sadness. His first volume of poems, "The Defence of Guenevere and Other Poems," was published in 1858, under the interest awakened by Tennyson's and Southey's studies of the Arthurian period. Such delicacy of sentiment, such sense of color, such realization of an evanished people, had not been known before in England. In comparison with Tennyson, Morris is a veritable child of the middle ages. He writes of Arthur as a contemporary, seemingly having strayed by accident into the land of Victoria, viewing it as might an antiquarian; while Tennyson is essentially a subject of his queen, and pays tribute to"that old king" as a troubadour alien or much belated. Morris at this period might have said with Lamb: "Hang posterity, I'm going to write for antiquity." The influence of Rossetti and of Browning is distinctly marked in this early volume. The general effect is that of the painter, but "The Judgment of God," that brings before us the actual scene with startling vividness, reads quite like one of Brown-

"A true architectural work is a building duly provided with all necessary furniture, decorated with all due ornament, according to the use, quality, and dignity of the building, from mere mouldings or abstract lines, to the great epical works of sculpture and painting, which, except as decoration of the nobler forms of such buildings, can not be produced at all."

ing's dramatic lyrics. There are poems also that in melody and imagery are reminiscent of Poe. But withal it bore the unmistakable marks of original genius. Of it Swinburne spoke the final word: "Upon no piece of work in the world was the impress of native character ever more distinctly stamped, more deeply branded. It needed no exceptional acuteness of ear or eye to see or hear that this poet held of none, stole from none, clung to none, as tenant, or as beggar, or as thief." It was then prophesied that Morris would prove a "poet whom poets will love."

In 1860 Morris, having married and desirous of a home, built the famous Red House on the outskirts of London in the midst of an orchard, and served his apprenticeship to handicraft by designing and executing the interior decoration and furniture of the house. So that by the next year he was ready to join with Madox Brown, E. Burne-Jones, Rossetti, Philip Webb and a few others, all artists with the exception of Faulkner, in forming an art firm with the intent of designing and manufacturing stained-glass windows, mosaics, wall-papers, artistic furniture and general household decorations. The distinguishing mark of these artists was their conviction of the honor of labor and duty of thoroughness. They were gifted with a love of order and grace and filled with a deep sense of the need of beauty in human life. To join art to labor, to add pleasure to things of common use, was the purpose of this company. After varying fortune, but not until after they had initiated a genuine revolution in the industrial arts, the firm dissolved in 1875, the work to be conducted henceforth under Morris's own management. One result of the ex-

periment, not particularly counted on, was the education Morris himself received through coming in contact with certain stern realities of living. The plan of monastic brotherhood, conceived and zealously labored for in the old college days, was forever abandoned. From this time a "socialism," innate in his nature, became prominent.

The manufactory that Morris finally established was located at Merton Abbey. It is a village on the Thames, far enough from London that nature still lingers in its environs, and the birds find room for joyful song. The very name of the place is suggestive of a mediaeval workshop. In the twelfth century Gilbert Norman, Sheriff of Surrey, built here a monastery for canons of the order of Saint Austin. It was patronized by Stephen and Matilda and endowed with rich gifts. In 1236 there was held within its walls, a parliament which enacted the "Statutes of Merton," wherein the English nobles replied to the prelates: "We will not change the laws of England." On a soil thus early dedicated to liberty, this experiment in free labor was conducted.

The place was chosen from a special sense of fitness. I remember, now many years after the time of my visits, the exact look of the scene. An old mansion, half draped with trees and hidden in shrubbery stood by the roadside at the edge of the village. Behind the house, under the great elms were grouped the low and unpretentious buildings of the factory. From the neighboring gardens came an odor of grass and roses. The air was tumultuous with the songs of blackbirds and thrushes. Crows cawed in the far elms. At one side, the slow waters of the Wandel, gathered here into a lily-covered pond,

was coaxing a mill wheel, green with moss, lazily to turn. Willows grew along the banks of the stream and bent down over it; willows and sky were reflected in the surface of the water. Over all there was a sense of sunny summer. The scene told of sympathy and loving harmony with nature. There was no air of the factory, no clang of machinery, no dust, no haste or distraction. Within the buildings men and women were at work weaving at looms, dyeing and printing cloths, and putting together windows.

In the designing room was Mr. Morris himself, half-finished sketches, some bold cartoons from the hand of Burne-Jones, were scattered about the room. Morris was dressed as usual in a plain suit of blue serge and flannel. He was short of stature, but robust, and full of the most restless energy. His dress and rolling walk gave him the aspect of a sailor. The features of his face were large and rugged, but full-blooded, luminous, and well modeled. A kindly poet's expression was given by the filmed and rather inexpressive eyes and by the mobile and delicately shaped mouth beneath the grey beard. His head was covered with curly grey hair, which he brushed back from his forehead with his hand as he leaned to his work. One felt in the presence of a vital personality, who was in love with labor and all the life of the world. I was told of his extraordinarily busy and laborius life. Upon all the arts of the hand he had worked with utmost patience and devotion. He had taught himself wood engraving by cutting the blocks himself and manuscript illumination by copying the pages of ancient books. He had learned carving, weaving, tapestry work and embroidery. He had studied the art of dyeing,

the making of stained glass, tiles, and cloth fabrics. These arts he practised with an amount of labor almost incredible. When asked how he accomplished so much he answered it was easy; he wrote at night and worked at his shops by day. And, while he practised, his message to the world was announced with equal ardor.

In speech, when aroused by his theme, Morris was rapid, nervous, and often tumultuous and uncontrolled. For thirty years he claimed for art a place in common labor. He plead first of all for simplicity of life. From simplicity of life would rise up a longing for beauty and artistic creation, which can only be satisfied by making beauty and art a very part of the labor of every man who produces. Labor, he argued, is not a preparation for living, it is our very life. And the rewards of labor? The reward of creation; the wages, Morris said, which God gets. Art comes back most to the artist. Everything made by man has a form, and that form is either beautiful or ugly. The one gives pleasure; the other is a weariness. Decoration is simply the expression of man's pleasure in successful labor; it is the color of the work. The true incentive to happy and useful labor is, then, the pleasure in the work itself. And the price of pleasure? Simply permission to the workman to put his own intelligence and enthusiasm into whatever he is fashioning; simply permission to make his hands set forth his mind and soul. Only then is labor sanctified, because then it is in the direction of a man's life. A structure should rise out of the soul. Order, or meaning, is the moral quality of structure. Make matter express a meaning, and the worker becomes a moral master. We must, therefore, travel back from the machine to

the human. For men must "prove their living souls against the notion that they live in you or under you, O Wheels." The machine, the great achievement of the nineteenth century, which promised to relieve our drudgery—has it or has it not increased our burdens? The wonderful inventions which in the hands of far-seeing men might be used to minimize the labor of the many seem only used for the enrichment of their owners.

With some such logic, Morris reverted in his conceptions of an ideal future, to the traditions of labor in operation in the middle ages, when the human meaning wrapped up in the term "hand-made" was well known, when the handicraftsman took pride in his work:

> "Let us think of the mighty and lovely architecture of mediæval Europe, of the buildings raised before Commerce had put the coping stone on the edifice of tyranny by the discovery that fancy, imagination, sentiment, the joy of creation and the hope of fair fame are marketable articles too precious to be allowed to men who have not the money to buy them, to mere handicraftsmen and day laborers. Let us remember there was a time when men had pleasure in their daily work, but yet as to other matters hoped for light and freedom, even as they do now."

When today the traveler, by some happy chance, comes upon the work of that early day,—some homely cottage or richer abbey-church, which seem to grow out of the familiar nature amid which they stand,—he is touched by their human happy significance. The people shared then in art. However unequal men were in their social relations as king and common folk, the art of that day was free and democratic. By his labor, many a man, enslaved in body, was free in spirit. "I know that in those days life was often rough and evil enough, beset by vio-

lence, superstition, ignorance, slavery; yet sorely as poor folks needed a solace, they did not altogether lack one, and their solace was pleasure in their work." Under these conditions, art grew until the material world seemed bound beneath the spirit's rule. Then the Gothic ages came to their end. The life of the Renaissance made all things new. And, strangely, while in the new days the difference between king and subject has been destroyed, art has withdrawn from the people and become the birthright of the few.

For himself, Morris repeated the conditions out of which pure art alone can spring. He was a man before he was a poet. He cultivated body, heart and brain, choosing to live before he wrote. Out of his life sprang pure art. All of his work was done with evident ease and pleasure. By his own example, Morris called the world back to the human, back to that labor, which is the highest life.

Meanwhile Morris was writing rapidly and well. "The Earthly Paradise" appeared ten years after "The Defence of Guenevere." "The Life and Death of Jason" was begun as one of the series of the epic, but was published separately in 1867. During one of his holiday rambles in company with E. Magnusson of Cambridge, he had visited Iceland, where he was heralded as a "scald"—and he looked the character—and together the two translated several Icelandic sagas. In 1878 appeared the "Story of Sigurd the Volsung" and some Northern love stories. Translations of the Aeneids and Odyssey, some Northern stories, lectures on art and socialism, a volume of "Poems by the Way," and "Pilgrims of Hope," originally contributed to socialistic publica-

tions, "The Dream of John Ball," an interlude "The Tables Turned," "News from Nowhere," and some socialistic pamphlets constitute his later writings.

III.

With his works before us we ask, What was the key to the poet's life? What was the main spring of his action?

The first volumes from the poet's pen were wrought in the spirit of the middle ages. They reflect all that was most vital in the mediaeval period, its romance and splendor, its gold and glittering steel, its fantastic passions and unreality, likewise its wonders, its doubts, its desires, its haunting sadness.

"The Defence of Guenevere" was dedicated "To My Friend, Dante Gabriel Rossetti." The genius of the poet and the painter is very much akin. Both were appointed from youth to the service of art and song. Their genius was alike nurtured in a mediaeval household where romantic themes were familiar, and heroic fancies welcome. Early the two became staunch and sympathetic friends. It is an Oxford tradition that both were enamored of the beautiful lady, the "Beata mea Domina" of "The Defence of Guenevere."

> "All men that see her any time,
> I charge you straightly in this rhyme
> What and wherever you may be—
> *Beata mea Domina!*
>
> "To kneel before her; as for me,
> I choke and grow quite faint to see
> My lady moving graciously,
> *Beata mea Domina!*"

This is the wife to whom "The Earthly Paradise" is dedicated, and who, with her daughter May, appears in Rossetti's paintings, his type of sensuous and spiritual beauty. Then for a number of years, Rossetti was a constant guest of the Morris family at the Kelmscott Manor House on the Upper Thames, a glimpse of which is seen in Rossetti's "Water Willow" painting. Their interests were nearly identical. Their outlook upon life was quite the same. Each had withdrawn to a world of lovely forms and sweet sounds and dreams apart from modern thought and struggle. Each drew his inspiration from the beauty of old-world story. "Arthur's Tomb" was drawn to illustrate Morris's poem, "The Blue Closet," and "The Tune of Seven Towers" was written to accompany Rossetti's pictures. They are both sensuous, both colorists of a high order. Rossetti is excelled by none since Titian, in the peculiar triumph of his touch in color. Morris is gifted with a painter's vision; he is moved to delight by the color and form of outward things. Rossetti's lavish greens and golds and scarlets are reflected from the other's poems, which seem ever bathed in light as from painted abbey-windows. The one is a poet-painter; the other a painter-poet. In the work of each there is an element of sadness. Those pathetic faces, charged with dreams, so characteristic of the paintings, look out from the pages of the poems. Even the colors of the first decorative fabrics of the Morris manufactory, those harmonies in olive and saffron, bronze, rusty-red, grey-green and blue were conceived for the most part in a mood of sadness.

What was it, indeed, that touched the brush of all those brother painters? The faces they drew are haunted with

not unpleasant but still pensive dreams. The pictures of Burne-Jones have a wistful, sorrowful old-world beauty. His Four Seasons might be used to illustrate the several months of "The Earthly Paradise." Beautiful but sad are Spring and Summer. Autumn stands wearily by the side of a lake, looking pensively across the lillies. Chill Winter, in life's November, is clad in hooded cloak, warming her hands by the fire, and bending down over a book of prayer, waiting for the end: "Who shall say if I were dead, What should be remembered?"

The haunting presence is Death. Morris dwelt constantly upon the theme of Death, the lapse of time, the approach of age. To the carriers of the Golden Fleece the sirens sing, "Come to the land where none grows old." The mariners of "The Earthly Paradise" sail to the west for a paradise of rest and immortality where age cannot enter or death destroy. Death accompanies the young men and maidens, even though they sing the carols of the morn. Death whispers in the wind that showers down the blossoms in the orchard. On the very dawn of May, the merry month when the Lord of Love goes by, the poet holds his breath and shudders at the sight of Eld and Death. He cannot make death a little thing. His heart is oft too weary to struggle against doubt and thought. Seldom for his words can we forget our tears.

Morris has often been compared with Chaucer. "The Earthly Paradise" was confessedly conceived under the inspiration of "my master Chaucer." And earlier, in Jason, he yearns for

> "Some portion of that mastery
> That from the rose-hung lanes of woody Kent
> Through these five hundred years such songs have sent

To us, who, meshed within this smoky net
Of unrejoicing labor, love them yet."

And truly with the master the pupil may be matched in faculty of portraiture and story telling, and in melody of perfect verse. For Morris had use of every poetic means at Chaucer's command, and did "bring before men's eyes the image of the thing" his "heart is filled with." But again they differ as sunshine and shadow. There was for Chaucer no month but May. His pages are steeped in light and dew. He has the candor of the morning, is jovial, sane and strong. Morris chooses rather to string his lyre on some sad evening of the Autumn tide. He lacks the elder poet's serenity of soul. Morris sang the woe of Psyche, but her joy on entering her immortality of bliss, he could not sing:—

"My lyre is but attuned to tears and pain.
How shall I sing the never ending day?"

If a mediaeval parallel to "The Earthly Paradise" be sought, it will be found in the "Decameron" rather than in the "Canterbury Tales"—in that account of men and ladies, who fled from their plague stricken neighbors to tell their idle tales in forgetfulness. And yet, while Morris is supreme as an epic narrator, objective and impersonal, and tells a story, unlike Spenser and Tennyson, but like Boccaccio, Chaucer, and Walter Scott, for the story's sake, he is in a manner subjective, and his works are permeated, perhaps unconsciously at times, by the modern social lament that the world is "out of joint." "The Earthly Paradise" is not merely a collection of tales; it is somehow Morris's solution of the problem of our

human life. For each tale ends the same,—"needs must end the same and we men call it death."

> "So if I tell the story of the past
> Let it be worth some little rest, I pray—
> A little slumber ere the end of day."

His growing seriousness of purpose is still more manifest in the story of Sigurd and the Niblungs, which in its splendid epical strength occupies a medial place between the early idyllic poems and the later socialistic prose. The epic narrative is here determined by a central thread of purpose. From the many loosely related and unmeaning incidents of the traditional saga, our bard has selected those only which should complete the one essential tale of greed and wrong and redemptive love.

Richard Wagner, whose definite ideal intent none can gainsay, out of the same materials constructed the Siegfried tetralogy, a cycle of dramas of similar significance. By reason of the requirement of a dramatic form, the one is led to culminate the play with the death of Siegfried and the consuming flames on Valhalla. Morris, as is consistent with an epic narrator, continues the story to the fall of the Niblung kings, but beyond this he cannot go; the work of fate is ended. Sigurd, faring forth to do battle with the foes of the gods, thinks the time is long "till the dawning of love's summer from the cloudy days of wrong." So John Ball thought, and the writer of "News from Nowhere" the same.

Probably Chaucer had less reason for complaint than had Morris. Things were not well in England, as Langland and the Kentish preacher said, but Chaucer and his folk could still be "merrie." One wonders to-day how

any one who takes thought of "the hard-used race of men" can be merry.

"Think of the spreading sore of London swallowing up with its loathsomeness field and wood and heath without mercy and without hope, mocking our feeble efforts to deal even with its minor evils of smoke laden sky and befouled river: the black horror and reckless squalor of our manufacturing districts, so dreadful to the senses which are unused to them that it is ominous for the future of the race that any man can live among it in tolerable cheerfulness."

Morris wrote, in short, in the spirit of a man who recognized life's tragic conditions. In all his sweet lines, we feel that the writer's soul was filled with weariness. Woe seemed to him inevitable and universal. The world of his vision was like the weary Titan of Arnold's poem, staggering on to the goal, bearing the too great load of her fate. In spite of his Celtic ancestry, he was essentially a Teuton with the pagan sense of fatalism. Fate is the key-word of "Jason" and "The Earthly Paradise." Sigurd and the Volsung heroes are guided ever by the Norns:—

"And what the dawn has fated on the hour of noon shall fall."

"Yea, a man shall be
A wonder for his glorious chivalry,
First in all wisdom, of a prudent mind,
Yet none the less him too his fate shall find."

Unique indeed among literatures in pathos of anticipated calamity is one of the "Poems by the Way," entitled the "Burgher's Battle," where lamentation mingles with calm resignation, exampling the pathos of foreboded fate:—

"Look up! the arrows streak the sky,

The horns of battle roar;
The long spears lower and draw nigh,
And we return no more."

Even the stories, "The House of the Wolfings" and "The Story of the Glittering Plain," are touched with a light which is half sad, like the silver haze of the Indian summer presaging November snows.

The thought of love alone puts all doubts away. Yet love cannot escape the universal law.

"Love while ye may; if twain grow into one
'Tis for a little while; the time goes by,
No hatred twixt the pair of friends doth lie,
No troubles break their hearts—and yet and yet—
How could it be? We strove not to forget;
Rather in vain to that old time we clung,
Its hopes and wishes, round our hearts we hung.
We played old parts, we used old names in vain,
We go our ways and twain once more are twain;
Let pass—at latest when we come to die
Thus shall the fashion of the world go by."

Yet love while ye may. The sufficiency of love is the subject of the morality play of "Pharamond," which showeth of a king whom nothing but love might satisfy. Love sings,—

"I am the life of all that dieth not,
Through me alone is sorrow unforgot."

And the poet concedes,—

"*Love is enough*: though the world be a-waning
And the woods have no voice but the voice of complaining."

In sear October, midst the failing year, he cries,—

"Look up love! Ah cling close and never move!
How can I have enough of life and love?"

What begetteth all this storm of bliss?

"But Death himself, who, crying solemnly,
E'en from the heart of sweet Forgetfulness,
Bids us 'Rejoice, lest pleasureless ye die,
Within a little time must ye go by.
Stretch forth your open hands and while ye live
Take all the gifts that Death and Life may give.'"

Death and age and forgetfulness are so abhorrent that every minute is made more mindful as it passes by. The poet had a feverish eagerness to enjoy whatever is beautiful—every love and friendship, every fine creation of the artistic thought, every charm of nature, every touch of sun and shadow, every note of the winds or the seas—eagerness to take delight in life itself before the night came when no man could enjoy.

"*Love is enough*: cherish life that abideth,
Lest ye die ere ye know him and curse and misname him."

The singer could not know the meaning of death. He knew the meaning of life as little.

"Death have we hated, knowing not what it meant;
Life have we lived through green leaf and through sere
Though still the less we knew of its intent."

Yet as if in rebuke to those of us who hate life though we do not fear death, he cried, "What happiness to look upon the sun!" So

"In the white-flowered hawthorn brake,
Love be merry for my sake;
Twine the blossoms in my hair,
Kiss me where I am most fair—
Kiss me love! for who knoweth
What thing cometh after death?"

The poet's philosophy of fated life was, however, interwoven with a great faith in the consolation of art and labor. Art was his own passionate delight. As an artist he was content and calm. His poems are of unvarying charm and purity, with every superlative metrical excellence. The heart of the writer has been in his work. He bade farewell to his finished books as a lover: "I love thee whatso time or men may say of the poor singer of an empty day;" "I confess I am dull now my book is done;" "I have now committed the irremediable error of finishing the Odyssey. I am rather sad thereat." How he delighted in the telling of a story! He dallied at whatever attracted his interest. Greatest care was taken in depicting works of human handiwork. He loved to picture golden vessels and ivory thrones and webs of price and sculptured gate and pictured ceiling and painted palaces and marble halls. A city is thus described,—

"Walled with white walls it was, and gardens green
Were set between the houses everywhere;
And now and then rose up a tower foursquare
Lessening in stage on stage; with many a hue
The house walls glowed, of red and green and blue,
And some with gold were well adorned, and one
From roofs of gold flashed back the noon-tide sun."

Entering the palace the decorations are noted:—

"With hangings fresh as when they left the loom
The walls were hung a space above the head,
Slim ivory chairs were set about the room,
And in one corner was a dainty bed,
That seemed for some fair queen apparelléd
And marble was the worst stone of the floor
That with rich Indian webs was covered o'er."

These are the wonders of Aetes' marble house:—

"The pillars made the mighty roof to hold,
The one was silver and the next was gold,
All down the hall; the roof of some strange wood
Brought over sea, was dyed as red as blood,
Set thick with silver flowers, and delight
Of intertwining figures wrought aright.
With richest webs the marble halls were hung,
Picturing sweet stories by the poets sung
From ancient days so that no wall seemed there,
But rather forests black and meadows fair,
And streets of well built towns, with tumbling seas
About their marble wharves and palaces,
And fearful crags and mountains; and all trod
By changing feet of giant, nymph, and God,
Spear-shaking warrior and slim-ankled maid."

But how give people eyes and soul for art and beauty? How but by guarding the fairness of the earth and sky? Must not the city be made as refreshing as the meadows, as exalting as the mountains? Art and nature are interdependent. Art is the expression of reverence for nature. The spirit of the new days is to be delight in the life of the world, love of the very surface of the earth. Surely if the seasons are to arouse in us no other feelings than misery in winter and weariness in summer, then art too will fail, and we shall live amidst squalor and ugliness.

Morris was passionately fond of the sun and air. He loved the moist green meadows and silver streaming rivers of his England. To the fields and woods he was wont to go for sound and color and pure sensuous delight. "If I could but say or show how I love it,— the earth and the growth of it and the life of it!" His every work is a witness to this loving sympathy. In the landscapes

of "The Earthly Paradise" he notes the elements of delight,—sounds, sights, and odors, the songs of birds, the hues and tints of nature, the winds, orange-scented, or heavy with odors from thymy hills, or laden with the redolence of bean-flowers and clover and elder blossoms. In some land "long ago" there was

> "A valley that beneath the haze
> Of that most fair of Autumn days
> Shewed glorious; fair with golden sheaves,
> Rich with darkened autumn leaves.
> Gay with its water meadows green
> The bright blue streams that lay between—
> The miles of beauty stretched away."

In another country

> "Midst her wanderings on a hot noon-tide
> Psyche passed down a road where on each side
> The yellow corn fields lay, although as yet
> Unto the stalks no sickle had been set;
> The lark sung over them, the butterfly
> Flickered from ear to ear distractedly,
> The kestrel hung above, the weasel peered
> From out the wheat-stalks on her unafeared,
> Along the road the trembling poppies shed
> On the burnt grass their crumbling leaves and red."

A different aspect of nature is presented in the story of Sigurd, where Nature encompasses the heroes about with the likeness of a fate. In harmony with the Northern sense of fatalism, days and nights form the background of deeds. Morn falls to noon-tide, and the sun goeth down in the heavens, and the dusk and the dark draw over, and the stars to heaven come, and the white moon climbeth upward, and the dusk of the dawn begins,

and the day opens again,—'mid light and darkness the heroes ever move. Follow Sigurd as he rides with Regin to the Glittering Heath:—

"And the sun rose up at their backs and the grey world changed to red,
And away to the West went Sigurd by the glory wreathed about."

* * * *

"So ever they wended upward and the midnight hour was o'er
And the stars grew pale and paler, and failed from the heaven's floor,
And the moon was a long while dead, but where was the promise of day?
No change came over the darkness, no streak of the dawning grey;
No sound of the winds uprising adown the night there ran;
It was blind as the Gaping Gulf ere the first of the worlds began.

* * * *

"But lo, at the last a glimmer, and a light from the west there came,
And another and another, like points of a far off flame;
And they grew and brightened and gathered; and whiles together they ran
Like the moonwake over the waters; and whiles they were scant and wan,
Some greater and some lesser, like the boats of fishers laid
About the sea of midnight, and a dusky dawn they made,
A faint and glimmering twilight."

Then through the twilight, Sigurd wends his way to meet the foe of the Gods, and ere daylight is come the heart of the serpent is cloven.

"Then he leapt from the pit and the grave and the rushing river of blood,

And fulfilled with the joy of the War-God in the face of earth
he stood
With red sword high uplifted, with wrathful, glittering eyes;
And he laughed at the heavens above him for he saw the
sun arise,
And Sigurd gleamed on the desert, and shone in the new born
light,
And the wind in his raiment wavered and all the world was
bright."

After reading "The Earthly Paradise," it is not surprising to find in "News from Nowhere" that the very essence of the new day of fellowship and rest is delight in the natural beauty of the world. The poet is not now describing a land long ago, but his England new-created; and this is his picture of an old house on the upper Thames and of the new joy:

"On the right hand we could see a cluster of small houses and barns, new and old, and before us a grey stone barn and a wall partly overgrown with ivy, over which a few grey gables showed. We crossed the road, and again almost without my will my hand raised the latch of a door in the wall, and we stood presently on a stone path which led up to the old house. . . . My companion gave a sigh of pleased surprise and enjoyment; nor did I wonder, for the garden between the wall and the house was redolent of the June flowers, and the roses were rolling over one another with that delicious superabundance of small well tended gardens which at first sight takes away all thought from the beholder save that of beauty. The blackbirds were singing their loudest, the doves were cooing on the roof ridge, the rooks in the high elm trees beyond were garrulous among the young leaves, and the swifts wheeled whirring about the gables. And the house itself was a fit guardian for all the beauty of this heart of summer.

"Once again Ellen echoed my thoughts as she said: 'Yes, friend, this is what I came out for to see; this many gabled old

house, built by the simple country folk of the long-past times . . . is lovely still, amidst all the beauty which these latter days have created. . . . It seems to me as if it had waited for these happy days, and held in it the gathered crumbs of happiness of the confused and turbulent past.'

"She led me up close to the house, and laid her shapely sunbrowned hand and arm on the lichened wall as if to embrace it, and cried out, 'O me! O me! How I love the earth, and the seasons, and weather, and all things that deal with it, and all that grows out of it—as this has done!'"

IV.

The development of Morris's life has been gradual. His genius, we can now see, was nurtured and matured in a dim, mediæval atmosphere. His early writings were suited to the fragile sense of some lady of an ancient bower whose eyes might wet when "heaven and earth on some fair eve had grown too fair for mirth." The poet confessed his verses had no power to bear the cares of the earners of bread. "My work," he said of himself at this period, "is the embodiment of dreams." For himself and for those who could be lulled by his empty songs, he built a shadowy isle of bliss, "East of the Sun and West of the Moon," in the golden haze of the past. Each year, however, his work became more wide and sane. Each work advanced on the last in intensity of human feeling. From the romantic mysticism of his stories he was summoned to epic narrative. The story of Sigurd is easily the strongest and most effective epic of its century. The influence of Rossetti was outgrown and the twain parted to follow diverse roads. Rossetti lost himself in artistic mysticism. Morris's robust nature

led him into the arena of daily life. As early as 1877 he helped to institute a Society for the Protection of Ancient Buildings, and the Eastern Question Association, his interest in the former being the immediate occasion of his first public address, his devotion to the latter leading to his adoption of a dogmatic Socialism. That year he wrote his first political verse, a stirring ballad, "Wake London Lads," which was sung at an Exeter Hall meeting of protest. Sigurd written at this epoch of his evolution is concerned with ideal human life. Said Sigurd to the King of the Niblungs:—

> "And I would that the loving were loved, and I would that the weary should sleep
> And that man should hearken to man, and that he that soweth should reap."

In "The Dream of John Ball," the most exquisite of his prose romances and the most profound among his social writings, and "News from Nowhere," an idyl of Revolution, Morris grasped at length the concrete problems of social existence. In "Poems by the Way" and "Pilgrims of Hope" he poetized the democratic concepts of the new world as they had never been rendered before. "The cause of art," he now saw, "is the cause of the people." All through the 80's his energy and ardor were given to propagandism. He was one of the prime supporters of the Democratic Federation, which he joined in 1882. He became the recognized leader of a Socialist League, founded at the close of the year 1884, acted as its Treasurer and edited its official publication, *The Commonweal.* In a letter written in 1886, he said: "The ideas which have taken hold of me will not let me rest;

nor can I see anything else worth thinking of." In 1890, withdrawing from the Socialist League, because of its growing anarchistic tendencies, a seceding group with Morris as leader formed the Hammersmith Socialist Society. To the ending of the commercial age and the dawning of a day of peace and good will, Morris now looked forward with the same feeling as when in Sigurd he pictured the twilight of the gods of greed and the rising of the sun in Balder the Fair.

To Morris's first readers the abandonment of æsthetic for social standards must have seemed a wandering in the wilderness—so little is the true nature of literature understood. So little is the unity of Morris's many-sided career comprehended it has been left for sociology, the newest of the sciences, to discern the real meaning of literature. Literature, in truth, is social in its origin, social in its nature, and social in its results. It was the same Morris who at different times composed poems, designed wall papers, printed books and devised plans of social reform. Poets are idealists. The condition of their writing at all is that they have the power of creating certain ideal forms. It is now a matter of indifference whether these ideal forms are projected into books or upon canvas, or into society itself, but projected they must be. The lives of such authors and artists as Victor Hugo, Zola, Shelley, Millet, Ruskin and Tolstoi furnish proof of this. The connection between literature and life is indeed so intimate that it is doubtful if anyone can either create or understand great literature who has not the genius for social reform. Lester Ward defines genius as a sociogenetic force, socially not personally advantageous.

In becoming a socialist Morris proved the vitality of his poetry and the integrity of his own soul.

It is true that he was a fatalist. But his sense of fate increased the value of life. Life, he found, is worth living for its own sake, for love of friends, and joy and work and freedom. Early he had reached a profound conviction of the purpose of art as an indispensable element in human life.

"Beauty which is what is meant by art, using the word in its widest sense, is, I contend, no mere accident of human life which people can take or leave as they choose, but a positive necessity of life, if we are to live as nature meant us to, that is unless we are content to be less than men."

It was the spectacle or art dying out under the system of capitalism that first drew his attention to Socialism. In his combined claim for art and labor—the return of art, that is to say of the "Pleasure of Life," to the people—shall it not be acknowledged that Morris reached by an elemental instinct a great truth of the world; for industrial liberty, to gain which the world is now struggling, is the most intimate and personal of all emancipatory modes. Industrial liberty means the return of manhood to common work. "Life," says Ruskin, "without industry is guilt, and industry without art is brutality." The world, to-day, in short, is under the necessity of gratifying the art instinct; that is, of humanizing labor, of giving soul to the Titan's body, or of suffering enslavement to mere materials. Any economy worthy of the name must enforce the need of uniting art and industry.

So after many years the social burden of the times was laid upon the poet's mind and heart. His passion for life and beauty inflamed him with a desire to bring all

men within the circle of their ministration. But before him perpetually was the city of London, huge and unsightly. He heard the murmur and moan from the race of men. From his home by the river he saw the working of a selfish commercialism which had taken monetary profit and loss, and not the human kind, as its basis for calculation. With a heart laden with anger, he entered a protest against "man's inhumanity to man." With a heart laden with love, he preached the doctrines of brotherhood. His position was revolutionary.

"I have more than ever at my heart the importance for people of living in beautiful places; I mean the sort of beauty which would be attainable by all, if people could but begin to long for it. I do most earnestly desire that something more startling could be done than mere constant private grumbling and occasional public speaking to lift the standard of revolt against the sordidness which people are so stupid as to think necessary."

The key to his revolutionary position is contained in an address made before a Trade Guild assembly:

"I do not want art for a few, any more than education for a few, or freedom for a few. No, rather than that art should live this poor thin life among a few exceptional men, despising those beneath them for an ignorance for which they themselves are responsible, for a brutality which they will not struggle with; rather than this, I would that the world should, indeed, sweep away all art for awhile—rather than wheat should rot in a miser's granary, I would that the earth had it, that it might quicken in the dark."

The democratization of art was, in short, the special social aim of William Morris. The "Cause," as Morris

always called the object of his devotion, pertains to the well being of every individual. That civilization which does not carry with it the whole people is doomed to failure. Pertinently he makes his plea:

"Let me remind you how only the other day in the life time of the youngest of us, many thousand men of our own kindred gave their lives on the battle field to bring to a happy ending a mere episode in the struggle for the abolition of slavery: They are blessed and happy for the opportunity came to them, and they seized it and did their best, and the world is the wealthier for it: and if such an opportunity is offered to us, shall we thrust it from us that we may sit still in ease of body, in doubt, in disease of soul?"

Revolutionary as Morris was in theory, in practical temper he was eminently sane and constructive. "For the most part," he would say, "we shall be too busy doing the work that lies ready to our hands to let impatience for visibly great progress vex us much. And surely, since we are servants of a cause, hope must be ever with us."

As a prophet of new industrialism, William Morris was one of the most significant men of the nineteenth century. He must command respect even from those who cannot share in his socialistic hope. Be it observed that no stunted capacity or sordid aims ranged him on the side of socialism. All in all he is the most distinguished Englishman of the 19th century, and his utterances must be received with respect. It was furthermore a real burden which he bore. He had reverence for the life of man upon the earth. To the cause of humanity, he subordinated his whole poetic genius. With a strenuous hope and with a sturdy strife at breast, he turned to

the future, and with that longing for rest that never left him, created in the heroic age to come, a romance of rest and peace and good will. And if others can see it as he saw it, then it may be called a vision rather than a dream.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF PLAY.

(AN ADDRESS DELIVERED BEFORE THE ILLINOIS STATE TEACHERS' ASSOCIATION, DECEMBER, 1904.)

The maker of this program had a philosophic and discerning mind. He perceived that play is a principle of such universal bearing that it has a science, a sociology and a philosophy. Play, to use the terms of science, is a mode of motion. Wherever there is movement there is play. If we may believe Lucretius as to the loves and hates of atoms play is an attribute of all matter. The principle of play was first given formulation, I believe, by the German poet Schiller. Its universal significance was first detected by Herbert Spencer who traced the æsthetic activity of man to the play of animals, the selective sense of beauty in plants, and the sentient life of the atom. Play in the human sphere may be defined as the free creative functioning of the self.

The properties of play may be determined by a study of its modes among animals, and of its processes when it becomes humanized and consciously artistic. For art is the freest play-ground of the spirit. What are the conditions under which necessity passes into freedom and the useful is idealized and transfigured?

The function that beauty serves in evolution is an important one. Not infrequently the law of the survival of the fittest means the survival of the most beautiful. The graceful feathers of the lyre-bird, the gorgeous color-

ing of the peacock and humming-bird, the calls of monkeys, birds and insects, the brilliancy of flowers—all represent evolutionary selection in lines of beauty. Fair forms and colors are the summons sent from objects to objects for fusion and union. Impressionability to beauty implies a conscious æsthetic sense on the part of those creatures thus affected. That there is æsthetical feeling among the lower forms of life is proven beyond a doubt. The famous bower-birds of Australia furnish the most notable instance of æsthetic display among animals. For use during the time of courtship these birds construct bowers of twigs and grass. These halls are not made for practical use, but serve as festal structures, or avenues of assembly, in which their owners may plume and display themselves. The greatest care and taste are lavished upon the work. Foundations are laid in the ground, and a bower of grass and bushes, several feet in length, is arched overhead. The courts at the end of the bower are paved with small round pebbles, and bright stones, shells and feathers are so displayed that a color adornment is secured. Such structures, not being intended for nests, but simply to be used during a special festal period, are wholly ideal in their nature, and evidence the presence of the spirit of play.

The æsthetic display in man began with the same reference to his mate, but the feeling was gradually extended to comprise outside persons, and having assumed sociological import, it became in time a most efficient instrument in the struggle for existence. The savage adorned his body, decorated his utensils and weapons, shaped and colored his dwelling place. To the adornment of his home he further employed sculpture and painting. Under

excitement he sang—a simple musical chant, and to its rhythms he danced, and out of the dance poetry and the drama arose. Everything in primitive life points to the immense importance of the æsthetic activity. The quality of the art and the stage of culture correspond intimately. When men ceased to hunt, and settled as agriculturists, the richness of their art compared with the former poverty, is a sign of social advance. But this very improvement is in part due to the order and unity introduced into the fluctuating life of hunting tribes by various forms of art, particularly the dance, which by engaging whole family groups, furthered greater social union.

What now is the source of the artistic impulse and with what life process is it associated? Among the lowest forms of life all the energy of being seems to be expended in sustaining and preserving life. Among the higher orders, where the conflict of life is less fierce, opportunity is afforded for escape into ideal action. The energy of being, not fully exhausted in the effort to supply physical needs, engages in some form of free expression, as directed by more or less conscious ideal desire. Play implies freedom from physical need, an excess of life functioning, some degree of self-determination, some conscious satisfaction, and a certain power of abstraction.

To justify this statement let me pass in review a series of activities; advancing from the simple to the complex and from animals to men.

The simple aimless running about of animals and men in play rises into the more complex forms of the leap and gesture, in a more advanced civilization passing to forms of the dance. The simple shout and cry develops into successive and pleasing notes, as of a bird, and issues

in human song. The purposeless clawing and cutting of animals and men become some form of pleasure-giving construction, such as purposeful carving and adornment, with delight in form. The simple color sense leads to decoration for pleasure and with a sense of harmony. The adornment of nests with bright objects proceeds to construction, with a sense of form, and, among men, to building with a conscious feeling for proportion.

Now examine the later modes of these activities and note the common characteristic! The dance, the complex form of running and leaping, is distinguished by conscious rhythm. The song, the higher form of the cry, is characterized by a conscious sense of time. Carving, the artistic outcome of cutting, is differentiated by a knowledge of design. Color decoration, the complex form of a simple sense for bright objects, is distinguished by perception of color harmony. Finally, building, the higher form of construction, is done under knowledge of proportion. What is added in the second series to the first? Plainly in the first series the activity is aimless; in the second there is order and design. The presence of order evidences the introduction of mind into the process. The savage dances in rhythm, sings in time, paints in color, builds in proportion, because it is pleasing to him psychically to engage in an ideal self-determined exercise. Here, then, play-activity becomes æsthetic; his play is carried on with conscious purpose, freedom, self-determination, and pleasure.

Where purpose does not enter, the activity is not truly denominated play. The deer in running strikes his hoofs in order, but the order is mechanical and not self-controlled. The bird sings in successive notes, the beaver

builds dams, ants build hills, bees construct cells; but these results are not intentional. The animal is unconscious, merely under the control of evolutionary forces; the excellence of the result not being dependent upon conscious intelligence, but upon fixedness of habit and the very narrowness of the line of improvement. The flower displays its color, but it has no sense of its harmony in the field. Birds sing pleasing notes, but not, as in a choir, with a knowledge of general harmony.

Mentality is perhaps most readily perceived in music. The cries of animals and the notes of birds can hardly be designated as song. The indefinite shouts and irregular cries of primitive man were expressions which had not yet arrived at æsthetic value. Sounds become musical when mind controls the succession and co-ordination. Music ascends from simple concord of two notes to ever more complex phrases, strains, songs and choruses:— ever higher and higher above the plane of sensation, until in orchestral and symphonic music the effect is almost wholly mental. Into the work of art reflection, intention and invention enter.

A convenient savage for our scrutiny in these respects is Browning's Caliban: a primitive man, yet one sufficiently evolved to exhibit racial characteristics. He is undeveloped, yet old enough to be taught of deity by his dam, and to think somewhat for himself. His sensory experiences are of a low order. Within the range of his interests his senses are keen, but only now and then does he see or hear æsthetically. He has learned the look of things in relation to his physical safety. He would examine clouds and sunsets as tokens of storm. The range of his interests is shown in his first reflection:

"Will sprawl now that the heat of day is best,
Flat on his belly in the pit's much mire,
With elbows wide, fists clenched to prop his chin,
And while he kicks both feet in the cool slush,
And feels about his spine small eft-things course,
Run in and out each arm, and make him laugh;
And while above his head a pompion-plant,
Coating the cave-top as a brow its eye,
Creeps down to touch and tickle hair and beard,
And now a flower drops with a bee inside,
And now a fruit to snap at, catch and crunch—
He looks out o'er yon sea which sunbeams cross
And recross, till they weave a spider-web—
Meshes of fire some great fish breaks at times,
And talks with his own self."

In one of these sensory experiences: namely, when he looks out over the sea and watches the play of sunbeams, Caliban is receiving an æsthetic effect which has no relation to his bodily pleasures; it is not a sensuous pleasure only, but, also, an intellectual enjoyment. Furthermore, he is a creative artist. Thus he compares himself with Setebos:

"Tasteth himself no finer good in the world
When all goes right, in this safe summer time,
And he wants little, hungers, aches, not much,
Than trying what to do with wit and strength,
Falls to make something; piled yon pile of turfs
And squared and stuck there piles of soft white chalk,
And with a fish-tooth, scratched a moon on each,
And set up endwise certain spikes of tree,
And crowned the whole with a sloth's scull a-top
Found dead in the woods, too hard for one to kill.
No use at all in the work, for work's sole sake."

The conditions of his artistic activity are thus his

physical safety, satisfaction, and consequent excess of energy. He is freed from external objects and permitted to give his ideal faculties full play. All that he does, thus conditioned, is characterized by the presence of design; all is proportioned, harmonized and well ordered. He was under no compulsion to make these objects; he was purely self-conditioned in doing so, and manifestly he works to the end of pleasure.

Evolutionary æsthetics, then, establishes several important facts about art and the artistic impulse. The essential characteristic of artistic expression is freedom. Art is not a product of necessity or related to use. It affords gratification to instincts and feelings which find their exercise only when necessity and use are satisfied. Practical activity serves as means, æsthetic activity is an end in itself. When savage tribes engage in warfare, their energy is practical. When victory is celebrated with dancing, the æsthetic is brought into play to the degree of pleasure experienced by the dancers in their own rhythmic movements. In art, man is not the creature of fate, but the arbiter in the ideal realm, at least, of his own destinies, the maker of his own world. The artist is absolutely the only free man.

And connected with this attribute is that of self-determination. When moved by the impulse to create, the artist proves his individuality. He becomes conscious of possessing ideal faculties which, in order to realize, he must objectify for his contemplation. Thought must be expressed. Freedom is not lawlessness. But inner control is exchanged for outer law. When the artist creates a form and embodies himself therein, he is made

aware that he is a free, self-determining, law-abiding personality.

The third characteristic implied by the other two is what I shall call, for want of a better term, ideality. It is not the function of art to reproduce the real world. We have senses of our own and can take the artist's skill for granted. What we want displayed and defined is personality. What is the man's mystery? As we have seen, simple play becomes æsthetic, when it is conscious and conducted in freedom to the end of self-realization. Order, proportion, harmony are laws of art, not from any enactment on the part of critics, but from the very nature of mind. Mind is itself an order, a rhythm, a harmony. The history of art, therefore, is the history of a freely developing personality. As the soul expands and contains more, it expresses more. Mediaeval art is, in a sense, greater than Grecian art, since it contains more of life and experience. Gothic art may be inferior in point of skill and manipulation, but its soul is greater, its feeling more intense, its grasp of ideality more complete. The ancient world has no counterpart to Michelangelo, with his fierce, vital, electric face and his turbulent, strenuous soul. The difference between the classic and the mediaeval is well expressed in Gilder's poems of the Two Worlds: one the world of the Venus of Milo:

> "Grace, majesty, and the calm bliss of life,
> No conscious war 'twixt human will and duty.
> Here breathes, forever free from pain and strife,
> The old, untroubled pagan world of beauty."

The other is the world of Michelangelo's Slave:

> "Of life, of death the mystery and woe,

Witness in this mute, carven stone the whole!
That suffering smile were never fashioned so
Before the world had wakened to a soul."

To the same effect is a passage in Lowell's "Cathedral."

"The Grecian gluts me with its perfectness.
But ah! this other, this Gothic that never ends,
Still climbing, luring fancy still to climb,
As full of morals half-divined as life,
Graceful, grotesque, with ever new surprise
Of hazardous caprices sure to please,
Heavy as night-mare, airy-light as fern,
Imagination's very self in stone!
Your blood is mine, ye architects of dreams,
Builders of aspiration incomplete."

To illustrate the growth in ideality one might bring a Greek of the age of Pericles into the Western world. How much of the mediaeval and the modern would he comprehend! He would stand before a Gothic Cathedral with amazement. The meaning of the structure, the sign of the Cross in transept and nave, everywhere the symbols of aspiration, of the yearning of the soul to reach through material forms to a spiritual truth far higher than Olympian heights: these would pass his understanding. If taken to a Symphony Concert, he would have neither the sensory experience nor the ideality necessary to comprehend the different movements. How could he, who thought to enter the region of calm tenanted by Zeus, feel the mighty passion, the tumultuous struggles of Beethoven's Heroic Symphony! Take him into a gallery of painting—would he not be bewildered by the complexity of modern life? What reading would he make of the pain and power in Millet's peasant faces?

What conception could he have of the tragedy and depth of the life conducted on the vast laborious earth? So would not the more recent psychic experiences of the race be beyond his apprehension?

While the World's Fair was building at Chicago I watched the simple Java folk erect their huts and wattled fences beside the complex gigantic Ferris Wheel. I could not see that the Javians looked upon the wheel even with any wonder. They were hardly curious. The whole mechanical mystery was utterly beyond their grasp. The ideality of the wheel, the principles of its construction, were many fold greater than that of their simple dwellings.

The whole Fair, by the way, was a colossal play:—the Titanic sport of a summer, a buoyant lyric endeavor just meant to exhibit for a moment the hidden prophetic intentions of an ideal people, the scope of whose ideality was but inadequately measured by the vast arches that spanned the space of the manufactory building. Festivals, shows, pomps, may be as important as the realities of the streets, opportunities for ideal exercises, for which trade and commerce are the preparation and the background. When the complaint is heard that World's Fairs represent economic waste, it is well to be reminded of that saying of Schiller: "Man only plays, when, in the full meaning of the term, he is man, and he is only completely man when he plays."

When man plays he is free, he is self-determined. Freedom, self-determination, ideality:—these are the characteristics of æsthetic play.

An important truth remains now to be stated. It is this: whenever a man expresses himself under conditions

of freedom and self-control, he is an artist—whatever his occupation or field of activity—and he receives the rewards and gains of an artist: the reward of pleasure, the gain of an enlarged personality, and an increasing personal force. What are called the Fine Arts are by no means the only æsthetic field. These have to-day limited an instinct which is common to all, usurped a privilege that should be shared by all. It has come about through historical changes that the artist, in these more specialized spheres, is the only free man in the world of work; all others, in some degree, live under compulsion. Therefore, the problem of freedom in the modern world is to extend that freedom which the artist alone enjoys into every field of industrialism. We may summarize our freedom thus far in these terms: Man is free politically. We have struggled with thrones and tyrannies and have won victory. If we suffer misgovernment to-day, we have ourselves to blame. So man is free in religious matters. We have battled with priesthood and ecclesiasticism and have gained the right of worship according to our conscience. If we remain evil, the fault is at our own doors. In these realms we are practically free, shapers of the laws and creeds for ourselves. These matters have already receded in special interest, and special devotion to them bespeaks a retarded development. But, in the way of work, in what is for most of us most intimate, we are little better than slaves living under necessity, obeying machines, attending to masters. Now, as political liberty does not mean license and lawlessness, but rather the right to be a law to oneself, as religious liberty does not mean the right to have no religion, but rather to be self-directive in worship and ser-

vice; so industrial liberty does not mean freedom from labor, but freedom in labor. For this right of self-directive labor, or, in the terms of this paper, for the right of play, the modern world is battling. Disguise the situation as we may, the industrial world is in a state of warfare. Various compromises have been agreed upon, whereby a partial freedom is enjoyed. Thus, we distinguish between our activities; setting aside a portion of the day to toil and drudge, yielding this much to submission, hoping to escape at night, when we can indulge our higher desires and live a moment spontaneously and instinctively. Meanwhile, we clamor for shorter hours of labor and a longer time for play. So long as labor is under bonds, untransformed by freedom, so long will this division and clamor continue. But the granting of an eight-hour day is no real solution of the problem. It is simply compromise and leaves the situation unchanged. The only satisfactory solution of the labor problem lies in the consecration of labor to the ends of life, to the ends of personality. Toil is a "curse" to none but slaves. To a freeman it is pleasure and desire. Conditions must so be changed that the laborer can find in his very work his genuine satisfaction. He must be granted the privilege now enjoyed by the artist only: the privilege of free expression, of self-determination, of ideal creation. Art and labor must so be associated that the one be extended and made universal as labor, and the other be redeemed and made delightful as art. It was some such association that Thoreau was making, when he said, at work in his field of beans: "It was not I that hoed beans, or beans that I hoed." He had in mind a celestial kind of agriculture and was raising a transcendental crop of

virtues, patience, manliness, clear-thought and high-mindedness. It is better to produce great men than abundant crops. The reversal of this proposition as applied in modern industrialism is provocative of mirth,—when one is not too angry at the spectacle. I submit that how to make a freeman at play out of a slave at work is the problem of history, the problem of democracy, the problem of today.

The problem of education in a democracy is the same as that of industrialism. Shall education be motived by the desire for a special culture, a sort of objective product, or for a special character, a form of interior life? It seems to me that our education is even yet too formal and objective, too much concerned with knowledge and machinery, and not enough with character. The ideal prevailing in our centers of education is that of the cultured gentleman:—a culture special, possible to the few, a culture dependent upon refinement, intelligence and knowledge of books in a library, a culture that tends to separate men, that erects barriers between the wise and the not-wise, that is selfish and unsocial. This is an ideal which we have inherited from feudal countries and from the theory of the leisure class. The cultured man, in fine, is prepared to live in an aristocracy and not in a democracy. His sympathies are untouched. His imagination is without vitality. His fellows have no interest to him save as they are comprehended in the same exclusive circle. However attractive the ideal may be, it is destined to fade away before the slowly unfolding meanings of democracy,—fade as the ideals of kings and knights and priests have faded and become lost in the distance. Democracy demands a man of generous

sympathies, with imaginative if not actual community in every experience, a genuine social being, "a fluid and attaching character:" one capable of living, not in an exclusive aristocratic coterie, but in an inclusive democratic society, and one able to live at large, not with condescension, but with full sympathy. Now, personality is the one common possession of all men—this is the comprehensive and unifying principle. It is of no account to hold men together by a written constitution. A nation is compacted by love and sympathy. Extend the essence of each until he comes to include the multitude; until his right becomes the right of all, and his law the law of all. Produce great men; the rest follows. Educate the interior man; avoid the ceremonial; educate for freedom, self-control, ideal action, creative character.

It was not without reason that Lincoln was called by Lowell "The First American." For this man was the very embodiment of the democratic idea. He had a culture that was as broad as life, as generous as love. Frederick Douglas said of him: "He was the first man in whose presence I forgot I was a negro." That is a sublime testimony, and signifies what I mean by an inclusive character. Lincoln was not educated in our schools. The college might have instructed him, but it would have destroyed him. Democracy contemplates the possibility of education through the simple life processes, or at least, through the expert selection of those especially fitted for education. Lincoln's associate in democratism was Whitman, a man who escaped the traditional discipline of the schools, but who, in secret striving for the culture of life, achieved a character that so combined the intellectual and the sympathetic, the

individual and the social, that in his own personality he comprehended humanity. If Lincoln was the only man, "Leaves of Grass" is the only book to which Douglas might come and find himself sympathetically comprehended. One of the greatest lines in modern literature is Whitman's address to the poor outcast: "Not till the sun excludes you do I exclude you." In one of his poems, he proclaims the ideal of life in a democracy:

"I announce natural persons to arise.
I announce uncompromising liberty and equality.
I announce splendors and majesties to make all previous politics of the earth insignificant.
I announce adhesiveness, I say it shall be limitless, unloosen'd,
I announce the great individual, fluid as nature, chaste, affectionate, compassionate, fully arm'd.
I announce a life that shall be copious, vehement, spiritual, bold,
I announce an end that shall lightly and joyfully meet its translation."

The educational problem presented by the lives of these two men, the first practical democrats the world has known, is profound and not easily solved. They represent the ideal around which the sympathies and imagination of men must henceforth gather. They exhibit a special development of personality and to their making ages of history have gone. Dare we face this ideal? Might not education assist the individual through some method of self-activity? Might we not adopt for our whole educational system the principle of play? Man has something to learn, something to receive, but also something to give and achieve. The educational watchword of a former generation, the generation of culture, was discipline. The watchword of the present, the generation of knowledge, is observation. Might not the future,

the generation of personality, take for its sign the watchword, play? The need of the hour is education by execution, by creation, by modes of self-realization—controlled always by the motive of helpfulness. By such modes alone the personality is extended and the individual rounded full-circle.

The beginnings of such education have been made in the kindergarten; this being the latest, the most modern in spirit and most democratic section of our educational system. This is the children's age, and a little child is leading us away from formalism and traditionalism, and compelling a more sincere study of the actual field. In the kindergarten the principle of play is frankly adopted. The application of the principle in the upper grades, where traditional ideas are entrenched, has yet to be accomplished. By the introduction of manual training, which is only a name for the educational principle of self-activity, a means of self-expression is afforded the older pupils. In the more progressive schools there is taking place a reconstruction of the school program with the various art studies as the coordinating center. Vacation schools in the larger cities are experimenting with the new ideas, and it is not unlikely that the success of their freer methods will bring about extensive modifications of the traditional curricula. All these are signs of the evolution of play; of the effort made by modern man to adopt social forms to current idea.

That this adjustment of man to his immediate environment will continue in all the fields of human endeavor, there is not the slightest doubt. The evolutionary forces are always at work. Nature creates today, as in the

early ages of the world. Man's creative power is deepening and widening. There are many evidences of increase in personality, most notably, perhaps, in the arts which still afford the field of purest play. I refer particularly to the instance of music, the art at present in most rapid process of development, the one most capable of bearing the high emotionalism and the complex idealism of the modern world. The history of music shows that an enormous distance has been passed from Mozart to Brahms. Once the former was thought to have reached the perfection of composition. Then came Beethoven with newer modes. Then followed Wagner and Brahms and Richard Strauss, each adding something to the expressiveness of music. Today, Mozart is simple, hardly interesting, apprehensible to a child. Wagner is now at the point of full reception. But few have the capacity to follow the complexities of the latest composers. But will not Brahms be as simple to the ordinary ear, as Mozart is now to the critical musician? What does this growth in apprehension signify, if not that the race is advancing farther and farther into the interior region, where harmonies are realized and ideals formed?

In conclusion, the matter may be summed up by saying that, at every stage of his being, man has possessed an ideal self-determined life, existing side by side with but apart from his life as conditioned by material needs. The origin of this freedom is lost in the dim evolutionary regions; the poets and scientists postulate a certain degree of sentient life in the material atom. Certainly, the higher animals experience a degree of freedom. In such moments, they engage in play. In the lower grades of

life, this activity is merely play; in the higher grades, it takes the rational and significant form of artistic creation.

In some future golden age, foretold by poets and prophets, it may be that all work will be play, all speech will be song, and joy will be universal.

DEMOCRATIC EDUCATION.

I.

The life of an organism is preserved and fulfilled through its right adjustment to environment. If the organism fail to accommodate itself to its conditions it is doomed to a life of tragic conflict, a weakness increasing to decay, and to final extinction. The school is an agency devised by the social intelligence or instinct to prepare the young organism for more effective existence. Its function is two-fold: First, to enable the young to appropriate the inheritance which the past bequeaths; and, second, to hasten and facilitate their adjustment to present conditions and future growths. The first service, being fairly constant, tends to maintain in all educational institutions that conservatism which so irritates the progressive educator whose attention is given to the work of readjustment. From the conditions of the problem it must be seen that the stability of institutionalism is overcome at the fulfillment of the first function. After that everything is subject to change according to the variation of the social environment. It is at this point that institutionalism may become pernicious and subversive. A given system becomes conventionalized, loses vitality, ceases to move with the times, educates for conditions long outgrown, retards progress, and enslaves the very life that created it. Then the Promethean soul is bound to the rocks and tyrannized over by the Jupiter of custom.

But evermore, wise through its pains, it destroys the order of routine and shapes its life anew. Meanwhile, the accredited institution is upheld at an enormous waste of energy. Individual organisms have been subverted and destroyed. The so-called "graduates" of schools, in order to be effective in their environment, are required not infrequently to overcome the disability of their education. If the individual is weak it drags out a wretched life, querulous, dyspeptic, and finally perishes. I think the life that goes out on battle fields is a small measure of the energy wasted in schools. The tragedy of the "educated man" is perhaps the most pathetic under the sun; a tragedy not less grievous because of its frequency. And of these tragic misfits the schools of today, by reason of peculiar conditions of transition, are furnishing an unending line. Our traditions, as those bearing upon "school discipline" and "school studies," have reference to military, priestly, scholastic, or other special ideals of times long past; whereas the necessity of the day is for a genuine social being, with varied practical and industrial capacities, generous democratic sympathies, and inclusive as light. "Where does the great city stand?" asks Whitman.

> "Where no monuments exist to heroes, but in the common words and deeds,
> Where the men and women think lightly of the laws,
> Where the slave ceases and the master of slaves ceases,
> Where outside authority enters always after the precedence of inside authority,
> There the great city stands."

The question thus viewed is an important one, not to be

lightly passed: How shall the schools educate in view of "triumphant democracy?" I venture to discuss this topic in three of its phases: (1) The personal ideal to which the modern man owes allegiance; (2) The social ideal to which the school should conform; (3) The school work calculated to accomplish the ends desired.

II

My general thesis may be stated first in abstract terms. The conditions of democracy require an education that shall be directed to the equipment of the individual in respect of his self-sovereignty on the one hand and of his socialism on the other. The individual, who shall be fitted to live in a democratic community, must be taught to control himself as a "simple, separate person" and to govern his conduct with reference to his place in the social system. Neither phase of his character can be safely neglected. Of the two sides, however, the individualistic would seem to be the more important, for true self-realization is both individualistic and social. By the realization and continual enlargement of the self—a self that is in its very nature social—the individual comes to include the multitude and his right becomes their right and his law their law. A genuine federation of men is not to be accomplished by the written agreement of lawyers, but only through the identification in ideas and interests of the separate members of the groups and communities. A perfect democracy is possible only with persons who are completely developed in every aspect of personality, and able therefore to substitute an inner for

an outer bond of union. Create great individuals, establish the right personal ideal—the rest follows.

When viewed from the standpoint of the democratic man, the various ideals about which the imagination and sympathies of men have gathered in times past—the military ideal, the priestly ideal, the cultural ideal—all fall short of measuring the status of the true man of the age. The military ideal, formed when the world was a great soldiers' camp, was the necessary concomitant and support of thrones and empires. Chivalry, furnishing opportunity for spiritual strivings, was the beauty and perfume that attracted to a rigorous ideal the souls of finer nurture, and through the ages life has been construed by poets and thinkers in terms of warfare—terms that have become the very counters of our speech and determine the texture of our thinking. From an ideal so universal it is difficult for anyone to escape. Nevertheless, it is an ideal outgrown and should be utterly abandoned. It enforces principles of obedience to the will of others in authority and interferes with the true self-activity proper for the democratic man. Upon the model of the military all religious systems and moral tenets have been formed, not excepting those of the more recent Protestant churches, whose devotion to bishops or Bibles or creeds betrays their acceptance of the military principle. It is a simple fact that the religious life of all peoples today is grounded in authority of some kind. The success of the Salvation Army is an evidence of an attitude of mind that would seem to be almost universal in matters pertaining to religion. Yet priestcraft in all forms is destined to pass away: the army organization, the word of command, the obligation of

service, the deputed authority—all must pass. The ideal of culture is based, likewise, on privilege. Learning has always been the special instrument of priestcraft. In the middle ages learning was a practical monopoly, the possession of those who held the symbols of knowledge. It was the avenue to place and dignity. Even Dante thought it more worthy to be learned than to be a poet. The egotism of culture is not less striking today at the seats of learning. Culture is exclusive and unsympathetic. We erect barriers between the wise and the not-wise. It is, in fact, obtainable only by the few. Appropriate to the ends of a selfish aristocracy it is destructive of that good fellowship requisite for a democracy. Democracy demands men and women who are capable of self-rule and who, at the same time, are able to comprehend the experiences of other persons sufficient to respect their will. All ideals that spring from authority or eventuate in privilege must yield to one that is free and fluid.

For the uses of democracy there must be produced great individuals "fluid as nature, chaste, affectionate, compassionate, fully arm'd." To this end the imagination and sympathies of men must become associated with the culture of life rather than with the learning of schools. To hold up the ideal of a special class—any ideal short of the entire personality, is to retard the progress of democracy by neutralizing its effects.

III.

As the ideal of life is not submissiveness or perfection

of conduct or intellectual distinction but social sympathy or breadth of experience, the test of the school is its sensitiveness to social influence. It becomes the mission of the school to correct the gross egotism of youth that displays itself in strife for preferment, in eager pursuit of prizes of distinction, by inculcating principles of mutual dependence and developing a sense of social obligation. The degree of relationship felt by the members of a school for each other and for the community of which they are a part becomes the real test of efficiency. The school, in its true modern meaning, is not a group of persons withdrawn from society for a period to the end of preparing for society when the school years are finished, but a community whose activities are ordered according to their place in the evolution of life. The home with its varied adult interests affords little opportunity for the child's self-expression. Into the world of business, motives other than educational enter to affect character. The school provides community of interest and rightly conducted, freed at once from the domestic and economic environments, becomes the child's true home, where the bodily activities may be trained, where shy emotions may emerge and vague thoughts define themselves, and where the sense of kinship with others, implicit in the home, may enlarge to the outer circumference of the social environment. To isolate the child, to require him to be silent, to restrict his play, to destroy spontaneity, to teach him to be passive and accept authority, is to perpetuate feudalism. Only when the rigid book is laid aside, the law relaxed, the child surrounded by other children in free commerce, when all are permitted to question and probe with eager interest, permitted to

be active and creative—only then is there chance for republics.

From the school as a whole proceed other lines of relationship. Under conditions of exclusiveness, such as colleges formerly maintained, an antagonism between the "town" and the "gown" is inevitably occasioned. The presumption of the gown is met by the scorn of the town. The scholar, separated from the vital currents, shrinks to a pedant; the citizen, missing the leadership of thought, swells out to a boor. In true community life each needs the other, the one that his abstractions may be tested by life, the other that life may have meaning. There is nothing so dead as dead knowledge; there is nothing so vapid as a purposeless life.

From the point of view of social training, the failure of the military, priestly and cultural ideals is to be noted. For they are essentially non-social and by enforcing the external and mechanical dependency of one mind upon another tend to break up that social connection founded upon sympathy. Graphically these older ideals assume the form of a pyramid upon the apex of which but the favored few can subsist. They imply rank and gradation fatal to community life. To the military ideal belong all the irrational restrictions incident to "school discipline" that tend to destroy individuality of action—restrictions in respect of natural speech and spontaneous play according to the tyranny of the teacher. The priest depends upon some form of revelation and according to his authority separates between the good and the not good. Culture confirms the tyranny of the book and

compels in the reader the passive attitude of listening. In these ideals there is no place for self-expression or for that unity that springs from a community of interests.

The social motive has hardly emerged as yet into educational consciousness. Among the newer movements the "Vacation School" is especially significant. Under the excuse of a vacation the ordinary discipline is relaxed, the usual routine abandoned, the book set aside, the formal and mechanical relegated to a secondary place. Active and self-directive factors are introduced. Sessions are conducted in the open air. Nature is studied at first hand. The governing watchwords are Impression and Expression. The children in some degree seek their own ends—the school running parallel with life itself. From these experiments in free methods it will doubtless be discovered that the pupil in his spontaneous and creative moments is a better educational guide than the teacher burdened by the feudal traditions. And it is not at all unlikely that the spirit of vacation will spread until it permeates the entire school system.

Along more definite and conscious lines of school development an experiment in genuine democratic education was conducted by Professor John Dewey at the elementary school formerly in connection with the University of Chicago. The passage from the aristocratic, the principle of dependency and passivity, to the democratic, the principle of originality and activity, was there at length completed. The traditional equipment, desks, books, studies, monotonous recitations, examinations, uniform courses and

classes, teachers in authority,—all these were conspicuous in their absence. In their stead were means for occupations—for doing things. The school started with the natural resources of the child and built upon his own interest and desires—his threefold interest in discovery, communication, and construction, his desire to find out things, to tell things, and to make things. In the traditional and feudal school the centre of gravity is outside the child—in the teacher, the book, the recitation, or the examination; here the centre was found in the child himself. A child in acting individualizes himself and forbids the formation of classes. He desires, however, to communicate his experiences to others and to receive criticism or further suggestion for work. The "recitation" springing from this need has the child still at the centre. For the doing of things the child needs knowledge—but only the knowledge that is related to his need. Obstacles confront him in carrying out his idea into concrete form; his struggles with his materials constitute his "discipline," his training in attention, concentration and will. Some organization such as is necessary for community life is effected; from it arises unification and the sense of the social whole. The school is a miniature society.

In so far as these experiments in the new education witness to a general tendency they disclose the modern transition from authority to freedom, from what is mechanical and enforced to what is natural and desired. The new factor in education is simply the discovery that life itself is education: that the school is itself social.

IV.

The subjects calculated to develop the democratic individual and to effect the socialization of the school are manifestly the constructive ones. The foundation of modern education should be industrial. And as the most educative form of industry is that pertaining to art the central activities will be artistic. The arts aim to give expression to thought and experience. The realization of experience in art forms involves creation through self-determined activity. The peculiarity of art is that it is in part a discipline, in part a science, but in largest measure a creation, the objectification of feeling or idea. Hence its immense educational value.

The best type of the creative arts is music. Music is free creation: it makes no reference to natural forms and is not, therefore, a product of sensation. Being artificial and conventional it becomes the sole creation of the inner being. It exposes the very motions of the soul and is the personality in its barest guise. For a musical idea has two elements, melody and harmony, each of which must first be conceived and displayed in the musical consciousness and then developed from within outward. The working out of these conceptions from consciousness to form gives the best type of conceptive development.

The plastic arts are conceptive in development but depend more upon imitation. Architecture, however, is more like music, an art of idea. Painting takes its rise both in idea and in nature. It is therefore at once creative and imitative. But painting may be employed in education by making the exhibition of the self

primary and letting the form occupy a subordinate place, as indeed it does in the best art.

Literature, having language as its medium, furnishes one of the best means of self-expression. Literature serves not only the ends of creation but in its recorded forms affords the finest exercise for the creative imagination in interpretation. Fiction, for instance, is condensed human experience. It records motives, displays the operation of cause and effect, analyzes character, portrays actual or ideal states of society. To read fiction with sympathy is to enter into the history of the world and to repeat the processes of the mind. To the development of personality literature must so be presented that a vital experience results from the contact rather than lifeless knowledge to encumber the memory. The democratization of art means its use as an energizing and creative power.

In close connection with the fine arts, but employing a slightly different set of activities and interests, is the group of the industrial arts, or what is more familiarly known as the "arts and crafts." The pure conceptive process is here interfered with by the necessity of use. But the more stubborn the material which the hand must shape the greater the training in concentration and power. Considering the bearing of such training on both the arts and the crafts, the necessary association of the artistic and industrial temperaments, the social value of a School of Craft can hardly be overestimated. Some day the education of a man will be measured by his capacity to do things rather than by his knowledge or his receptive faculty. I think no one will deny the attainment of William Morris, who

was called derisively the poet-upholsterer, but who thought good upholstery was quite as important as good poetry.

The ordinary trades that have only economic bearing have less educational value than work that admits of conception. Under higher ideals of life, and with the increased use of machinery for the tasks involving mere power, the skilled workman will tend to rise to the plane of educational industry.

To constructive work the instructional studies now primary will be subordinated. Geography and history are the most essential of the related interests. For it is possible to pursue these studies actively and to realize in imagination the historical life of nature and man. "The student," said Emerson, "is to read history actively and not passively, to esteem his own life the text, and books the commentary.. All history is subjective; there is properly no history, only biography."

But to elaborate a course of construction to take the place of the present course of instruction, or to name the employments to be substituted for the traditional studies, is beyond my intention. My purpose is to insist that education to be democratized must follow the lines of action and expression.

Democracy, to summarize, presents to the individual a new ideal of culture, establishes a new relationship among all the members of the social group, and promises to displace the disciplinary studies and methods by the introduction of a new activity and a new method that approximate the play-principle of the creative artist.

"WHERE IS THE POET?"

Soon after the assassination of President McKinley at Buffalo, a question was raised in a public journal with reference to the celebration of the event: "Where is the Poet?" As a preface to the question the factors tending to make the incident worthy of poetic treatment were enumerated:

"The tragedy at Buffalo sounded the whole gamut of human emotions. Love, hate, fear, anger, sympathy, compassion—all the primal passions were aroused. Nothing could have been more dramatic than the spectacle of a single, cowardly, skulking wretch throwing a nation into tears. Nothing could have been more pathetic than the deep, yet hopeful, silence in which the people waited for the news from Buffalo. Nothing could be more inspiring than the way in which they rallied from the shock and faced the future with the confidence that 'God reigns and the government at Washington still lives.' Nowhere was ever given a more beautiful example of devotion than that which bound together the President and his wife. Never was a deathbed illumined more brightly by the light of Christian hope and faith. There was everything to inspire the poet."

That the theme was not lacking in elements of sublimity is proved by the witness of another journalist:

"Let us think, if we can, of the solitudes of mighty forests; imagine as we may the majestic sweep of storm-driven clouds lit with the forked flame of lightning; let us recall the mystic roar of the tireless Niagara; climb in imagination the solitary heights of mountain fields; let the mind follow the measureless ranges of earth's great highlands, the Rockies, the Andes, the Himalayas,

and still the sublimity and the solemnity of all these fade into insignificance compared with this more sublime and mystic manifestation of the life in common that summons a tearful nation around an open grave."

Though the pages of magazines teemed at the time with verses of a certain order of merit, it must be acknowledged that the first poem worthy the subject has yet to appear. Where, then, was the poet? Was the theme too large, was the event too near for poetic treatment? No—for its scope was immediately perceived, as is indicated by the quotations given above. We must search elsewhere for an explanation of the poet's silence. May it not be that the time has passed when deeds require special poetical celebration? Another question obtrudes itself: "What is the need of the poet? If all the elements that constitute an incident poetic are perceived by the whole people with as much clearness as is exhibited by the passages quoted, may we not rest in the greatness of the fact and take the poet's rhetorical skill for granted? Could any poet add anything to the effects conveyed by the headlines, the news items, and the illustrations of the daily press—for it was by this avenue that all the facts of the incident came to the consciousness of the people. Let it be remembered that this is the twentieth century, and that we are trying in America to realize democratic ideals in literature as well as in life. If democratic politics means the dispersion of power among the people, may not democratic æsthetics mean the dispersion of the poetic sense among the same people? And if a people be æsthetically developed, is not the special poetic celebration of deeds rendered unnecessary—to the degree, at least, of popular participation in the deeds. In the case

referred to the question is readily answered: the questioner is himself the answer.

But now this event in respect to its imaginative quality is but typical of the life of the entire American people. I venture to affirm that life in America transcends in significance any record that can be made of it. With us personality is so subtle, it is woven of so many racial strands, it is blended of so many associations; with us men move in such masses—like ocean tides; with us events rise with such swiftness, they are knit of so varied and complex relations; nature itself is so vast and expansive, furnishing an adequate background for dramatic incidents: in short history in modern America is so energized that persons and objects assume an importance in themselves never before discerned, an importance that is surely not enhanced by the straining words of the most stalwart poet. Once admit that persons and events may reach a state that they become themselves poetic, then the poetry which is dependent for its effects upon the skill of a writer in arranging rhymes and constructing phrases to satisfy an exquisite sense for form seems unreal and childish. An ode on Lincoln placed by the side of Lincoln the man appears an impertinence. What Lincoln was and what he did certainly exceed in value what he wrote. It seems likely that with the growth of democracy the present relationship of literature and life will be reversed. Up to this time literature has been the leader; it must now learn to serve. Literature has been accorded the superior position because it has been superior. It has been the home of ideals and representative of freedom. But life has been in bondage to its own con-

ditions. Unable to live freely men have dreamed of freedom. Arnold said of the great Goethe:

> "He looked on Europe's dying hour
> Of fitful dream and feverish power;
> His eye plunged down the weltering strife,
> The turmoil of expiring life:
> He said, *The end is everywhere,*
> *Art still has truth, take refuge there!*"

So art has been the refuge of the despairing man. Men have represented in art what they have desired in their inmost soul. Art is life shaped after the heart's desire. European literature has been superior to its life since the literature represents the ideals which the life could not exhibit. Shelley's life was ineffectual, but his poetry was prophesy. The poet knew from experience the truth of his remark:

> "Most wretched men
> Are cradled into poetry by wrong,
> They learn in suffering what they teach in song."

The literature of Europe, furthermore, has been aristocratic and descriptive of feudal relations because kings and nobles have alone been privileged to live in comparative freedom. The only life possible to depict, such as men desired for themselves, was the life of the upper classes. In modern and democratic America the restraints are in some measure removed, the fetters are broken, the energies of the people are given free play, and life itself, for the first time in history, becomes positive and creative. The industrial supremacy of America in the world to-day arises from the conditions of democracy: it implies first of all removal of limita-

tions. Now when ideals are brought down into the market-place and the factory, when doing is more highly regarded than dreaming, life itself is able to be a fine art, tragic or lyric, ordered well or ill, romantic or real. Then it is possible to read history as an open page: things become words, the factory and field form the stage, the workers appear as heroes, their work is heard as a song.

If the truth of this statement be conceded that life in America is superior to literature, another question is disposed of which is frequently asked. "When will America enter upon its due artistic development?" The thought behind this question is of course that art is the measure of civilization and any other form of culture is ignoble and despicable. We shall not rise to the rank of a great people, it is assumed, until upon the basis of a material civilization a temple of art be reared. In this view all our past history amounts to nothing except as a preparation for artistic products. When we have gained wealth enough to afford the fullest opportunity for leisure, then, it is urged, we shall proceed to cultivate the refinements and humanities; when we have enacted our Iliad, the time will come for its recording. It is clear that in the minds of these cynics the idea held of the "humanities" is that in vogue in Europe in the period of aristocracy. Then, truly, art represented the adornment and entertainment of the noble and leisure classes. But an art of this type is no longer possible. In the first place the ideal of life in a democracy pertains not to leisure but to activity. In the second place there is not the slightest sign anywhere that the men who are doing the world's work are tiring of their strenuous exercise. We believe in work and are actually finding in our work the

highest satisfaction. In truth work is, with us, as has been said, "a form of noble exercise." The time hoped for by the literary cavillers will never come. The new "humanities" relate not to leisure but to labor. The standard of our civilization is not artistic but industrial: we are to proceed from an industry that is crude to one that is fine, not from a condition of labor without art to a condition of leisure with art. This must involve the absorption of the artistic sense in actual living: it must mean that poetry is to inhere in what we do rather than in what we write: it must mean that heroes are to be found in the men who walk the streets. I am not in the least displeased at the absence of great art in America, well knowing that what has disappeared is not the essence but only the form. I derive more satisfaction from the daily papers than from romantic fiction and am more pleased with secular magazines like the World's Work than with literary journals like the Atlantic Monthly.

If I have interpreted aright the phenomena of an industrial civilization; if it be true that the men who built cathedrals and wrote great epics are now exercising genuine creative genius in the field of work; if instead of discarding a material civilization it is the part of wise men to humanize that civilization, then it appears to be necessary that the factors existing most closely in relation to these phenomena be held in higher estimation than they have hitherto been. My thesis is that in America, in democracy, that is, life itself absorbs the genius hitherto directed in artistic lines.

From this point of view the newspapers take on a new importance. Their function is to convey to readers the news of a day—to describe the incidents of the day, to

picture the men and women who have on that day done some deed or suffered some fate worthy of record. He who is unable to extract romance, tragedy, poetry or truth, from the morning's paper is not yet adjusted to the conditions of modern life.

Given the facts of life as reported over a wide area by the daily paper, it is the function of the poet and novelist to interpret a select series of facts with such skill that their readers discern, as unaided they are perhaps not able to discern, the inmost reality of the facts admitted.

One poet at least among the American writers has fully comprehended the power and significance of fact and shifted his ground from transcendentalism to reality. Walt Whitman is the first practical democrat in literature. His case is interesting and illustrative. Before he began to write he made this direction in his note book: "Beware lest your poems are made in the spirit that comes from the study of pictures of things and not from the spirit that comes from the contact with real things themselves." Elsewhere he had declared his conviction that modern poets might take the same departure in poetry that Lord Bacon had taken in science and emerge directly from nature and its laws and from things and facts—not from what is said about them, the stereotyped fancies or abstract ideas of the beautiful. Hence we find in his poems such sentiments as these: "I am enamored of growing out of doors;" "the press of my foot to the earth springs a hundred affections;" "a morning-glory at my window satisfies me more than the metaphysics of books;" "I swear there can be no theory of any account unless it corroborate the theory of the earth." His poems open

to the modern world not only the theory of the earth, but also that of space and time:

> "Haughty this cry its words and scope
> To span vast realms of space and time,
> Evolution—the cumulative growths and generations."

It is instructive to note how the adoption of cosmical standards influenced his poetic method. Trying his art by the concrete, he found the tests applicable to his poems were of such exacting character that he was freed from all ordinary artistic and technical requirements. He fancied the ocean, the mountains and forests putting their spirit in a judgment on his book. Then upon the concrete, though always fluid and rhythmic forms of nature, he actually based his lines. In certain of his catalogues of objects the presentation of facts returns almost to the rudiments of perception and language. But, plainly, the poetry resides not in the words, but in the objects. Literary cynics, trained in the literature of words, scoff at his recitals. And of course he who feels no poetry in life or nature will find no poetry in Whitman. But he to whom the names New York, Chicago, San Francisco convey images of vast cities with panoramic views and moving tides of men, will thrill to Whitman's every page. And not only did Whitman imitate the forms of nature, but he caught its spirit and expressed himself freely and frankly. Without any more explanation, excuse or selection than the earth makes in the unceasing round of creation, Whitman emulated the processes, amplitudes, coarseness, equilibrium and great charity of nature. I speak here of Whitman at some length for the reason that he furnishes the only complete illustration of what

literature will be when the transition I have referred to in the first part of this paper occurs.

The doom of romantic fiction has already been pronounced—pronounced, let us say, by the "fates," since tendency itself forbids its continuance. Nothing can be more grotesque and absurd than the so-called "historic novel" of the day—it is grotesque because it is unreal, it is absurd because it is opposed to the whole tendency of modern civilization. Its vogue indicated a temporary insanity of the public mind. It rose into favor during the time the people were cultivating a barbaric spirit of war. The great number of such stories is due to the fact that any third- or fourth-rate writer can invent an historic novel. It requires no originality to play with puppets—no thought is called for, no insight into life, no experience. An historic novel may be written according to receipt—such as Pope gave in the eighteenth century for the composition of epics.

The interest of democracy is in character and the course of events. "The life of man," said Emerson, "is the true romance, which, when it is valiantly conducted, will yield the imagination a higher joy than any fiction." To the same effect Whitman said: "As soon as histories are properly told there is no more need of romances." Bernard Shaw regards romance as "the great heresy to be rooted out from art and life." "To me," he remarks, "the tragedy and comedy of life lie in the consequences, sometimes terrible, sometimes ludicrous, of our persistent attempt to found our institutions on the ideas suggested to our imagination by our half-satisfied passions instead of on a genuinely scientific natural history." So it happens that fiction is the last place one would go to

to elaborate a natural history. When Whitman tells the truth about life we are shocked—not because the things told are true, but because they are told. The fault is not with experience, but with the makers of literature.

If a complete record could be made of the life of any one who has attained distinction in the world of affairs—if a frank and full confession were made of thoughts, feelings, motives and deeds—such a record would surpass in interest the most imaginative tale of the fiction mongers. Yet such a record does not exist in literature. Ordinarily the man who does things cannot write, and the man who writes cannot do things. Such a record as we have is dependent upon the sympathetic understanding of other lives by the imaginative writer. David Harum was drawn doubtless from a live model, but why not report the real life of an actual David. Mary MacLane has placed on record the inner history of her life for a given period—does it detract from the literary interest of the book that Mary MacLane is a real woman? John W. Mackay is dead; why not publish his "Life and Letters?" I know of nothing finer in literature than Grant's Memoirs. With a little encouragement the great silent men, the men who do things, might be persuaded to keep journals and note-books, to write familiar letters and finally to attempt their autobiographies. The field of biography is infinite in scope and profound in its meanings. Upon its cultivation depends the future of literature in America.

At the present time it is the field of industry which is most open to the creative energies. Romantic realism has passed from the church, it has left the army, it is just disappearing from the state. It reappears in the school, but its manifestation is

most apparent in business. Speculation, adventure, discovery are still possible in a business career. One knows what churchmen and statesmen will say before their message is uttered; for the life they deal with is stereotyped. In modern industrialism life is a game, a form of exercise, requiring insight, imagination, creative ability, culture. I almost envy the fortune which has given to such writers as Hamlin Garland, Owen Wister and Frank Norris, the education necessary to write characteristic chapters of the Epic of the West. I envy more the chance enabling other men to play the role of epical heroes. These men are to me intensely interesting. I have just been reading a clever sketch of Charles T. Yerkes, written by T. P. O'Connor, the Irish journalist. This is the man as he appears to a foreign observer:

"A man rather below the middle height—with a heavy snow-white moustache, a pale complexion; with that slight tendency towards an enlarged girth that comes with middle age; with white hair, with fine dark eyes, and with a soft voice and a subdued manner—such is Mr. Yerkes. The first, indeed the supreme and most lasting, impression he makes upon you is serenity. He comes, I believe, of Quaker blood, and the face is a Quaker face, with that quietism which is and always remains the expression of the man or woman who has begun life amid the prolonged silences and the stern self-discipline and self-control of the Society of Friends. The voice—soft, low, never raised above a minor key—is in perfect accord with the expression; and the eyes—with their curious immobility and a certain sweetness, and last the least touch of mocking humor—complete this picture of one of those silent, quiet, iron men that rule the storm and ride the

cyclone in the elemental and Titantic wars of American industry.

"The pallor of the complexion, ivory in its intensity, yet indicates health, not fragility—a certain distinction and refinement—as of a man who has always exercised self-restraint, and who has never poisoned his system and colored his cheeks with the flowing wine or the overbounteous, overladen table. And Mr. Yerkes is, indeed, a man who has sternly controlled himself. He never takes tea nor coffee, and he never smokes, though he may be tempted into a couple of glasses of light champagne at dinner. And yet, with all this impression of supreme serenity, you cannot be with the man for more than half an hour without becoming conscious of all the iron strength there is behind the ivory cheek, the soft brown eye, the low voice. He speaks slowly, with something of the characteristic American drawl, and he seems much more disposed to listen than to talk—unless he finds that the atmosphere is sympathetic and appreciative and that he can reveal his inner self.

"And then you hear talk worth listening to. Cold, easy, with every word spoken slowly and every word coming out as clear cut, as fitted to the word that has preceded and will follow as though he were making a mosiac of jewels. Mr. Yerkes tells the tale of his life; of his conflicts; of his enemies; of his friends, and often leaving these behind, he sums up his theory of the world and his lessons from life in some anecdote told with brevity, without a superfluous word, with quiet but expressive gesture—above all, with full appreciation of the dramatic points."

I rub my eyes a little at these statements, for this is not

the Yerkes I have been told of in Chicago. But I am ready to admit that hitherto my eyes have not been open. The notice concludes after more detailed characterization:

"Such is the man that has undertaken the gigantic task of revolutionizing our methods of locomotion in London. Curiously enough, the accumulation of money has been rather an accident than a purpose of this strange and potent man's life. He speaks of tramways, of electric light, electric power, with a quiet passion which you might expect from Mr. John Sargeant talking of a picture; from Paderewski talking of music; and when he begins to describe the smoke, the closeness, the inconveniences of steam engines in our underground, there is a look of positive pain in his features. To make an underground system which will be clean, cheap, fast, worked by electricity—a joy instead of a horror—such is the ambition of Mr. Yerkes. 'I have never,' he said, 'interested myself in anything but tramways and traction; that's my business, and I've never gone one second outside that business. And men are judged usually by their last work. This is my last work; this is my final ambition.'

"Such are my impressions of that strange, new portent, the American millionaire, that, sighing for new worlds to conquer, has come to London to reverse our methods, to startle and renew our old systems and methods, to bring to Europe the gigantic projects, the fearless daring, that are so characteristic of America, with her rivers that are seas, her states that are continents, her simple private citizens that are forces more potent than armies, or fleets, or Czars."

Such are the fruits of democracy. Add to what is now

known of men, the knowledge of nature revealed by science, and one is forced to admit that the world as modernly conceived transcends in imaginative significance the highest fictions of poet and novelist.

THE NEW DOCTRINE OF LABOR.

If it be true, as political economists assert, that an industrial civilization is now forming, it becomes pertinent to inquire what attitude it is proper to assume towards labor—towards that which is necessarily central in such a civilization. It is manifestly impossible to build up a civilization on the basis of labor as it exists in the world today. If labor is to be a factor in civilization it must be itself a civilizing agency. No one can be so blind to existing conditions as to assert that labor at the present time is anything but a sordid makeshift, without character and without meaning. The questions now which arise in the mind are these: Is there an ideal of labor humanistic in its import? Is there a form of labor cultural in its results?

The theological doctrine of labor is probably everywhere outgrown—the doctrine that labor is a curse, inflicted upon mankind for disobedience and sin. In the middle ages the theological interpretation of life coincided with the system of political feudalism then forming, and a social civilization came into being in which the work of the world was given over to slaves and underlings, the masters meanwhile maintaining a cultured grace with special privileges, highly ornate and ceremonial, fashioned upon leisure.

Political feudalism was destroyed by the many revolutions in Europe at the turn of the century. While these revolutions were nominally political they were in reality industrial. The French Revolution initiated the present

industrial system. This system is purely materialistic, taking its rise in the general skepticism and rationalism of the eighteenth century. Labor lost its stigma; it rose to the position of a commodity. Economic considerations determined its value. The nexus between master and man ceased to be personal, feudal, religious, or political, and came to be impersonal, economic, and mathematical. Work was undertaken from necessity—the degree of necessity being measured by the wage. The present industrial order is therefore based upon material goods and properties. There is no spiritual principle present anywhere in it. Labor, viewed as a commodity, as something for which a price is paid, is simply an incident in an exchange which is formal, brutal, without sentiment, without the spirit of service, and with no cultural attachments or rewards of any sort. The struggle in the industrial world is between those who have and those who have not. The ordinary laborer accepts the materialistic valuation of his services and strikes for the only thing which has worth in his eyes—a higher wage, a reward, that is, in terms of property. His demand is quantitative, and is, of course, of the same kind as the quantitative civilization he helps to maintain.

The word civilization has been employed here, but the term is quite inappropriate. Civilization refers to a certain quality of life and not to an accumulation of goods. It would seem that if the industrial system is to endure it must change its character to harmonize with the ideas of those humanistic philosophers who have conceived of a culture suitable for an aspiring and spiritual race. To accomplish this change it will be necessary to promulgate a new doctrine of labor, and to effect a revolution in the

character of labor itself. Must labor always be measured materially by alien standards? May it not have spiritual rewards? May it not find its value in itself? May not life become expressive—may not labor, that is, be conducted in the line of one's own life? Why should education be always leisuristic? Is it not possible for work to be cultural? May it not even be religious? Might it not gather to itself the sentiments which humanize and civilize?

The new doctrine of labor was enunciated first of all in England by Carlyle. In its simplest form it stands on his pages thus: "It is the first of all problems for a man to find out what kind of work he is able to do in this universe." Work, as to its import, is character, knowledge, power, life. "He that has done nothing has known nothing." Thus understood, when regarded as having cultural rewards, work becomes perverted the moment it demands a wage and falls under bondage to Mammon. "The wages of every noble work," said Carlyle, "do yet lie in Heaven, or else nowhere."

These statements of Carlyle were elaborated by his pupil Ruskin and realized in practice by Ruskin's pupil Morris. But apart from a relatively small number of workshops here and there, it must be confessed the doctrine of "labor as a pleasure in itself" is practically inoperative in the modern world. Yet it is the ideal which must inform the world if advance is to be made in the direction of a rational industrial civilization. By its application alone, by the changes wrought in the character and substance of labor itself, will it be possible to escape the materialism of present day commerce and its soul-destroying wage-slavery.

If a change in our attitude toward work and a change in the nature of the work itself—if these changes can at once be effected, the two claims now made by employees of employers for a higher wage and a shorter day will be rendered nugatory. If the rewards of labor can be attached to labor itself, if it should not be necessary on the one hand to search for a culture outside of one's employments, and on the other hand to consider an equivalent for labor in another medium, the main objects for which labor unions exist and on account of which strikes are entered upon would become secondary and unimportant. In accepting a wage as the measure of efficiency, in demanding rewards in forms of property, the labor unions are in truth subjecting themselves to the bondage of economic materialism and are losing such advantages as might come from a spiritual interpretation of life. The struggle for higher wages is one thing—the motive being purely materialistic and selfish; the struggle to be freed from wage slavery altogether is quite another thing and must involve a certain idealistic perception. If the struggle for property continues as insistent as it now is there is nothing but strife and eventually revolution to look forward to. If an evolutionary advance is to be expected, improvement must arise from a change in direction and an acceptance of a new point of view. For again real improvement is qualitative and not quantitative. Will Chicago teachers, who joined the Federation of Labor, materialize their own function and motives by accepting the economic doctrine of labor, or will they help to educate and spiritualize this body by upholding a new doctrine of labor and disclosing the play of a social motive?

THE SOCIOLOGICAL VIEWPOINT IN ART.

"I feel that in this class I have been given a key to something rightfully belonging to me, but which somehow or other I have been cheated out of up to this time. I have been compelled to spend time over 'the dainty figures' of Collins and the 'sentimentality' of Gray, but always under protest. A serious and rational human being can have little interest in these things. You have let me see the real significance of great literature."

Such was the note of commendation I received not long ago from one of my pupils. I may be pardoned for placing it at the head of this paper since in answering the letter I was led to formulate more definitely than I had done before the few principles which had governed my study and interpretation of literature.

"Been given a key to something rightfully belonging to me, but which somehow or other I have been cheated out of up to this time." This sentence, it will be observed, is the record of a revelation; it is at the same time a statement of a claim and of an arraignment. A reader has a right to the whole truth of literature, a right to appropriate for his own enrichment whatever has entered into the composition of a work of art. In the case of great literature which embodies not only a great personality, but also the essential life of a whole people, or it may be the vital forces of a complete epoch, it is not to be expected that everyone will have the capacity to assimilate its entire substance. But it has been my experience that

success in the study of literature is due largely to one's ability to bring himself into right relationship to a given subject. It is mainly a question of attitude. If a given literature be approached from the right point of view, and in the right spirit, the appropriation is dependent then solely upon the capacity of the reader to receive; but if through the ignorance or carelessness or actual incompetency of the teacher, the student is turned away from the true path to the "mountain of vision," he has a right to bring a charge of deception and fraud against the teacher or critic. Personally I feel the responsibility of a teacher in perhaps an excessive degree; I should hate to have it said of me that I was a blind guide to the blind. It is the function of teachers to provide pupils with keys—to use the figure of my correspondent—and in literature there is the key philogical, the key philosophical and ethical, the key psychological, the key historical, the key æsthetical, and, I will add as something relatively new, the key sociological. It was the last of these keys, I may mention, which had been placed in the hands of the class referred to, and this key did in truth appear to unlock unsuspected stores of material which other keys, least of all the æsthetical, had failed to uncover. I call this key the sociological for the reason that I first learned its use from a sociologist. It was another sociologist who most clearly defined for me the true nature of literature. However, as a matter of fact, the application of social principles has been a marked feature of recent criticism, even that of professional critics. It is seen that only when literature is considered as one of the arts, and when art is considered as one of the processes of idealization by which all psychic forms and social institutions are shaped,

that its proper place appears in the circle of social agents. The reason for the late appearance of social criticism would seem to be that not until recently has it been possible to connect the facts of organic evolution with the processes involved in the development of a poetic idea.

Art, it may be argued, is one product of the creative imagination. The same imagination precedes religious prophesy, philosophic speculation, scientific hypothesis, mechanical invention, and social construction. Thought itself is an idealizing process, a form, that is, of "creative synthesis"—to use the terms of Professor Lester Ward, one of the sociologists mentioned above. And deeper still the subjective evolution of mind is paralleled by the objective evolution of nature. In the organic world the course of evolution is from the homogeneous to the heterogeneous through successive differentiations. An undifferentiated plasm contained the potency of all the varied forms evolved from it. In the same way a poetic idea, as Ward states it, "is homogeneous undifferentiated truth"—it is a psychological plasm with the power of development in a number of directions, but, in its first forms, characterized by vagueness and indefiniteness. The illustration of such "poetic idea" given by Ward is Emerson's statement of the truth of evolution in an essay published in 1836, and antedating Darwin's "Origin of Species" by twenty-three years:

> "And striving to be man, the worm
> Mounts through all the spires of form."

In this instance the differentiation of the poetic idea took place in science. In other cases the differentiation occurs in sociology. The condition of progress in the different

fields is essentially the same—and this condition is stated by none so well as by Emerson in the passage just cited: namely the psychic power of forming ideals. Creative imagining is the first step; this is followed by efforts to realize the ideal conceived, in some concrete objective way. Man, as John is made to say in Browning's "Death in the Desert:"

> "Creeps ever on from fancies to the fact,
> And in this striving, this converting air
> Into a solid he may grasp and use,
> Finds progress, man's distinctive mark."

It happens that John's illustration of the process is taken from the art of sculpture:

> "The statuary ere he mold a shape
> Boasts a like gift, the shape's idea, and next
> The aspiration to produce the same;
> So, taking clay, he calls his shape thereout,
> Cries ever 'Now I have the thing I see':
> Yet all the while goes changing what was wrought,
> From falsehood like the truth, to truth itself."

But now these poetic conceptions may be of many kinds. If a poet be warm-hearted, sympathetic, highly sensitive to the imperfections of the social order, whereby injustice and suffering fall heavily upon men, it is quite inevitable that he turn his attention to social reconstruction. The nineteenth century has been well called the Century of humanity: for during this period psychology became social, and few there were not conscious of the imperfections of the social order and uninfected by Shelley's "passion of reforming the world." There were some who were timid and abstracted, and did not go farth-

er than to outline dreamily a Utopian scheme of society. The aggressive types entered militantly into a program of revolution. Whatever the poet did he remained the poet. If he wrote for a people a new constitution he was still the poet. If he established a new institution he was not less the poet. John Ruskin's "socialism," his Society for the Preservation of Ancient Buildings, his Village Industries Movement, his Society of St. George, not less than his verses and paintings and criticisms, are evidences of poetic idealization. Morris did not consider it a degradation that he subordinated poetry to craftsmanship and social reform. Where should Victor Hugo be placed if not in the front ranks of political liberals? Berlioz handled a musket at the barricades in Paris. Byron and Shelley were active revolutionists in the political and social spheres. Wagner joined the later revolutionary movement in Europe. Tolstoi is perhaps the foremost advocate of social reconstruction in the modern world. These men exercised their creative genius in producing a social art, an art that is greater in some respects than the æsthetic art we have been accustomed to.

The scientific explanation of social art was left for Ward in his "Pure Sociology" already referred to. The poetic explanation of the same phenomena will be found in Shelley's "Defence of Poetry," the full import of which has been strangely overlooked. The first conception appeared thus some eighty years before the facts were known scientifically. "Poetry," said Shelley, "in a general sense, may be defined to be the 'expression of the imagination.'" This led to the affirmation that all forms of order and beauty, according to which the materials of human life are susceptible of being arranged, are poetry,

in the universal sense. "Poets are not only the authors of language, and of music, of the dance, and architecture, and statuary, and painting; they are the institutors of laws, and the founders of civil society, and the inventors of the arts of life, and the teachers of religion." Because of the secondary nature of the written poetry of Rome, and of the perfection there of political and domestic society, Shelley spoke of Roman art as social: "The true poetry of Rome lived in its institutions; for whatever of beautiful, true and majestic, they contained, could have sprung only from the faculty which creates the order in which they consist."

Shelley not only defined poetry in terms of society, but he was also interested in the interaction of the poet and the social system. Poetry, he perceived, "is connate with the origin of man." Illustrations of the social origin of poetry are given in the "Defence of Poetry," but the full elaboration of the principle is contained in a recent volume by Professor Gummere, entitled "The Beginnings of Poetry." Professor Gummere regards all literature as the expression of man's social nature. "Poetry," he defines, "like music, is social; like its main factor rhythm, it is the outcome of communal consent, a *faculte d'ensemble*; and this should be writ large over every treatise in poetry, in order to draw the mind of the reader from that warped and baffling habit which looks upon all poetry as a solitary performance." "In rhythm," I quote further, "in sounds of the human voice, timed to movements of the human body, mankind first discovered that social consent which brought the great joys and great pains of life into a common utterance."

These statements are corroborated in a monograph of

still later date, issued by Professor Tufts, and entitled "On the Genesis of the Aesthetic Categories." One of his theses is stated in the following terms: "Art has its origins, almost without exception, in social relations; it has developed under social pressure; it has been fostered by social occasions; it has in turn served social ends in the struggle for existence. In consequence, the values attributed to æsthetic objects have social standards, and the æsthetic attitude will be determined largely by these social antecedents. Or, in other words, the explanation of the æsthetic categories is to be sought largely in social psychology." Beyond a doubt these utterances represent the trend of the most authoritative modern thinking on the subject.

And what literature is as to its origin it remains as to its progress and development. There is never a time in the history of literature when it is not possible to test its value according to its derivation from and its contribution to the whole of human life. There is no great writer at any time who is not in the main a teacher of social ideals. The mere singer, the unsocial egotist who ignores the broad democratic social ties, may himself be ignored by modern criticism, as failing to meet the requirements of the social method of interpretation.

It was what I have just called the social method of interpretation as distinguished from the individualistic æsthetic that Whitman had in mind when in "Good Bye my Fancy" he expressed his opinion in these terms: "My own opinion has long been, that for New World service our ideals of beauty (inherited from the Greeks) need to be radically changed, and made anew for to-day's purposes and finer standards." Whitman's own

poetry is, of course, social in its origin and nature and, like Shelley's poetry, with which it is very closely allied, makes no pretense to conform to æsthetic standards, but displays its real merits to the critic capable of social fellowship.

The time would seem to be ripe for a shifting of the critical point of view. Criticism has been occupied with individualistic estimation; it has considered literature as a product of individual genius; it has written text-books of literature which treat of individual authors as unrelated to time or place. This is done in the face of the fact that not one of the sciences considers man today in isolation, that philosophy finds no significance in the individual apart from society, that psychology itself traces mind to its source in nature. Gossip about authors is, of course, intrusive, the veriest impertinence. One man is no more worthy of regard than another, except as he is more representative, except as he incarnates more of the Time-Spirit, except as he is more absorptive with respect to heredity and environment. If the artist be such an inclusive individual, personalities fall aside, mere dexterity in the handling of materials counts for little, the merits which have seemed to attach to vocabulary, style, construction, species ir kind of literature, are held in secondary consideration. Aesthetic criticism is today overspecialized and to the degree of its specialization it has lost contact with life. What should count are the typical qualities, the democratic averages, imaginative sympathy, idealization, the social forces.

Evidences accumulate of the dawning of the social sense in modern art. I have already referred to Shelley and Whitman as illustrating a poetry socialized in its

main effects. A notable instance of a somewhat obscure type of social art is furnished by Wagner's music-dramas. The striking feature of Wagner's dramas is the complete unity effected of several different arts in the interest of the drama as a whole. The dramatic unity involves here the subordination of the separate arts of music, poetry, and acting, hitherto existing in specialized form. There could not be a better illustration of what necessarily follows upon socialization. When each individual art contributes its impulse to the whole the total effect is well nigh overwhelming. In order to increase the social bearings of the work, philosophic and religious ideals were embodied, the dramas being dedicated to the German people to foster nationality. There could not be a better illustration also of the failure of the current criticism. The criticism which at first assailed Wagner was of course of the more æsthetic type. No one of his critics had the insight to perceive that a new art had been given to the world, or the sagacity to adjust his criticism to the conditions of art purposely subdued to social uses.

Tolstoi throws the weight of his great name to the side of social criticism. His "What is Art?" contains the fullest and most elaborate discussion of the social theory that has yet appeared. Discarding the metaphysical and æsthetic theories of art, as leading to work tending to become exclusive and debased, Tolstoi reaches a definition of art distinctly social in its import: "The infection of one man by another with the feelings experienced by the infector." And as it is the first requirement of social art that it be actually socialized, that is, that it reach and influence as many members of the social order as possible, its special mission is to transmit the truth that "well-

being for men consists in being united together," or, in other words, to "establish brotherly union among men." It is clear that the art calculated to effect the union of men is of a kind totally different from an art intended to please the educated taste of the æsthetic classes. "Good taste," of the kind that creates divisions among men, or that exalts one man above another, is the least desirable faculty to educate in a democracy. Sympathy and universality are the marks of great modern art.

We now perceive also that the criticism of Ruskin and Morris—of all the great moderns, indeed, who are moved by the spectacle of "man's inhumanity to man," is of the social type. "I say," said Ruskin in the first volume of Modern Painters, "that art is the greatest, which conveys to the mind of the spectator, the greatest number of the greatest ideas." "Painting, or art generally," he says again, "is nothing but a noble and expressive language, invaluable as the vehicle of thought, but by itself nothing." "By itself nothing"—in these words condemning an art which exists by reason of the beauty of its technique, or the glory of its words, or the perfection of its form. "No weight, or mass, nor beauty of execution can outweigh one grain or fragment of thought."

Add to such statements the sayings of Morris on the subject of art and we begin to gather a body of social criticism respectable in its amount and influential in its appeal. "By art, I understand," said Morris, "the pleasure of life," and it became the aspiration of his heart and mind to restore to the people that pleasure of life which had been lost to them through the refinement and abstraction of the art impulse.

What will be the outcome of such criticism? What

will the new art come to be when redeemed from specialization and created by and for the people?

Doubtless America furnishes the opportunity for the freest play of the social impulses. Although our art is in considerable measure traditional and aristocratic, there are yet evidences of fundamental changes taking place in the conception of art, which bring production more in harmony with the modern forces. American literature as a whole and in its main phases is a social literature—a literature devised, that is, for purposes of social communication. The first literary products in the New World were a child's primer, a hymn-book, and an almanac. A people whose government is republican must necessarily proceed by debate and persuasion. Identity of interests and ideas must be created and maintained. For this reason the literary spirit of America is manifest not so much in its poetry as in its prose, and its greatest prose is found in certain political documents and in the addresses of its great publicists. Of style in the technical sense there is little in the typical American prose. A speaker who wishes to address all minds and carry conviction to all hearts will not divert attention by refining upon phrases. The characteristic American prose is the plain prose of Lincoln—a prose so perfect as a medium of expression that its value lies wholly in what it communicates. It reveals large sympathy and implies the presence of multitudes of men. It is literature of the purest social type.

It is noteworthy that the creative impulse in America finds other channels than the conventional ones. The fine arts are not quite native to us; they

are with us derivative, the result of conscious and willful seeking and adaptation. But in certain popular and industrial forms our art has been original and creative. We originated the public park, for instance, and have carried its æsthetic forms to a perfection not equalled elsewhere in the world. America's greatest artist is a landscape architect. We created also commercial architecture, and today the American steel-frame business temple represents the one new and original departure made in the art of architecture since the period of the Gothic. After Olmstead our most distinctive artist is Sullivan, an architect. It is probable the industrial arts will receive their final perfection here. A foreign observer, M. Bing of Paris, speaking of L'Art Nouveau of which in Europe he is the chief exponent, has recently said: "I express the conviction that America, more than any other country of the world is the soil predestined to the most brilliant bloom of the future art which shall be vigorous and prolific." The public park, commercial structures, the communal crafts, are modern social types of art. They are signs of the revolution wrought in recent years in the political and social spheres of endeavor. They represent social concepts and imply the presence and the co-operation of the people.

In the history of "Exposition" building in this country we have again an apt illustration of the growth of a social consciousness in respect to art forms. Taking our greater expositions in review, it is seen that they represent many phases of the evolution of a true art spirit. The Centennial Exposition was an exhibition only. Instruction was

its guiding motive. It was a show primarily of the world's products. Little was given to beauty for itself, and the feeling of unity was altogether lacking. The architecture was neither beautiful in itself nor did it subserve function. At the World's Fair at Chicago the exhibition was held somewhat in abeyance, the construction having more the intention of a spectacle. There was still wanting the principle of function and the conception of a true unity. The first violation of function and the fundamental error, socially speaking, was the choice of the classic style for the architecture. "World's Fair" conveys to the mind the idea of a holiday. An excursion to a World's Exposition represents a lyric moment thrust in between the incidents of business and worldly cares. The time is a play spell—one is in the holiday mood, not seeking to be edified alone, or alone to be moved by a spectacle of beauty, but to be free and festive even. Grecian architecture, perfect for Grecian use, is almost meaningless when set down on a level plain by a lake side—altogether meaningless when forming an arena for a democratic people on holiday. Between the rigid and severe simplicity of the classic styles and the essential sentiment of a "Fair" there is no possible reconciliation. The "White City" made a beautiful "show," and as a show it was enjoyed and highly commended. But it stopped far short of unity, since it was not built with primary reference to the people. Instead it was built timidly and negatively, in actual distrust of the people. The fair would have been as beautiful if there had been no one to behold it. It derived nothing of its meaning from the people

present, and the people saw nothing of themselves reflected in the Fair. The third of our great expositions, the Pan-American at Buffalo, showed a striking advance upon all previous conceptions and approximated a perfect social art. Its primary purpose was sociological—the purpose, that is, of creating a festal scene appropriate to a people on holiday. Based on this elemental fact of function, the exposition carried out the same principle throughout its entire structural scheme. To indicate the nature of the particular enterprise a Spanish Renaissance style was adopted for the architecture—a style which lends itself admirably to festivity and admits a lavish use of color and ornamentation. Architecturally the exposition converged toward the electric tower, which, with its suggestion of Niagara, was naturally the focus of all paths. The principle of socialization was perhaps most apparent in the coloring. For the coloring was not independent, but, so to speak, sociological. The color scheme, extending from south to north, typified the advance of civilization from barbarism to culture, as the milder tints of the central buildings pointed to the intellectualization of mankind. There were two exceptions to this order. The electric fountain, having come to the dignity of a "fine art" (that is, an independent art), could not be socialized and was therefore banished to an island by itself—an "art for art's sake." The other exception was strangely the government building of the "United States." For some reason the government could not be socialized, and hence this building stood as an excellent illustration of the fact that our present gov-

ernmental forms pertain to a conception of the people older than the one implied by the exposition itself. The sculpture, of which there were some five hundred pieces, also formed an integral part of the plan. The sculpture, like the color, told the story of civilization. There were three series, each conveying a distinct historic progression; the story of Man, the story of Nature, and the story of Industry. Besides these main histories the group at the tower revealed the history of the subjugation of Niagara, which is indeed the most splendid story of human achievement. Each building had its own appropriate symbols in addition to those which served the general plan. For the first time American sculpture displayed an original genius, "finding itself" in social service. In such a manner the Fair effected a complete unity of the arts, in the way, it will be observed, of the Wagnerian drama. And this unity extended so as to include the people, since the entire spectacle took meaning from the people, and the people recognized their own history at every turn. "Art for art's sake" had at length given way to "art for life's sake."

Here then the whole issue lies. In the interest of a Commonweal are we willing to give up specialization and cultivate instead the social spirit? Instead of trying to be something by ourselves, may we not trust, as Emerson advised, the cosmic forces? Is there not a Social Intelligence in the world of men as active and efficient as the Spirit of the Hive, according to which, as Maeterlinck, shows, the bees conduct their small but marvellously complicated economies? Will criticism face the artistic problem involved in the substitu-

tion of social for individual standards? In ethics and in some other departments of thought the transition has already taken place, but criticism remains on the individualistic ground. Of course many of the old ideas and principles of criticism will suffer change or loss. Most of all we shall need to revise the metaphysical and æsthetic theories of art. Socially speaking it is not necessary that art be beautiful; it is not necessary that it be of good report—unless it should happen that beauty and perfection are social necessities. We need not deny beauty its place, or goodness its function, but there is a larger fact than either abstraction; namely, the actual needs of human life, energized and driven by forces larger than itself, forces which compel expression characterized at times by neither beauty of phrase or rightness of motive, but yet revelatory of spiritual experiences and cosmic impulses. "I harbor," said Whitman, in the spirit of the new time, "for good or bad, I permit to speak at every hazard Nature without check, with original energy." In this one direction America can move with originality and power: and all other ways are closed.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF THE BETTERMENT MOVEMENT.

In the world in which we live there is little evidence of the conscious possession by any group of men and women of the full community sense. Business is competitive and individualistic, and conducted to the end of private profit. It is true, a modification in the industrial system was made when the legal fictions of the firm, the corporation, the trust, and other forms of combination, were devised. But in truth these corporations socialize their business only within the limits of the group, their motive still remaining selfish and egotistic. Now and then, in times of want and special crisis, as during the recent coal famine, the terrible unrelieved selfishness of the business world stands revealed in all its ugliness. Every man's hand seems raised against every other, or, where combinations have been formed, the different groups seize every opportunity to prey upon the public at large. Ruskin's plea for the socialization of business has apparently not found lodgment in any mind. No one has conceived how an advantageous code of business conduct can be based upon the social affections.

The union which has been effected in the labor world is in like manner superficial and partial. There is, of course, a growing class consciousness, and it

seems likely that in the next few years the labor world will be quite fully solidified. It is important to note that already the group contract is superseding individual contract, this fact pointing directly to the socialization of labor interests within the labor group.

Combination is the order of the day; but the union of the conflicting elements with the public has yet to take place. In labor disturbances the public is of all the parties concerned the first to be disregarded. Indeed, strikes depend commonly for their success upon the amount of suffering and inconvenience which can be imposed upon the public.

Politics is based openly on a party system, the absurdity of which in matters relating to the general welfare has not escaped the notice of political philosophers. The party system is social to the degree that the trust and the labor union are social, and no more. The tendency is for politics not to purify, but to degenerate into a means for private profit at the hands of scheming politicians—to return, that is, to the level of business. How little communistic in its motive politics is may be seen at times when a public good is desired, such as parks and schools, and then every effort is made to keep these matters "out of politics." In view of the partial nature of party action it has been deemed necessary for the people to demand the "initiative and referendum," these being devices to secure so far as possible the record of community will.

The truth will probably appear that there is not a single democratic institution in America, either in politics or business or social life. A very positive interest, therefore, must attach to what is called the im-

provement association, which is in fact a new public institution taking shape beneath the play of certain communal forces.

The improvement association is different from other voluntary associations in that its purpose is political in the true sense of the word, and is virtually a new institution. It is proposed, indeed, as a substitute plan for one which has failed to work. There is something wanting in the constitution of government—some inherent defect in it. The failure noted is not limited to any one locality nor can it be said to be due to the size of the city, for the defect is equally obvious in other places and in towns and villages. A few days ago I listened to a report of the improvement association of Morgan Park, Illinois. Reference was made to the apparent inability of the town council to get the most necessary things done, or even to correct abuses where things were left undone. The streets or parks were not properly cared for. The space about the railroad station was an unsightly waste. There was no gas or other means of lighting in the village. The improvement association was formed to do precisely what the original town government was designed to do, but which it was practically unable to do. What we perceive, therefore, is the birth of a new social institution, and this institution, it will be observed, is the only one so formulated as to embody the community spirit. The improvement association is, in short, an improved type of the town meeting—so improved, however, as to constitute virtually a new organization.

The "town" is perhaps the most democratic of

American political institutions. Above the town the principle of representation is employed, and, in consequence, the county, state, and national forms of government reveal a constant tendency towards bureaucracy. To show that I am speaking not simply as a theorist, I may mention that I have an intimate knowledge of town government, having held its offices in a community where local self-government counted for a great deal. I now see that while the town is the most democratic of our governmental divisions, its one fault is that it is not democratic enough. There is no real reason why the members of a town meeting should be limited to men of legal voting age. Such a limitation may be justified in view of the increasing difficulty of delegating authority in the higher stages of government, but on the popular plane, suffrage should be absolutely universal without limitations of race, sex or age.

It is at this point that the first distinctive feature of the improvement association is noted. Membership in the association goes by right of residence. I am not informed whether or not any "woman suffragist" is at the bottom of this movement. Perhaps, without intending it, the problem of suffrage has been solved in a perfectly natural and spontaneous way. And now that we see the success which attends the efforts of a united community to help itself, it is quite evident that the failure of former institutions was due to their partial nature. What more natural or more necessary than that women should assist in housekeeping a city? And not the least good accomplished is the care the children learn to take in maintaining

the good report of the neighborhood. Never before have the children been brought in to co-operate in the maintenance of order. The inculcation of patriotism in the public schools on special days devoted to the celebration of Washington and Lincoln anniversaries is of little importance if the lesson of citizenship is not learned in the community near by.

A second distinctive feature of the improvement association is its principle of voluntary taxation. In the long run voluntary service is the best and most permanent. There has been some talk of securing legislative sanction for these associations, enabling them to lay taxes for public improvements. This modification of the voluntary plan I should view with disfavor. When a law is established, counter currents are liable to be engendered in opposition to the law, such antagonisms rendering the united action of a community impossible. Behind a tax legally laid stand the police and the army. The unity they secure is an outward and formal unity. Said Walt Whitman:

> "Were you looking to be held together by lawyers?
> Or by an agreement on a paper? or by arms?
> Nay, nor the world, nor any living thing, will so cohere."

It is much better, then, to place the emphasis upon a common need and educate the community to a united action than to risk disruption by compulsory methods. The immediate dependence of the work of the association upon the support of the neighborhood will lead to carefulness and economy and wise expenditure. Only in this way can the association escape the satire of Emerson upon government when he said:

"Of all debts men are least willing to pay the taxes. Everywhere they think they get their money's worth, except for these."

I hope you do not think I am treating this subject too seriously. What is an improvement association to call out a discussion involving questions of political philosophy! Perhaps you have thought the object of the association is simply to clean streets and dispose of garbage, and is of passing interest at best. For my own part my interest in the organization is aroused because it promises to become a genuine social institution. Those who administer the various associations are certainly convinced of their permanency. I am a member of a committee of the South Park Improvement Association of Chicago, which is just now giving out contracts for the planting of trees, and plans have been made to bring our whole district within a single scheme of landscape gardening. This much of the work at least is done in faith, and thus far it has the marks of permanency. It is among the possibilities that this association will some day build a town hall of a new type, not as a place for political chicanery, but as a center of social culture.

Looking at the subject with a broader view we perceive that there are other causes besides local improvement waiting upon the development of the community spirit. To take a single instance, consider for a moment the program of the Municipal Art League of Chicago. This league is organized "for the purpose of promoting art in the city, and of abating public nuisances as preliminary to the stimulation of civic

pride." Among the public improvements thought worthy of consideration by the league are:

"The suppression of the smoke nuisance as a necessity for making all other improvements appreciable.

"The improvement of the whole lake front; not only the Lake Front Park, but the boulevard system of the North Side and its connection with the Lake Front Park by an outer viaduct and bridge or subway.

"The improvement of the designs in use for gas and electric light posts, patrol boxes, and waste paper receptacles, and the introduction of electrically lighted street name signs.

"The proper regulation of bill boards.

"The harmonious grouping of business or private houses belonging to different owners, without detriment to the interests of each.

"Conversion of vacant lots into temporary lawns and playgrounds, by consent of owners and co-operation of neighbors.

"Improvement of the designs for signs on business buildings, and asking co-operation of the real estate board in adoption of standard designs for lots for sale and houses for rent."

Such are some of the objects of this most praiseworthy association. To a reasonable person there is nothing unreasonable in any of the suggestions made for civic betterment. Yet why is improvement so slow? There is no lack of support for other institutions. A Crerar founds a library, a Rockefeller endows a university, a Field builds a museum, a Hutchinson supports an art institute. But there is no Napoleon to rebuild Chicago, and, in the nature of things, there can not be. Chicago must be reconstructed by its citizens working in the spirit of co-operation and mutual concession. The other institutions mentioned are in a sense external to the life of the city. They exist and flourish because they depend for their main-

tenance upon the accumulation and overplus of money and property in egoistic hands. It is to the interests of these cultural institutions that the individualistic method of business be retained. More than one library has been built out of what from another point of view is a public nuisance. For the sake of additional libraries we will put up with smoke-befouled air, we will sacrifice the general comfort and health, we will harden our hearts to the cries of the oppressed, we will hearken to the alderman who tells us if we do not like Chicago to go elsewhere: for prosperity, forsooth, is created out of smoke. The more smoke the more libraries; the more libraries the greater the smoke nuisance. But municipal art strikes at the heart of business itself. It insists that selfishness and personal greed shall be driven from the commercial process. It demands that business shall be socialized.

Is a social civilization too much to hope for? Must antagonisms always exist among the individuals of a community? Are we to be forever driven by economic fear? Might not a city of rational beings devise a method of living contentedly together?

It is just possible that in solving our problem of local improvement we are making a contribution to the history of civilization.

INDUSTRIAL FEUDALISM—AND AFTER.

I do not know when and by whom it was first discerned that the modern industrial development of the world is nearly identical as to its main features with the political evolution of an earlier time. It is now almost a commonplace to use the words "Industrial Feudalism" in describing the modern status of industry. Mr. Ghent seems to think that in his essay on "Benevolent Feudalism" he was the first to apply the principle of feudalism* in explaining modern "Capitalism." In truth the conception of a monarchic order in industrialism is a familiar one and is implied in the popular designation of the great owners and directors of properties as "Kings" and "Barons." It is now clear that these terms represent very real facts, and that the stage now reached in industrial progress

*In my volume entitled "Chapters in the History of the Arts and Crafts Movement," written early in 1900, I made the following statement: "In the present relationship [between exploiters and exploited] all the features of feudalism are found. And as the world is only at the beginning of its industrial evolution it is likely that the process will run parallel at all points with the development of government. The old domestic system of industry, which the factory system superseded, was simply undifferentiated and unorganized industry. Corresponding to the political era of petty warfare was the period of competition. Competition has been the agent for the selection of the strong and the elimination of the weak. It has created 'Captains of Industry' on one side, and an army of workmen reduced to order, and compelled to service on the other, etc."

is distinctly feudal and monarchic. The most successful and perfectly controlled businesses in recent years have been those organized and built up on feudal lines. Competition, corresponding to the private wars of the middle ages, has forced the issue from without. Within the competitive groups the wage and salary in regulated scale have furnished the nexus to bind their members together in the relation of master and man. The war-game is played with dollars and not with arms and men. From the combination of groups, principalities are being formed, presided over by petty Kings. These pay tribute to the few individuals who constitute the real government. The monarchic state is of course not yet perfected and will not be till the "universal trust" is formed whereby competition is wholly destroyed and supreme control is placed in the hands of one man. This one man will derive his authority not from the subjects, the workers, but from "God." In order that the magnate's action may have higher sanction a theory will be formed corresponding to the "divine right of Kings"—a theory implied by the devout attitude of many industrial potentates and which is already formulated by a certain "coal-baron" in words that have burned deep into the consciousness of the times.

The monarchic conclusion is inevitable. There will be no great change in the industrial system until the present centralizing tendency is ended—until all are absorbed in the industrial idea, and until all have come to industrial consciousness.

Industrial despotism will be tempered, of course, by occasional benevolence—there will be "good" mag-

nates as there were "good" kings. This class will seek to solve the social problem from above, through various agencies looking toward "industrial betterment." Even now the up-to-date business has a "social secretary" whose function is to improve the conditions of work by providing libraries, lectures picnics, flower-beds and the like, and by bringing into the corporation that personal element which the corporation as a "legal fiction" cannot presume to contain. The rule of the benevolent will often be thwarted by rebels and protestors who think they want simple justice and not benevolence and flower-beds. But, as the system will prove beneficial on the whole to the masses of the people during the time of its formation the rebellions will be of short life and ineffective.

There will be a growing difficulty also in maintaining feudal authority, because of the very perfection of the machinery of production, the enormous increase of products making it increasingly difficult for the owners to consume that which is produced. The industrial baron must work out and solve, at the risk of losing his position, the problem of employment. One unemployed person is a menace to the whole order. One unconsumed product is as dangerous to the industrial order as was the outlaw in the mountains of Europe to the political order. Yet I do not doubt that new ways may be devised of spending money and of setting the task for labor.

The advantage of industrial feudalism is two-fold. It brings order into the chaos occasioned by competition—an order greatly to be desired to satisfy our

repugnance at social waste. It cannot be denied that the system of individualistic production is attended by enormous loss of every kind. The law of economy requires the co-ordination of effort, such as is attained in the corporation and trust. And as the world is not yet rationalized we must depend for the elimination of waste upon the strong hand of an over-lord. The second gain in feudalism is the education the people receive in industrialism, whereby the way is prepared for the assumption of industrial control by the people when feudalism shall have fulfilled its function.

But now the question presents itself—After feudalism, what? The answer seems clear: Some form of industrial democracy.

In political democracy the world's political evolution is doubtless culminating. After the dispersion of political authority to the individuals of a group the political system as such is subject to disintegration. The ballot box was once regarded as the "palladium of our liberties"—something to suffer for, to fight for, and to die for. It is now looked upon by the majority of citizens with considerable indifference. The whole scheme of political democracy is upheld largely by tradition. Government has been handed over to politicians who enter into politics because they can get something out of it for themselves. And for the present the people—again for traditional and sentimental reasons—pay the bills of appropriation: though with increasing bad grace. Long ago Emerson noted that of all expenditures the people paid the taxes with the least willingness. The vital thought of the people is

not to-day in politics. The real problems are not governmental but industrial. Is there a single political issue before the American people to-day? Is it at all likely that political issues will arise in the future? Doubtless the President of the United States will one day be a political figure-head precisely in the manner of the King of England at the present time. What we are witnessing at the present moment is the transfer of interest from the field of politics to that of industry. But let it be observed that the transfer is made not from a political democracy to an industrial democracy, but from a political democracy to an industrial feudalism. This is the real cause of the immense confusion of our time. Men are independent with respect to political government: they are dependent with respect to industrial control. The battle for human freedom has to be fought all over again on a new field and with new weapons. The lesson of political democracy is, of course, well learned. Nevertheless the time is not yet come for the establishment of business upon democratic lines. In the first place the higher ideals of labor have not become universal. In the second place there are too many inefficient workers. A revolution at the present time to effect the destruction of industrial feudalism in the manner of the French Revolution, which brought about the ruin of political feudalism, would result in chaos. Industrial consciousness is too imperfectly developed for all men to assume industrial self-control. But when the feudal order is perfected and when the superior magnate has held control long enough for the people to realize that loyalty to him is in truth loy-

alty to themselves—that he is nothing by himself, but only as he represents the will of the whole people, then the dispersion of the magnate's authority will be effected gradually—it may be by some revolution.

A sign of the times is that the transfer of interests to industrial feudalism is made by means of "Republican" politics. The rise of the Republican Party to power coincides with the modern evolution of business. This is more than accidental. The Republican Party stands for centralization. It is Hamiltonian in its policy—Hamilton being of all political leaders the most monarchic in attitude. Meanwhile the policies of Jefferson are obscured. The Republican Party stands also for property, and property owners do well to contribute to the Republican campaign fund. Meanwhile the people must wait for their recognition at the hands of the government until materials are fully organized and the rush for property has subsided. It is doubtful if labor will gain anything by affiliating with the Democratic Party or by forming an independent Labor Party, for the reason that industrial democracy can never be established on the basis of a political system. Business is strategic and centralizes in regions which ignore the artificial boundaries of state and county. The strength of labor lies in its unions and federations—which are federations of men and not governments of laws. The true policy of labor is to maintain and perfect the interior organization of the union, waiting the while for the culmination of the present tendency. History can but repeat itself. The next step after industrial feudalism is industrial democracy. This means that in-

dustries will be conducted by and for the people; and this means, of course, that production will be carried on, not for the sake of production or for that power which wealth secures, but for the sake of the people.

Already, in isolated places, the transition from feudalism to democracy has begun. I do not refer to the building of "model" workshops or villages or to any other similar scheme of benefaction, whereby the feudal lords seek to conceal the rigor of their rule. I refer to the beginnings of industrial control in certain factories and stores where proprietorship is nominal, and where interior control is effected by the ballot. I refer also to the "co-operative movement" which is destined to increase and include both production and consumption. I refer also to the workshops building here and there under the influence of the teaching and example of Ruskin and Morris. Voluntary individual co-operation is, I believe, the ultimate form of industrial democracy.

Assuming that evolution at this stage of life is rationally inclined, what factors, now, can be depended upon to continue and perfect the new tendency? Knowledge, for one thing, or what is called science. By science the monarchic conception of the universe is forever disproved. There is no Absolute Deity which rules the universe as with a sceptre. The universe is a republic and not a kingdom. The more we know of the nature of things the more certain does it appear that intelligence and will reside in the atom and groups of atoms. The law of form is function and service. The human body is a veritable republic, its very life being dependent upon the co-operation of

the individual cells composing it. Probably the purest type found in Nature of an industrial community is the bee-hive. Apiarists have miscalled the maternal bee the queen. But the bees at work are controlled not by the queen but by something which Maeterlinck in his wonderful book on The Bee calls "The Spirit of the Hive." It may seem inappropriate to make this reference to knowledge, but the fact remains that any given change will occur in the social order only as the members of that society shape an ideal in which all may share, and to which all will conform. The sanction of a feudal order was found in mediæval theology. The sanction of the new industrialism will be found in science. A democracy more than any other social form is dependent upon education.

A second factor is the love of freedom. This, probably, is the ultimate human impulse. Governors, masters, rulers of every sort, who do not plan their governance with reference to the love of liberty in all hearts, prove their incapacity to exercise authority at all. Said Whitman to the foiled European Revolutionaire:

"Courage yet, my brother or my sister!
What we believe in waits latent forever through all the continents,
Invites no one, promises nothing, sits in calmness and light, is positive and composed, knows no discouragement,
Waiting patiently, waiting its time.
When liberty goes out of a place it is not the first to go, nor the second or third to go,
It waits for all the rest to go, it is the last."

How, then, does the case for liberty stand now? What is lacking in the free scope of free men?

Clearly, free action is wanted on just one point. We are free in matters of religion. There are no recent instances of persecution, except in remote places. We are equally free in matters of political practice. There are, perhaps, more exceptions to political freedom than religious freedom, but still political freedom is practically assured. But no one today enjoys industrial freedom. No one is self-directive in the field of work. Every workman must find an employer. The functions of hand and head are performed by different individuals. So long as this condition exists there will be warfare between the executive and servile agents. Industrial freedom means the privilege of self-control in respect to one's work. It involves the making of every workman his own employer. This is not an easy relation to sustain to oneself, it is admitted. But it is not more difficult than serving as priest and king over oneself. Industrial freedom, like religious and political freedom, depends for its effectiveness upon character and capacity in the individual. Religious feudalism and political feudalism were so ordered as to afford the best possible training in self-control in their respective fields. Industrial feudalism will doubtless furnish a discipline equally effective. When men are ready for the assumption of authority, such authority will be readily assumed. The shifting of control will be gradual—so gradual that there will be no break in the unity of industrial life. The work of the world will go on very much as it does now. No one will stop working, but work will be done from a new motive: not under compulsion but voluntarily. This is the very essence of industrial freedom. When

Great Britain abrogated the political government of Massachusetts with the intention of forcing submission by this means, the province subsisted for a year without governors of any kind—without governors but not without government. In one of the workshops of the new industrialism, surprise was expressed by a visitor that there was not special distinction in the product. The answer of the workman to the query was that the object of the workshop was not to make an unusual kind of chair but to make the usual chair with a new kind of workman. The chair was after a traditional pattern; the workman was the product of a revolution.

Without elaborating these suggestions further, I may state succinctly the theses I have had in mind to prove.

1. An industrial order is now being established which corresponds in all essential respects with what is known in political history as feudalism.

2. The political order, so far as it is shaped by the same individuals who control industry, partakes also of the nature of feudalism; hence the recrudescence in the United States of the principles of Hamilton and the dominance of the Republican Party.

3. When the feudalistic tendency culminates into the establishment of a centralized control of all industries, then the conscious and deliberate appropriation of that power by the people will begin, till work becomes free and the worker self-directive.

4. Biology and psychology testify to the ultimate triumph of the principle of self-activity. In other words, all the forces of evolution are on the side of the people.

THE WORKSHOP AND SCHOOL.

A short time ago I received a letter from a graduate student in a certain university in which he stated that, on account of the lack of a sufficient sum of money to "carry him through," he was forced to support himself. "This I do," the letter reads, "by manufacturing a few hundred cigars a week. If you use cigars, I should esteem your patronage a great favor. I make the cigars myself, and manufacture only high grade goods." The condition depicted here is one with which I was familiar, yet never before was one aspect of our education brought so forcibly and clearly to my attention. The letter betokens the complete divorcement that has grown up between education on the one hand, and industrialism on the other hand. Education, it seems, is a leisuristic pursuit which entails the sacrifice of one's trade or profession. Furthermore, one's trade or profession is not regarded as having any educational value and is at best a means of gaining a livelihood. Taking this young man's case as typical, how should such a problem be solved? Should he seek to abandon his trade altogether and win at all hazards a special and supposedly higher culture; or should he go back to the workshop and yield all hopes of becoming an educated man; or should he do what he is now doing; devote part of his time to his work (which is one thing) and a part of his time to education (which is another thing)?

Let us suppose that he despises his work as ignoble

and chooses to become a man of culture—then, he rejects that which is at least real, and enters upon a path that tends toward unreality, till perchance he loses himself in abstraction and ceases, therefore, however refined he may become, to be a vital factor in the world's work. But is the other alternative any better? He gains, let us say, a livelihood by his work; he surrounds himself with the bodily comforts and indulges occasionally in luxuries; he becomes perhaps a foreman in the shop or rises to the position of proprietor, promoter and trust-magnate. But if, in this process, he is uneducated, his work is still unredeemed and is virtually unprofitable, however vast his worldly possessions. Recently a man who had chosen the way of business and in the pride of his success had asserted that a college education was a detriment to a man of affairs, passed his vacation in Europe. It was observed that when away from his business he was reduced for pleasurable exercise to gambling at Monte Carlo. We were a little shocked at this, not that we regard gambling as a sin, but that Monte Carlo seemed so trivial in view of the stimulus which Europe offers to a man of true culture and insight. But is the third solution a way out of the difficulty? Should our young man study half of the time and work at his trade the rest of the day? This solution is reached, of course, by way of a compromise—a compromise of the same nature as that presented in the labor world by the eight-hour day. It consists in reducing what is offensive and undesirable to its lowest terms, in order that when necessity is satisfied, the worker may be free for a season to do that which to him is pleasurable. I cannot imagine a torture more grievous than that. Indeed, the orthodox hell, as described by Milton in Para-

dise Lost, consisted in just this alternate freezing and burning. The case of this young man, or of any young man, seems to me at this time to be hopeless. There is simply no chance in the world today for a man to be integral, to live an entire life; he must be divided and divided according to the divisions which obtain throughout the whole range of modern life.

I see only one remedy for the class system of modern society—that is, to reconstruct the institutions that embody the social spirit; to create a school which is not so far removed from the workshop as to obliterate real processes and objects—to create a workshop which shall be so fully educative in itself that it will be a virtual school. I can conceive that even a cigar factory might be so conducted as to be instructive. If one really understood the work he was doing, the part he was playing in the world's vast intricate scheme of industry; or if one really knew in all its relations the object he was handling—in this case, let us say, the history of the tobacco plant, such a workman would not pass as a wholly uneducated man. In contact with his fellow workmen, he might develop to the full the life of comradeship: that human sympathy without which education of any sort is empty and unprofitable. My illustration is perhaps unfortunate. To King James, who uttered a counterblast against tobacco, or to Emerson, who thought a cigar was a crowbar thrust in among the delicate tendrils of the brain, the illustration would be unsavory. But it was of a plant of less importance than the tobacco plant that Tennyson said:

> "Flower in the crannied wall,
> I pluck you out of the crannies,
> I hold you here, root and all, in my hand!

> Little flower—but if I could understand
> What you are, root and all, and all in all,
> I should know what God and man is."

But I do not wish to anticipate my conclusion. I do contemplate the creation, at no far distant time, of a combined workshop and school: but meanwhile there are certain considerations which must be understood in order that our evolution may be rational and the end desired be prepared for.

The dominant tendency in the world today is the industrial. Broadly speaking, the industrial issues are the vital ones. The most virile and energetic minds of the modern world are engaged in solving the problems that attach to material things. The men who, at other times in the world's history, erected altars, built cathedrals, led armies, conducted diplomacy, formulated systems of philosophy, and mastered the technique of the arts, are today engaged in industry. That was a sublime story of the history of mankind told at the Buffalo Exposition by the series of buildings and sculpture groups which centered in the Electric Tower. There at the focus of all paths stood resplendent the shining tower. By ways of savagery, and step by step through various forms of culture, the race reached a point where it could engage successfully in struggle with the more subtle forces of its environment. There, I say, at the center of all historic radii rose up triumphant the electric tower—a symbol of what? symbol of man's greatness in respect of religion, or art, or politics, or laws? Not of these, but of his genius in industry. It is not quite correct to say that the light which streamed from the tower was a "symbol" of man's genius, for it was rather the evidence of it. It was a light objective

and material, a light made of the energy transmitted from Niagara. Here was the secret. Niagara had waited a million years for its conqueror, its subjection to the service of man, and this conquest was regarded by the builders of the Fair as the supreme achievement of the race thus far. For the first time, we recognized and published and celebrated the fact that an electric tower, thus devised and illumined, was worthy to stand in the place of honor where hitherto cathedrals and armies and thrones and constitutions and art had stood. That Exposition was the apotheosis of labor; it was the exaltation of materials. And as a further evidence of our industrial civilization it was noticed that he who was then our political leader, in his last great address, spoke not of political, but of industrial problems. President Roosevelt's recent message to Congress dealt almost entirely with industrial questions. The part our President played in settling the coal strike was a prophesy of what the function of our highest officer is destined to become. What do these signs indicate if not that the time has come to estimate the genius of an individual or of a people by capacity to control materials? When Sir William Hamilton asserted that Aristotle had a genius as great as Homer's, he seized upon the primary fact that genius may be exercised in many directions. Genius is not greater or smaller by virtue of the materials it works upon; genius is power, the power of an organizing, effective mind.

Accepting then the statement that the dominant tendency in the world today is the industrial, we are ready to carry our inquiry farther back and to ask why the place of primacy should be given to the industrial hero. The answer is not far to seek. The result appears to be due

to the working of that social force we call democracy. The most democratic peoples today are those most successful in the field of industry—and the connection is more than accidental. America has assumed the leadership among industrial nations, much to the perplexity and alarm of competing factories. The secret of this leadership seems to be little understood. In vain do foreign manufacturers provide new machinery for their workshops and introduce new methods into their business. It is soon discovered that success is not a matter of machinery and method; it lies farther back in the social system and environment. Our American success in industrial enterprises is explained by the fact that immense stores of energy, latent and unemployed, are released for service through the opening of opportunity occasioned by democracy. A democratic people is not a religious people, not an artistic people, not a political people, but a working people. We are constituted of men who do things. We sweep all transcendental visions and fictions aside and start from the ground of the concrete fact. And we are discovering more and more that successful doing of things is a form of noble exercise. It is necessary to emphasize this fact, since if we are to enter rationally into a given line of evolution we must understand what is important and what is meaningless. The significance of evolution pertains far more to the future than to the past or present. If it is clear that the industrial tendency is the dominant one, and if back of that there is to continue the perpetual pressure of democratic forces, then it is the part of wisdom to create institutions that relate to industrial democracy and withdraw our support from old and outworn ideals. Let the arts and the religions and the political

systems that took their rise from, and furnished the sustenance for the feudal aristocracies of Europe—let them wither, I say, and pass from men's memories and minds!

In naming democracy as the force that is shaping the modern world, and as the fact which must condition all our thinking, I imply, of course, the presence still among us of the opposite force and fact variously known as monarchy, feudalism, and aristocracy. And it appears that while the modern spirit is democratic, the forms and institutions still in evidence are derived largely from monarchy. Many of our religions, in particular the Salvation Army, are clearly monarchic in character; for they strive to establish on earth "the kingdom of God." Thrones, judgment-seats, commands, punishments—these linger in theology, while in science and in actual affairs the universe is regarded as a republic. Especially in prayer-books and hymn-books do the feudal ideals linger. Even our National Hymn closes with a reference to "God our *King*." The art we try to keep alive in a poor, thin fashion was originally provided for the noble and leisure classes of Europe, and is still an incident of wealth and luxury. What can be more undemocratic than the principle of "art for art's sake," according to which most of our art is produced, and by the acceptance of which those gifted with special æsthetic taste defend their exclusiveness? Our public schools have been democratized to some extent, yet even here there is a considerable trace of foreign ideals. The emphasis still placed on culture and learning as such, and upon formal thinking, upon intellectual discipline, upon reading and writing, upon examinations and prizes, upon authority and discipline, upon athletics—these emphases are signs of the belated

militarism in the American school. Strangely enough, too, our present industrial system, though modern in spirit, is formed on the lines of the military, and we speak of "Captains of Industry" and not infrequently refer to the great trust-magnates as "kings"—"sugar kings," "tobacco kings," "oil kings," etc. The "trust" is a federation of principalities, and it has been prophesied that if the present tendency continues, in twenty years an Emperor will be ruling at Washington. The latest suggestion is that we are forming in this country a "benevolent feudalism." I do not know of a single perfected democratic institution, though there are abundant tokens of change and transition.

The purpose of my remarks thus far has been to call your attention to the conditions I have just noted. We live in a new age; we are impelled by new thoughts; yet we are trying to put up with old forms. Our interior life is one thing. Our exterior life is another thing. Is it not possible to create new institutions—institutions that will not be masks and lies, but represent what we really think and are or hope to be? One such institution I propose—the institution of the workshop: a workshop of a new type, such as may be properly the unit of organization in the industrial commonwealth we are forming.

The workshop I have in mind will embody to the full the high ideals of labor, conceived by such writers as Ruskin, and current in the world for nearly a century. It will be a genuine manufactory where materials shall be shaped into the things we use. It will be a "studio," where work shall be creative and not devoid of a sense of beauty. It will be a school where the doing of things shall be educative, since work will there be conducted to

the ends of expression, as art is at its best and as life is at its freest. In a sense, it will be a state, since it will be a community of self-governing individuals. In a sense, too, it will be a church, since it will be established upon the basis of co-operation and comradeship. Such a workshop is a dream, you say, impossible of realization. But let us examine the factors more in detail. I said the workshop would embody certain high ideals of labor. For a century there has been proclaimed a gospel of labor, which came into being apparently in opposition to the leisuristic ideal of aristocracy. Carlyle was one of the ablest and most outspoken advocates of the new doctrine. There is splendid passion glowing in Carlyle's words concerning the "toilworn craftsman that conquers the earth and makes her man's" There is a passage in his writings which I can never read without a quickening of the heart: "Venerable to me is the hard hand, crooked, coarse, wherein, notwithstanding, lies a cunning virtue, indefeasibly royal, as of the scepter of this planet. Venerable, too, is the rugged face, all weather tanned, besoiled, with its rude intelligence; it is the face of a man living manlike. Oh! but the more venerable for thy rudeness, and even because we must pity as well as love thee, hardly entreated brother! For us was thy back so bent, for us were thy straight limbs and fingers so deformed: thou wert our conscript, on whom the lot fell, and fighting our battles wert so marred. For in thee lay a God-created form, but it was not to be unfolded; encrusted must it stand, with the thick adhesions and defacements of Labour; and thy body, like thy soul, was not to know freedom. Yet toil on, toil on; thou art in thy duty, be out of it who may; thou toilest for the altogether indispensable, for daily bread." From

the terms employed and the feeling displayed, it is evident that Carlyle had but just made the discovery of this craftsman. But through how many cruel cerements he was obliged to penetrate! We have seen this workman—he still walks our streets. Yet in the same age another craftsman has appeared—a craftsman of which William Morris is the type—erect and forceful, who wins his way by sheer strength of personality, who actually realizes the ideal of the nobility of labor that Carlyle pronounced to be possible. Now Carlyle belonged to the first half of the nineteenth century and Morris to the second half. Carlyle simply outlined the doctrine of labor as from a pulpit. But Morris exercised his energy within an actual workshop. Will you dare to say that in the next half century the possibilities of labor may not be realized by multitudes of men and women? Is it not our function to make this realization simple and rational?

Just how the institutional workshop will arise, and in what guise it will appear, I can not say. But I conceive that in this workshop real work will be conducted, and that we shall make in it all those things we need for actual use. This institution will be at least self-supporting. It seems to me a defect of our institutions that they are really parasitic and exist by virtue of the labor of others, as represented in taxes as to the state, in contributions as to the church, in patronage as to the arts, in endowments as to the school. We do not want to add another charity to this series. This much is clear: the workshop will be a commercial enterprise. This surely will not be difficult, considering the long training the world has had in pure acquisition.

With successful commercialism as the basic fact, we

may then add to that the element of art. I do not mean that the fine arts will be given place in the workshop. That is not necessary. Art is simply free creation. Beauty is not something added to an object, it is a quality of work. It comes into evidence whenever a man takes pleasure in his work, whenever his hands are permitted to do what his own desires determine and his own will directs. The difference between art and not-art is that the one is work accomplished in freedom and the other is work done under conditions of slavery. It seems we are free today in every respect but one—we may go where we will, we may think and speak what we will, we may worship when we will and vote for whom we will; but very few men today can work as they will. The workman must discover an employer, the lawyer must find his client, the doctor must wait for his patient, the preacher must be called to his pulpit, the teacher must be invited to his chair. There is almost no free work in the world today, and probably cannot be under our present organization. Recently I have learned that workmen are not desired in factories after the age of forty-five. If this be true—if a man is shut out from the world's work at forty-five, then is our industrial civilization dangerous and altogether questionable. So long as this condition lasts art is impossible. Art will enter into the workshop only when the worker is in some degree at least a free agent. As I look back upon the recent past, I discover but one genuinely free workman—this same William Morris, and in all the industrial world I discover only one movement that looks towards the real redemption of labor—the arts and crafts movement which Morris again was instrumental in initiating. If, then, we desire art in our workshop we must add to the

system of exchange some principle of free workmanship.

The workshop as school is already provided for when work is made creative. In the truest education there is always a double activity—the primary mental activity involved in plan or design; the secondary motor activity concerned in the execution of the plan or design. The failure of the present school is that it exercises the mind, but stops at the point where thought tends to pass out into action. This error is by no means corrected when the school adds to its equipment a gymnasium, or encourages the playing of foot-ball or base-ball. The failure of the present workshop, in its turn, is that it employs the motor energies, but does not admit of original design. And this error is not counteracted when some individual is secured to do the thinking and designing for the whole community of workers. In the school we get unreal thinking; from the workshop we get unintelligent work. In both cases the education is partial, and so far as I can see, the education of the school is as imperfect as that of the factory. If the one tends to increase stupidity and ignorance, the other tends to develop priggishness and pride. I have been reading with much amusement the account of two educated men in Ernest Crosby's "Plain Talk in Psalm and Parable:"

"Here are two educated men.
The one has a smattering of Latin and Greek;
The other knows the speech and habits of horses and cattle, and gives them their food in due season.
The one is acquainted with the roots of nouns and verbs;
The other can tell you how to plant and dig potatoes and carrots and turnips.
The one drums by the hour on the piano, making it a terror to the neighborhood;

The other is an expert at the reaper and binder, which fills the world with good cheer.
The one knows or has forgotten the higher trigonometry and the differential calculus;
The other can calculate the bushels of rye standing in his field and the number of barrels to buy for the apples on the trees in his orchard.
The one understands the chemical affinities of various poisonous acids and alkalies;
The other can make a savoury soup or a delectable pudding.
The one sketches a landscape indifferently;
The other can shingle his roof and build a shed for himself in workmanlike manner.
The one has heard of Plato and Aristotle and Kant and Comte, but knows precious little about them;
The other has never been troubled by such knowledge, but he will learn the first and last word of philosophy, "to love," far quicker, I warrant you, than his college-bred neighbor.
For still is it true that God has hidden these things from the wise and prudent and revealed them unto babes.
Such are the two educations:
Which is the higher and which the lower?"

As Mr. Crosby states the case, his question can receive but one answer. The educated man is the workman, and he is educated precisely because he has combined the two factors of mental and motor activity. The farm is still a place where a workman may think out his task, but I believe we can do better in the improved workshop. I do not care whether you introduce manual training into the school, or whether you carry freedom to the factory. The modification of either institution in the direction I have indicated will result in the new workshop which educative industrialism demands. It is likely, however, that the school will be the first to suffer change. It will

be easier to persuade the schools to engage in real processes than to train workmen to think about the work. The doom of the old school was pronounced when the first work-bench was let into the basement or garret or unused class-room. The work-bench is destined to crowd out the desks and text-books and the other signs of passive learning. Now we have a fair chance of getting what Kropotkin well calls "integral education." It is probable that the schools will be the first of our institutions to be democratized. And it may be that, by way of the school, the industrial system will itself be transformed.

I have suggested also that the workshop might be the unit of the community organization. When it becomes the function of states to develop and conserve industries—when we magnify industrial instead of legal relationships, the workmen who may unite to form a guild will have an importance not now accorded them. Membership in a guild would constitute citizenship with its duties and responsibilities. The workshop would be a place for the development of community consciousness. I perceive already in the "labor unions" the vague working of such a consciousness. A "Labor Party," however, competing with political parties for political ends and legal rights, would seem to be a very illogical outcome of such consciousness. An industrial structure can never be laid upon a political or legal foundation, industrial democracy being a co-partnership of men and not a government of laws. A State boundary line, for instance, is a legal fiction, and its truth is challenged by every railroad line that crosses it. I do not pretend to know what institutional forms will arise upon the ground of the workshop, but I can see that they must be different from those we now possess.

The religious aspect of the workshop is summed up in the word brotherhood, or comradeship. Take away from labor its compulsion, let one be free to choose his associates in work as freely as he is now able to join a church or club, and an opportunity for comradeship will be given that does not now exist in the world of labor. The nexus in nearly all industrial enterprises is the wage, and men are forced to work together whether that association be pleasing or not. With a freer system of labor, it might be possible to restore to the workshop that courtesy and sympathy, once so common, but now so rarely met with. The working classes are not merely "unchurched;" they are, from their conditions of work, quite generally irreligious, But I am sure that it was for the members of the reconstructed workshop that Whitman wrote his poems of comradeship, the group called "Calamus," representing the new ideas of chivalry, and especially the poems entitled, "I Hear It was Charged against Me," and "I Dream'd in a Dream":

"I hear it was charged against me that I sought to destroy institutions,
But really I am neither for nor against institutions,
What indeed have I in common with them? or what with the destruction of them?
Only I will establish in the Mannahatta and in every city of these States inland and seaboard,
And in the fields and woods, and above every keel little or large that dents the water,
Without edifices or rules or trustees or any argument,
The institution of the dear love of comrades."

A more practical or more beautiful religion than this I do not know.

This, then, is my conception of an ideal workshop or

school—a conception made of the specialized ideas of factory, studio, school, state and church—a synthesis that is forced upon the mind from the desire to counteract the terrible devisive and disintegrating forces in modern life. I feel certain that we are approaching a period of synthesis and correlation. The competitive system is nearing its fall. Specialization has been carried to an extreme and in the near future we must coordinate specialties. We are beginning to think with Ruskin that men may be of more value than products. If you think that what I have presented be unpractical, let it be noted that I have introduced no factors that do not already exist, and that I have but read the perfect logic of the situation. In some way, we shall arrive at this conclusion—must so arrive from the very pressure of social forces.

Whitman was once asked to write a poem for the opening of an industrial exposition in New York city. The theme was to him an inspiring one, since beyond all other seers, he cherished the vision of an idustrial commonwealth. From the Song of the Exposition he wrote for that occasion, I take these lines:

"Mightier than Egypt's tombs,
Fairer than Grecia's, Roma's temples,
Prouder than Milan's statued, spired cathedral,
More picturesque than Rhenish castle-keeps,
We plan even now to raise, beyond them all,
Thy great cathedral, sacred industry, no tomb,
A keep for life, for practical invention."

A SCHOOL OF INDUSTRIAL ART.

I.

"The ideal university," James Russell Lowell once said, "is a place where nothing useful is taught." It is clear that Lowell approved a purely intellectual and æsthetic education. He meant that the school should be controlled as little as possible by practical needs, should lie outside of employments or other conditions, and be devoted to increasing capacity of enjoying books and art and enriching passively the spiritual life. The transcendental conception of education is lordly, ideal and attractive, and in a state of society that permits the maintenance of a leisure class it is an ideal of ready acceptance. As a matter of fact it was the ideal cherished by the New England colleges throughout their early history, whose model instructor was at once a scholar and a gentleman, and as a consequence of their influence, education in America has been associated largely with the leisuristic and pecuniary classes. While nominally open to all, our schools have always been schools of privilege. The primary three Rs are fundamentals only of an intellectual culture. The New England colleges built up a genuine aristocracy, which was not less inclusive in that it was intellectual, or, as the saying is, "an aristocracy of brains," which, in contradistinction to the European feudalism of family, was asserted proudly

to be the "only aristocracy worthy the name." Meanwhile the American people, as to their masses, were developing their vast industrial system, and the leisuristic tendency was crossed and recrossed by the industrial stream. In the effort latterly to reconstruct an education more in harmony with the social democracy, the first intention was to extend the privilege of education to all members of the social whole. During this period of reconstruction, through liberal public and private endowments, a widely extended and nearly inclusive system of popular education has been established. But for the most part the education thus extended was the same education of privilege that had its rise in the leisure class. Hence, the emphasis placed upon the mere symbols of learning, reading and writing. The tendency is still to create a culture representative of caste. Notwithstanding the modifications in the scope of the school forced by the industrial democracy, such as are signified by technical, commercial, and manual training departments in the midst of cultural studies, it must be acknowledged that the leisure-class theory of education is still in the ascendent. The benefits of even the public schools, supported though they are by general taxation, accrue to an intellectual aristocracy. The divorce between the hand and the brain, which is destructive of any genuine integral education, continues in full force. The people, as to their industrial activities, remain unserved and even unrecognized. Except in certain schools for Indians and negroes it is not possible today to receive instruction in the fundamentals of industrial education. What is needed at

this juncture is not a further extension of an education of privilege, but the complete abrogation of privilege and the establishment of schools upon entirely new grounds. Mr. Albert Shaw, in a paper descriptive of Hampton Institute, recently made the statement that "the finest, soundest, and most effective educational methods in use in the United States are to be found in certain schools for negroes and Indians, and in others for young criminals in reformatory prisons." Can it be that Hampton Institute, founded for the instruction of negroes in the fundamental employments, is the model institute for America! Such may prove to be the case. The time has come for schools whose aim shall be to serve the needs of modern industrial democracy, that shall build upon that fine instinct for workmanship that is the very life of industry when not permeated by caste,—schools that shall declare: "The ideal university is a place where nothing useless is taught." It belongs to an aristocracy to support the useless—useless garments, ceremonies, athletics, learning and whatnot—as the sign of an ability to indulge itself in reputable expenditure. A democracy justifies its existence on the ground of its usefulness, its ability to create and do, and its faculty to enjoy creating and doing. The new school will start with the constructive energies; it will unite the senses and the soul; it will employ the hand equally with the brain; it will exalt the active over the passive life; it will love knowledge for its service; it will make a real and not a false use of books; it will test production not alone by its pecuniary results but by human values—whether it yields pleasure or pain. The problem of democratic

education is not to give the people a culture alien to their lives, but to transform that which they have into something more rational and harmonious. The old humanities were secured by refining and secluding; the new humanities will be discovered among the people The chief agency of popular education will be the very labor through which life is sustained. Industry employs the mind that its work may be intelligent; it provides for moral training in that its work must be sincere.

The folly of the extension of an exclusive culture is made very evident in the case of the American negro. When released from slavery he became, through the zeal of Northern abolitionists, a victim of an intellectual civilization. He was provided with schools of the Northern type, instructed in the caste distinctions of New England, and directed henceforth to live by his wits. The assumption of the superiority of separate mental training is proven by the history of the negro to be untrue. It is now conceded that the philanthropic policy of the North was mistaken. It was not access to libraries or knowledge of the classics that the negro needed; and not necessarily the ability to read the printed ballot the North placed in his hands. His field is that of the elementary employments: here alone is his energy initial and educative. Hampton Institute demonstrated the way of entrance into the promised land. When independent in elementary labor, the negro may learn an independence of wider application.

If called upon to write a prospectus of a school fitted for industrial democracy I would not have in

mind a trades-school that should be simply an adjunct to the present industrial system, though I am willing to acknowledge the necessity of such a school and the importance of the present system. Calculation should be made of tendencies and growth. The domestic system of production gave way to the factory system with its machinery, and this in its turn seems destined to yield to a higher industrialism wherein the individual will have freer scope than ever before to control his hand and brain, and will need therefore a more skillful hand and a more cunning brain. Under present conditions of specialization the master is separated from the man, the designer from his tool. These conditions would require that the tool be sharpened for the designer, that the man be disciplined for the master. However advantageous this relationship may be economically it has little value educationally. It destroys the totality of work and the integrity of life. It sinks the individual in the product. It permits no one in the whole series of specialized activities to be, in the full sense of the term, a creator. It tends to develop experts, but not full rounded men. It is almost totally defective in idealism. The theory of the new industrialism is that in industry the whole of life may be contained. The true workman loves his craft for its life quality, because the thing upon which he works is somehow a part of his own inner ideal. His work must be creative and in becoming creative it is also educative. If this theory of independent industry seems to be in opposition to the machine and the trust, it will be seen that the machine, through becoming more and more automatic—and a self-acting

machine is promised by physicists—and the corporation, through greater and greater centralization, will bring about the release of innumerable agents now engaged in production and control, and permit their advance to a more intelligent private workmanship. The plea for a new education is necessarily linked with an argument for a new industrialism.

The new industrialism embodies first of all as a fundamental factor the principle of self-activity. So long as a man works for another, or after another's plans or designs, he is not self-directive and his work is not therefore educative. The individual is to be treated as integral, having his own talents to employ and his own faculties to exercise. Under conditions of freedom industry changes its character and becomes æsthetic. Beauty is whatever is added to an object to make it expressive. In an object of utility it is the sign of the pleasure the maker takes in his own activities. It is the flowering of labor, the decoration of materials at the hand of a free workman. The new school brings art and labor into necessary association—labor to give substance, art to yield pleasure.

The same principle of self-activity provides for the inherency of the design. The separation between the designer and his mechanical or human tool is detrimental to both the designer and the workman. This form of specialization implies that a brain is not motor and that hands are not intelligent. With proper care during the first stages of education the hand and the brain become co-ordinated and the best brain coincides with the best hands. When working in separation the brain tends to refine and to weaken its tissues,

and the hand to coarsen and become mechanical. After centuries of such divorce the fine arts on the one hand have become too refined for industrial use, and industry on the other hand is too coarse for the artist. The breach between the castes is not closed when the artist condescends to design for the workman: the division ought not to exist. It would be the function of the new school to create a class of craftsmen who would have ideas to communicate and perfect rhetorical skill for their expression.

To associate art and industry: to change the character of labor so as to make industry educative, and to develop the instinct of workmanship and elicit the pleasure belonging to good workmanship so as to make the industrial life complete—such may be said to be the aims of industrial education.

II.

The aim of the school is suggestive of its proper designation. The term Manual-Training has come into popular use as descriptive of institutes or departments of schools that seek to educate the hand. The objection to the title is that, having arisen at a time when the caste divisions between the hand and brain were in force, it represents the opposition between manual training and mental training, whereas the new education is not primarily manual and afterwards mental, but wholly integral. Trade School and Industrial Institute seem to emphasize too much the mechanical and professional aspects. The term Arts

and Crafts is advocated as representing the fusion of mental and manual education, but while descriptive, the term is awkward. I have chosen as an equally significant and more dignified appellation, the caption: Industrial Art.

III.

The location of a School of Industrial Art is a most important matter for reflection. It should be in the environs of a large industrial city, not so far from the city as to obscure the commercial and social bearing of industry, and not so far from nature as to lose the suggestiveness of natural forms and growths. Fields, streams, and woods should be accessible. It would be necessary to maintain a garden for the propagation of plants for scientific and industrial purposes. In order that the local flora and fauna may provide the basic motive for design it is essential that with these forms there should be intimate and loving association. Nature alone initiates. If either factor is to be ignored it should be the city rather than the country that should be abandoned.

IV.

The building should be substantial but need not be conspicuous or in any way extravagant. The tendency of the leisure classes is to uphold their reputability by vain expense and useless display. Let an industrial

school be at least sincere. The architecture should be native, its styles suggested by the buildings' use, its symbols indicative of the social environment. All evolution of structure represents, of course, growth out of the past; but it is more necessary in the case of an industrial school to create types for future use, however simple, than to employ the mature and complex modes of past stages of civilization. However, if an historic style should be preferred, study may be given to the Gothic of the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries, when the prophecy of a people's art was first uttered, when there was the most complete co-operation between artist and workman. But happy the architect who can take his stand among the people of his own time, realize the significance of the modern forces, and create symbols and styles for democracy. The buildings should be of such a size and character as to provide class-rooms, laboratories, a museum, a library, and other features dependent upon the scope of the school.

V.

Instruction would proceed upon the belief that in the work of the nature I have described, and in the knowledge attendant upon such work, the integral personality may be contained, and from work and the knowledge necessary to make work intelligent the fullest democratic culture is to be achieved. A few principles will govern the emphasis of instruction. The aim of the school being to employ the creative

energies, the work-shops become the central feature. From the work-shops all other interests radiate; back to them the results of laboratories and class-rooms return. As a plan, an ideal, is the initial stage of any work, especial attention should be given to the study of design—not design in the abstract so much as design in relation to given materials and usage. From general culture and science those studies will be selected which are best calculated to equip a workman with ideas and to render his work intelligent. These principles lead to a threefold division of the work of the school, according as design, construction, or instruction receives the emphasis. In the drawing-rooms training would be given in free-hand, mechanical and architectural drawing, representation of nature and the human figure, clay-modeling, composition, color and decoration. In the work-shops, equipped with hand and power tools, furnaces, dyevats, presses and other necessary appliances, would develop all the constructive processes in wood, metal, leather, stone, glass, the earths, paper and textiles. Adjacent to the designing rooms and work-shops would be chemical and biological laboratories and the general experimental rooms. In the class-rooms would proceed instruction in geography, history, psychology, the English language, rhetoric and general literature. In tabulated form the work of the school would appear according to the following scheme:

I. Department of Design
- (1) Drawing
- (2) Clay Modeling
- (3) Composition

II. The Work Shops
- (1) Decoration
- (2) Printing and Book Binding.

Construction in
- (3) Wood
- (4) Metal
- (5) Leather
- (6) Paper
- (7) Stone
- (8) Glass
- (9) The Earths
- (10) Textiles

III. Department of Science and Art

A. The History Group
- (1) History
- (2) Political Science
- (3) Sociology
- (4) Economy

B. The Philosophy Group
- (1) Psychology
- (2) Ethics

C. The Mathematical Group
- (1) Numbers
- (2) Geometry

D. The Art Group
- (1) English Language
- (2) Rhetoric
- (3) Music
- (4) Literature

E. The Science Group
- (1) Geography
- (2) Physics
- (3) Chemistry
- (4) Biology

It is understood that the work of any pupil is to be co-ordinated as fully as possible. While a general course, say of chemistry, may be undertaken, yet the chief function of chemistry in the school would be to assist those engaged in work involving a knowledge of chemistry for its prosecution. Printing would be as-

sociated with composition, free-hand lettering and page decoration, illustration, the related processes of paper making and bookbinding, and the general history of language and of human culture. The history, philosophy and art groups that have reference to more general ideals would be more universally prescribed. Of the cultural subjects geography and the history group which disclose the development of the earth as the home of the human race and the evolution of man in his industrial, economic and artistic aspects, are the most important. Free-hand drawing in various color media, modeling in clay, composition, music, language and rhetoric are fundamental courses in the art of expression. Training in music might be given to all in daily assembly. Architectural and mechanical drawing are subservient to special needs. The processes of the work-shop all relate to objects of social utility, and while primarily educative of personality, aim to prepare pupils for professionalism in the different crafts. No provision is made in this plan for the study of language other than English, all other literatures being used in translation. Physical culture as an independent object is rendered unnecessary by reason of the absorbtion of physical energy in the work-shops, though opportunity should be given for the recreation of outdoor sports.

This scheme contemplates the complete harmonization of all the incidents of education in line with the general democratic import of the school: the centralization of administration, but fully co-operative instruction; the individual treatment of pupils according to capacity and intention; free education, under counsel,

both as to choice of work and the time employed; the co-ordination of courses; a continuous session of the school without special assemblage or ceremonials; the giving of certificates of proficiency (but not degrees); the encouragement of independent organizations among the pupils; and instruction above all else in self-control.

Such a school may be wholly autonomous, itself a free creative activity, its initiation extending even to the writing and printing of its text-books and the invention and manufacture of its tools and equipment. It would organize research into fields that are today almost untouched by trained explorers—the field of industrial physics and industrial chemistry. A laboratory devoted to the problem of the industrial application of energy might become a factor in racial progress. The school might hope to become a training place for inventors.

THE PHILOSOPHIC AND RELIGIOUS GROUND: WALT WHITMAN.

I.

The religious system of Christendom, in almost the entire range of its theologic and ethical conceptions, is patriarchal, monarchical, or feudal in origin and character. In the terms "Our Lord" and "Our Father" the whole occidental idea of divinity is contained. The Kingdom of Heaven was modeled upon the kingdoms known to men at the time when the idea was first conceived; only in the place of a weak, corrupt and defective king, there was substituted a perfect Being whose word was absolute Truth and whose acts constituted absolute Justice. Around the "Emperor of Heaven"—to use Dante's phrase—vicegerents of lesser realms were thought to subsist, declining in authority, rank by rank, to the lowest priest in the earthly hierarchy, each dispensing truth and justice as deputized by the rulers higher in the scale. Over a realm of "chaos and old night" Satan and his myrmidons ruled in identical manner. The philosophic ground of this system is known as dualism.

Towards their various rulers mortals held the relation of vassals. The whole theory of duty, obligation, punishment, and salvation, the very attitude men assumed in supplication, was feudal in character. The

very term Lord, employed to describe one person of the triune throne, is indicative of the feudal conception in the whole warp and woof of western theology. In early English the apostles were designated also as thegns, the title for the lesser nobility or kingly servitors. The ethical codes, corresponding to the monarchical theology, such as describe the relations of men to their rulers or to their compeers, were military in effect. "Thou shalt" and "Thou shalt not" represent the ways of kings to their servants. A system of rites and ceremonials was further invented by the priests to express the relation of lord and vassal. "Order"—to use Pope's word, meaning gradation or rank—being "Heaven's first law," a proper series of deadly and venial sins and their corresponding virtues was constructed, and up the painful path the subjects of the King were enjoined to labor, if so they might enter the heavenly kingdom and glorify God forever.

From this point of view distinctions were drawn between the natural and the spiritual. In so far as man was related by bodily birth and inheritance to the order of Nature, he was of necessity base, corruptible, sinful, and in need of redemption; in so far as he was spiritual, his soul tended toward the good. Here were the elements mingled for an unending warfare. For its help the soul had the sword of the spirit, the breastplate of faith, the helmet of salvation, the whole armor of righteousness.

God, the Divine Ruler of the Universe; Man, the vassal under surveillance; Nature, the arena of conflict: such are the three general terms of Christian

theology formulated by the church fathers, subscribed to by Dante and Milton, and current today in every nation of the occident. Even in America, the organized churches and denominations, Catholic and Protestant, subsist upon the feudal traditions. Our National Hymn concludes with an appeal to "Great God, our King." Indeed it is not too much to say that if the notion of king and subject, of judge and convict, were discarded, if the dualistic distinctions relating to good and evil were dismissed, if the gulf between man and nature were closed, almost the whole content of orthodox theology would be dissipated in a twinkling—and yet the whole of modern life would remain. The creeds, the homilies, the books of prayer, the codes of conduct bequeathed the churches by past centuries, offend the scientific and self-dependent mind. The future belongs to the new tendencies. Either the churches must reconstruct their systems in terms of democracy, vitalize their theology by renewal at the founts of modern life, or simply decline in influence till they become mere antiquarian symbols, reminiscent of ancient peoples and old beliefs. Said Emerson: "We too must write Bibles to unite again the heavenly and the earthly world."

II.

I turn for illustration of what may be done in formulating a new and modernized theology to Whitman's "Leaves of Grass," the one book of considerable importance known to me that breaks utterly with feudal forms and assumes the processes of democracy, and that is at

the same time intentionally religious in basic purpose. "I will see," Whitman said to himself, "whether there is not, for my purposes as poet, a religion, and a sound religious germinancy in the average human race, and in the hardy common fibre and native yearnings and elements, deeper and larger, and affording more profitable returns, than all mere sects or churches—as boundless, joyous, and vital as Nature itself—a germinancy that has been too long unencouraged, unsung, almost unknown. The time has certainly come to begin to discharge the idea of religion from mere ecclesiasticism, and from Sundays and churches and church-going, and assign it to that general position, chiefest, most indispensible, most exhilarating, to which the others are to be adjusted, inside of all human character, and education, and affairs. The people, especially the young men and women of America, must begin to learn that religion is something far, far different from what they supposed. It is indeed, too important to the power and perpetuity of the New World to be consigned any longer to the churches, old or new, Catholic or Protestant—Saint this, or Saint that. It must be consigned thenceforth to democracy en masse, and to literature."

More than any other thinker of his generation Whitman realized the need of creating new religious ideals for America, new "mind formulas" as real and large and sane as the continent itself, and while acknowledging to the full the indebtedness of America to "venerable priestly Asia" and "royal feudal Europe" he accepted the opportunity of a new world and a new time to plant the seeds of a new gospel. "I too, following many and followed by many, inaugurate a new religion." It was not his

purpose, however, to organize another religious sect, but, acting as a poet and not as a priest, to arouse the religious consciousness in men and women so they might be religious in themselves and write Bibles and creeds at the height of their enlightenment. Of himself he said: "I know I have the best of time and space, and was never measured and never will be measured." And to those who would become his followers he gave warning:

"I tramp a perpetual journey,
My signs are a rain-proof coat, good shoes, and a staff cut from the woods,
No friend of mine takes his ease in my chair,
I have no chair, no church, no philosophy,
I lead no man to a dinner-table, library, exchange,
But each man and each woman of you I lead upon a knoll,
My left hand hooking you round the waist,
My right hand pointing to landscapes of continents and the public road,
Not I, not any one else can travel that road for you,
You must travel it for yourself."

The capacity of any individual to write passages of experience for inclusion in the Bible of the race is claimed on the ground of the essential centrality of thought in the universe. Whitman is the author of a new anthropomorphism. Wherever anyone stands there is the center of all days and all races, the past summed up, the future foretold, all antecedents tallied, all laws realized, all objects encompassed. Bibles and religions proceed out of the heart of man and the issues of life as leaves from the trees and as the trees spring from the ever pregnant soil.

The philosophic ground of Whitman's work is modern-

ly known as monism, or the conception of the unitary nature of the universe. This is not to say, as promised by metaphysics, that the universe is resolved into any single property, as mind or motion, from which everything else is derived, but that the universe is one universe, organized into one system. Whitman is the first great prophet of cosmic democracy. In the circle of life not one thing is alien, not one disenfranchised, not one thrust out and doomed to failure. A vast similitude interlocks all. His great words are unity, fusion, envelop, enclose, ensemble, encompass, identity—the "flowing eternal identity"—evolution, and immortality. He is the "true poet" of his own song, the "full-grown poet," who takes nature by one hand and the soul of man by the other and stands between the two as blender, reconciler, and lover. The entire volume of "Leaves of Grass" is dedicated to the cause of unity—unity in oneself, unity with others in love and comradeship, unity of states in nationalism, unity of mankind in a spiritual identification. In separate poems he showed his own identity with the sun-set breeze, with the husky-haughty sea, accepted his relations with animals, and claimed all men and women as his lovers and comrades. Almost his most passionate poems relate to his love of nature's elements.

"I am he that walks with the tender and growing night,
I call to the earth and sea half-held by the night.
Press close bare-bosom'd night—press close magnetic nourishing night!
Night of south winds—night of the large few stars!
Still nodding night—mad naked summer night.

Smile, O voluptuous cool-breath'd earth!
Earth of the slumbering and liquid trees!

Earth of departed sunset—earth of the mountains misty-topt!
Earth of the vitreous pour of the full moon just tinged with blue!
Earth of shine and dark mottling the tide of the river!
Earth of the limpid gray of clouds brighter and clearer for my sake!
Far-swooping elbow'd earth—rich apple-blossom'd earth!
Smile, for your lover comes.

Prodigal, you have given me love—therefore I to you give love!
O unspeakable passionate love.
You sea! I resign myself to you also—I guess what you mean.
I behold from the beach your crooked inviting fingers,
I believe you refuse to go back without feeling of me,
We must have a turn together, I undress, hurry me out of sight of the land,
Cushion me soft, rock me in billowy drowse,
Dash me with amorous wet, I can repay you.

Sea of stretch'd ground-swells,
Sea breathing broad and convulsive breaths,
Sea of the brine of life and of unshovell'd yet always ready graves,
Howler and scooper of storms, capricious and dainty sea,
I am integral with you, I too am of one phase and of all phases.
I am he attesting sympathy."

On its passional and devotional side Whitman's religion may be said to be constituted by cosmic enthusiasm.

Comprehensive as is the scope of Whitman's thought, familiar as is his usage of the terms God and Nature, his doctrine of divinity is primarily a doctrine of Man. After all is said of the cosmos that can be said in celebration he returns to the center, to the one "chained in the adamant of Time" from whom the celebration proceeds, and declares: "You are not thrown to the winds, you gather

certainly and safely around yourself, yourself! yourself! yourself, forever and ever!" "The whole theory of the universe," he affirms, "is directed unerringly to one single individual." It is not the sky, the night, the sea, that is great: it is the individual man that is great. "Dazzling and tremendous, how quick the sun-rise would kill me, if I could not now and always send sun-rise out of me." For the individual "the divine ship sails the divine sea"; for him "the earth is solid and liquid"; for him "the sun and moon stand in the sky." It is constantly iterated that "nothing, not God, is greater to one than one's self is." "I sing the songs of the glory of none, not God, sooner than I sing the songs of the glory of you." "I only am he who places over you no master, owner, better, God, beyond what waits intrinsically in yourself."

"What do you suppose creation is?
What do you suppose will satisfy the soul, except to walk free and own no superior?
What do you suppose I would intimate to you in a hundred ways, but that man or woman is as good as God?
And that there is no God any more divine than yourself?
And that is what the oldest and the newest myths finally mean?"

With sublime rebellion against the ideal of master and lord Whitman announced the import of the democratic man:

"From this hour I ordain myself loos'd of limits and imaginary lines,
Going where I list, my own master total and absolute."

He values the "beauty of independence, departure, actions that rely on themselves." He praises the "boundless impatience of restraint" he had observed among the

American soldiery. No joy is greater to him than the joy of a "manly self-hood."

"O while I live to be the ruler of life, not a slave,
To meet life as a powerful conqueror,
No fumes, no ennui, no more complaints or scornful criticisms,
To these proud laws of the air, the water and the ground,
proving my interior soul impregnable,
And nothing exterior shall ever take command of me."

A radical foundation of the new religion is the divine pride of man in himself.

The supremacy of man in the universe is due to the essential creativity of thought. In an idealistic sense the universe is created and upheld by thought. No thinker can by any possible means escape from himself. Space and time and all other categories whereby the universe is known are methods of thinking. The universe, in short, as humanly known, is thought thinking itself. Within the same circle conceptions of deity occur, which are commonly the highest and most universal ideals the mind can form in respect of its own evolution. "Man is, and always has been," John Burroughs declares, "a maker of gods. It has been the most serious and significant occupation of his sojourn in the world." When an ideal of the highest good ceases to serve the end for which it was created, the mind sadly and painfully destroys it and erects a higher good to be held in honor in place of the fallen idol. Prometheus willed that Jupiter should control his being: when the god became tyrannous when laws, customs and decrees hardened and became stereotyped, the same will pronounced the god's eviction. All along the pathway of thought are strewn these pathetic figures of idols discredited and discarded. The

philosophic mind views the spectacle without regret. Says the wise Maeterlinck: "The hour when a lofty conviction forsakes us should never be one of regret. If a belief we have clung to goes, or a spring snaps within us; if we at last dethrone the idea that so long has held sway, this is proof of utility, progress, of our marching steadily onwards, and making good use of all that lies to our hand." In "Leaves of Grass" the God-idea is once more corrected and modernized. What is "the greatest thing in the world?" The greatest minds answer that the greatest thing is Love. Love, when concretized in human life and absorbed in personality, produces the Lover, the Comrade, the One in whom all other lives and experiences are contained and brought together. To the perfection of Comradeship the whole universe tends. All forces have been steadily employed to complete the Great Companion. And the process is unending. "My rendezvous," says the poet, "is appointed, it is certain."

"Reckoning ahead O soul, when thou, the time achiev'd,
The seas all cross'd, weather'd the capes, the voyage done,
Surrounded, copest, frontest God, yieldest, the aims attain'd,
As fill'd with friendship, love complete, the Elder Brother found,
The Younger melts in fondness in his arms."

In the illumination of this thought the past of human life is interpreted.

"Having studied the new and antique, the Greek and Germanic systems,
Kant having studied and stated, Fichte and Schelling and Hegel,
Stated the lore of Plato, and Socrates greater than Plato,
And greater than Socrates sought and stated, Christ divine having studied long,

I see reminiscent today those Greek and Germanic systems,
See the philosophies all, Christian churches and tenets see,
Yet underneath Socrates clearly see, and underneath Christ the divine I see,
The dear love of man for his comrade, the attraction of friend to friend,
Of the well-married husband and wife, of children and parents,
Of city for city and land for land."

From the height of this vision the poet perceives the line of "compassionaters"—how they have labored together to transmit the same charge and succession, how they enclose continents, castes and theologies, and how they will arise the whole earth over till times and eras are saturated and the men and women of races prove lovers and comrades.

It is certain that in Comradeship the idea of Nature is also contained. The democratic man is to show affiliation with all phenomena. Of course nature may be known objectively by the intellectual categories of knowing: but the real knowledge of nature, the knowledge that Whitman had in view when he said: "I say the whole earth and all the stars in the sky are for religion's sake," is subjective, the consciousness of identity and kindred impulses among all created things. The poet confronts the shows of the day and night, acknowledges their copiousness, then absorbs their growths into himself. He stands and looks at animals and they display their relations with him and show tokens of himself in their possession. There is no smallest particle of nature beyond the reach of the soul. From the "rolling earth," the "high-vibrating stars," the "mystical moist night-air," the "gorgeous clouds of sunset," the "scallop-edged waves of flood-tide," the sea's "husky-haughty lips," the

"myriad leaves" of the Redwood-tree, "bravuras of birds," "bustle of growing wheat," "gossip of flame," "winged purposes of wood-drake"—from all natural sources without exception a kindred response vibrates back to the soul's invitation. The "damp of night" drives deeper into his soul than logic or sermons. A morning glory at his window teaches more than the metaphysics of books. "Why are there trees I never walk under but large and melodious thoughts descend upon me." He needs but to "lie abstracted" to hear "beautiful tales of things and reasons of things."

"Air, soil, water, fire—these are words.
I myself am a word with them—qualities interpenetrate with them—my name is nothing to them,
Though it were told in the three thousand languages, what would air, soil, water, fire, know of my name?
A healthy presence, a friendly or commanding gesture, are words, sayings, meanings,
The charms that go with the mere looks of some men and women, are sayings and meanings also.

The workmanship of souls is by those inaudible words of the earth,
The masters know the earth's words and use them more than audible words."

"I swear there is no greatness or power that does not emulate those of the earth,
There can be no theory of any account unless it corroborate the theory of the earth,
No politics, song, religion, behavior, or what not, is of account, unless it compare with the amplitude of the earth,
Unless it face the exactness, vitality, impartiality, rectitude of the earth."

Manifestly the intention of all his songs of nature is to

demonstrate the infinite relationships within the universe and the value to the soul of man of the intercommunication.

Whitman's celebration of the individual culminates in his songs of evolution and immortality. His poems contain the strongest assertion and argument respecting the continuity of being that can be found anywhere in literature.

"I know I am solid and sound,
I know I am deathless,
I know I am august,
My foothold is tenon'd and mortis'd in granite,
I laugh at what you call dissolution,
And I know the amplitude of time."

So necessary is the conception of evolution to the philosophy of democracy, it would seem that if the soul of man had not already known its immortality, Whitman, as the spokesman of the New World, must have invented the idea for the furtherance of his theory of man. For by the thought of physical and spiritual evolution every atom in the universe is given place and importance and its place and condition are fully justified. In the cosmic elemental stream all conditions are levelled and made as one, however distinctive the special attainments of anyone may be. Size is only development.

"Have you outstripped the rest? Are you the President?
It is a trifle, they will more than arrive there everyone, and still pass on."

"Births have brought us richness and variety,
And other births will bring us richness and variety.
I do not call one greater and one smaller,
That which fills its period and place is equal to any."

"The universe is duly in order, everything is in its place,
What has arrived is in its place and what waits shall be in its place."

The universe is seen as a procession with measured and perfect motion. Shadows advance before the object and reached hands bring up the laggards. "Always the procreant urge of the world."

"I saw the face of the most smear'd and slobbering idiot they had at the asylum,
And I know for my consolation what they knew not,
I knew of the agents that emptied and broke my brother,
The same wait to clear the rubbish from the fallen tenement,
And I shall look again in a score or two of ages,
And I shall meet the real landlord perfect and unharm'd, every inch as good as myself."

The poet meets death with equable mind. With "keys of softness" the soul loosens the "clasps of the knitted locks." Life and "Heavenly Death" provide for all. When any orb is enfolded, the spirit "lifts that level" and continues beyond. "The goal that was named cannot be countermanded."

To such an inclusive spiritual democracy there can be no limitations or probations. Immortality is necessary and universal.

"I swear I think there is nothing but immortality!
That the exquisite scheme is for it, and the nebulous float is for it, and the cohering is for it!
And all preparation is for it—and identity is for it—and life and materials are altogether for it!"

Indeed "the smallest sprout shows there is really no death."

"Nothing is ever really lost, or can be lost,
No birth, identity, form—no object of the world,
Nor life, nor force, nor any visible thing."

In a philosophy devoted to the identities the dualistic distinctions between good and evil fail of their meanings and the orthodox ethics is thrown to confusion. The doctrine of good and evil in the mediæval theologies was comparatively simple; it consisted in forming fixed categories of right and wrong by absolute standards. But as life was never static but ever flowing it was difficult even during the vogue of dualism to fit practice to the theory and it became easier to modify the theory than to enforce right conduct. Extremists like William Blake denied the sacred codes *in toto* and reversed their categories. Milder men, like Emerson and Browning, attempting reconciliation, extended toward Satan a generous hospitality and appropriated his evil as an agency in the good. Both thinkers abandoned the restrictive codes and trusted to the soul's original energy. It requires but one more step to reach the monistic plane and but a little more courage to give up the attempt at reconciliating differences that pertain only to a past philosophy and construe life on wholly new terms. Probably Whitman in general would adopt the saying of Emerson: "Virtue is the adherence in action to the nature of things: The only right is what is after my constitution, the only wrong is what is against it." And if the retort be made: "These impulses may be from below," Whitman would respond as cheerfully as did the elder sage: "If I am the Devil's child, I will live then from the Devil; no law can be sacred to me but that of my nature." However Whitman is more inclined to deny the validity of the terms good and bad altogether and would use them—as Blake did in his "Marriage of Heaven and Hell"—only as traditional counters of speech, very much as one still

speaks of the rising and setting of the sun. "I resist anything," he said, "more than my own diversity." "I will stand by my own nativity pious or impious so be it." "Clear and sweet is my soul and clear and sweet is all that is not my soul." Knowing the perfect fitness and equanimity of things he is vexed at "showing the best and dividing it from the worst." "Evil propels me and reform of evil propels me. I stand indifferent." "What is called good is perfect and what is called evil is just as perfect." In a poem that recalls Emerson's "Mithridates" he declares that in earth's orbic scheme "newts, crawling things in slime and mud, poisons, the barren soil, the evil men, the slag and hideous rot" are all enclosed. Or in other words of his: "The roughness of the earth and of man encloses as much as the delicatesse of the earth and of man." He thinks the elementary laws do not need to be worked over and believes that from the unflagging pregnancy health will emerge. The problem of modern life is not as in mediæval days to achieve righteousness but to entertain sincerity and truth. And in the last thought of the universe "all is truth." Everything, inevitable and limitless, appears in the line of its inheritance and is allowed the "eternal purports of the earth."

"I sing the endless finalés of things,
I say Nature continues, glory continues,
I praise with electric voice,
For I do not see one imperfection in the universe,
And I do not see one cause or result lamentable at last in the universe."

Thus the motive of Whitman's entire gospel is to establish man in undisputed mastery over himself. The center of authority is shifted from what is without the

soul to the soul itself. The ethics of authority is forever void. Responsibility attaches to the self. And no one ever taught more insistently than Whitman the impossibility of eluding "the law of promotion and transformation" that inheres in one's own acts and thoughts. Theft comes back to the thief as love returns to the lover. "A strong being is the proof of the race and of the ability of the universe."

The intention of the old theology was to reduce man, to make him submissive, to take from his autonomy. The new proposes to exalt man, to deny mastery, to prove capacity for self-rule. The old convicted man of sin, initiated a division and conflict within the self, filled him with lamentations, postponed his rewards. The new knows but one compact indivisible impulse, permits man's original energy its joyful utterance, yields his pains and pleasures now. The old tended to develop in man a sense of alienism in the midst of all cosmic forms. The new seeks to place him in rapport with the universe, to arouse the abysmal passions whereby he becomes the lover of the cosmos, the interpreter of its occult meanings and an accomplice in its ends.

THE OUTLOOK TO THE EAST.

I.

There are certain periods in history described as awakenings and new births, during which, after long quiescence, the human spirit rouses itself from stupor, breaks the bonds of code and custom, and strikes out in new directions, makes discoveries of new continents and skies, is creative and expansive in unwonted fields, and attains thereby a new plane of consciousness. The sign of awakening is an unusual activity—an activity vague and unregulated at first, but with an ever-increasing definiteness of purpose. The expansion is commonly at once geographical, scientific, and theosophical. The accidents of history determine the direction of discovery and provide the particular external materials for the spirit's use, but the whole movement accrues eventually to character and becomes permanent in an enlarged racial consciousness. Egypt, India and Persia at some time passed through such spiritual epochs, but the awakening of the peoples of Europe in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries is known above all other similar events as the Renaissance. There was then a genuine new birth of the human spirit, an advance for two mystic centuries into a new condition of freedom, an elevation of mind and soul such as the race had experienced before but once or twice in its history. The vague unrest of the Crusades was an early sign of gesta-

tion, of awakening energy. The new birth was announced by the revival of the sense of wonder and by the desire for exploration. Undiscovered lands and seas offered the opportunity of physical expansion. The unsolved problems of the stars excited the mind to explore the heavens. The accident of the fall of the Greek empire occasioned the migration of scholars westward; their absorption in the humanistic movement inaugurated by Petrarch and his followers increased the scope of the New Learning and led to a more complete resuscitation of the past. To the wisdom of the Jews were added the forgotten speculations of the Greeks. It happened that Virgil was the first of the classic texts to be printed, but Greek was the favorite symbol of scholarship; Homer was printed in 1488; Aristotle in 1498, and Plato in 1513. The affiliation with the Greek spirit was the primary fact of the Italian renaissance. Through the retention of the germs of spiritual freedom contained in the literature of Hellas, the desire for knowledge was quickened, the sense of the beautiful was restored, and the horizons of speculation were widened through all the western lands. The immediate direction of energy, the materials upon which the new life was expended, were the accidents of the environment. That which was permanent was a certain elevation of soul and freedom of spirit—a freedom that still gives a motive to the modern world.

The nineteenth century will be known in history as the beginning of another European renaissance. An expansive movement in human affairs became conspicuous about the middle of the century, the tide of which was felt upon the farthest shore. An old order was closed in Europe by the popular revolutions at the end of the

eighteenth century. An impulse for freedom was initiated by the cries of fraternity and equality sounding from the French Revolution. The century witnessed the liberal movement in religion, the republican movement in politics, the romantic movement in art, the scientific movement in education, the industrial movement in sociology. Geographical expansion has been effected through the exploration of the Dark Continent, the settlement of untilled lands in other continents and the conquest of inferior peoples by the dominant races. Natural forces hitherto unknown or unemployed have been discovered and applied to service. By means of improved microscopes and telescopes the minute and the distant have been brought within the ken of science. Philosophic speculation has been more daring and far-reaching than before. Never was man more active, more efficient, more like a god. All outward motion is a sign of inward growth. Outer expansion answers to inner expansion —even as conservatism and contraction of boundaries testify to inner decay. Man has awakened again spiritually. A cycle of growth is completed and new and more psychic paths are entered upon. Not now to Greece but to the Orient—to that which lay behind Greece, to that which tinctured the lore of Plato and the dialectics of Aristotle, to more primitive sources of life—the Western race is tending. The privilege that the nineteenth century enjoyed above all other centuries was its access to the East.

II.

The way to the Orient had been found as early as the

year 1500 by Portuguese sailors, and by the year 1600 trade with India and China was inaugurated by English merchantmen. And still to the Orient all vessels are turning. That was a memorable historic event in 1853, when Commodore Perry with his "black ships" entered the harbor of Yedo to sue for a treaty of trade with Japan. Equally significant was the year 1869, when the Suez Canal was formally opened and the Union Pacific rails were laid across the American Continent. In 1885 the Canadian Pacific Company completed its three thousand miles of highway to Port Moody, and another oceanic route to the East was established. In 1891 the Czarowitz drove the first spike for the Siberian railway at Vladivostok, on the Japan Sea. More recently the course of events established the United States in Hawaii and the Philippines on the route to the Orient. Other highways are being surveyed across Europe and Asia. Easy intercommunication is everywhere assured at the opening of the century.

Trade and commerce with the East have been effected, not merely in goods and fabrics, but also in subtler properties. In the ships of the tradesmen scholarship sailed. As in the earlier renaissance, scholastic criticism preceded the appropriation of spiritual results. What Petrarch, Marsigli, the eminent Chysolorus, and other Florentine scholars did for Hellenism, Sir William Jones, Schlegel, Bobb, Du Perron, Spiegel, Mueller, Whitney, Harper, and other noted scholars accomplished for the Oriental. While remembering the disclosures of science respecting the operations of nature, it is not too much to say that the chief conquests in the new learning in this age have been made in the field of human history. Whole acts in

the drama of the world have been discovered. Treasures have been unearthed that surpass in human value the discoveries of all previous centuries. The entire sacred literature of the race is disclosed for the student of religions. The veil is drawn from the mysteries of Egypt. India, the home of Brahmanism, the birthplace of Buddhism, and the refuge of Zoroastrianism, is as an open book. Through the work of philologists we know something of the history of words and conceptions, and of the momentous events, the intellectual battles, the life dramas, that words represent.

It is astonishing to find how recently the Occident came into its inheritance of Oriental wisdom. The ignorance of Europe regarding the East was nearly total at the beginning of the nineteenth century. "I do not like the fashion of your garments," said King Lear in blind reproof of Edgar. "You will say they are Persian." A hundred years ago Persia was still hardly more than a name; India, a vast outlying region; Egypt, a sphinx hidden in the sands. The demand made by Voltaire for the substitution of the ancient moral systems for Christianity was based upon the slightest knowledge of those systems. The Eastern poems of Moore, Southey, and Byron do not strike below the surface of their subjects. It was not until 1783, when Sir William Jones published a translation of the Indian poem "Sa Kuntala," that English scholars became even aware of the existence of an immense and complete Indian literature. The Upanishads were accessible to European scholars only in a translation of a Persian version rendered into Latin by Auquetil du Perron in 1802. The celebrated Indian Rammahun Roy, who visited England in 1831, was the

first Brahman to appear in Europe for the interchange of ideas. It was not till 1832 that a chair of Sanskrit was established in Oxford. Professor Wilson, the first incumbent of the office, translated only a part of the "Rig-Veda Sanhita." Professor Max Mueller published in 1849 the text and commentary of the "Rig-Veda." The oldest book of the Aryan race was then for the first time accessible to students. As with the Vedas of the Brahmans, so with the Avesta of the Zoroastrians, the Pitaka of the Buddhists, the Kings of the Confucians, the Koran of the Mohammedans, and the Egyptian Book of the Dead. Until 1859 the language which the Parsees—the modern disciples of Zoroaster—used in their worship was an unknown tongue even to themselves. The Rosetta stone was found in 1779, but waited long for Champollion and Letronne to use it for unlocking the vast religious literature of Egypt. The researches of M. Edouard Neville and Flinders Petrie in Egypt are known to the youngest. The verses of Omar may fairly be classed in our current literature. It seems but yesterday that Lafcadio Hearn became a member of the college at Tokio and began the publication of those wonderful essays that alone interpret the inner life of Japan to Western observers. It was left to Kipling to annex an entirely new field to literature. To the closing years of the century belong also the right reading of our own Hebrew scriptures and the just recognition of the Oriental forces affecting the early Christian theology, and it seems not unlikely that the classics themselves will be reread in the light of the new learning.

The activity of European scholarship is not without its spiritual ground. The search in the Orient is instinc-

tive and intuitive. For fourteen centuries and more the Greek manuscripts lay in the Italian libraries unnoticed, waiting the development of an intelligence capable of interpreting them. It was not their discovery that caused the Renaissance; it was the Renaissance that caused their discovery. Today some spiritual attraction, some feeling of kinship, is drawing the West to the East. It is too soon to measure the results of the influence; it is hardly time to be predictive. This much may be understood: that the best will be absorbed. Schopenhauer, on reading the Upanishads, pronounced the Vedantic philosophy a product of the highest wisdom, and predicted that Indian wisdom would flow back upon Europe and produce a thorough change in its knowing and thinking. In the first edition (1818) of his *Welt als Wille und Vorstellung* he stated his belief that the influence of Sanskrit literature would not be less profound than the revival of the Greek in the fourteenth century. As is well known, Schopenhauer's own philosophy was strongly impregnated by the fundamental doctrines of the Upanishads. The Orient is the original home of theosophy, a term denoting that form of philosophic thought which claims a special insight into the divine nature. It is safe to say that the whole transcendental movement, from its rise in Germany to its evaporation in the excesses of the "newness" in New England, was profoundly affected by the theosophical teachings of Eastern sages. One of the remarkable features of the New England "Dial," the organ of the new philosophy, was the chapters on "Ethnic Scriptures," which contained texts from the Veeshnu Sarma, the laws of Menu, Confucius, the Desatir, the Chinese "Four Books," Hermes Trismegistus, and Chal-

dean oracles. Modern theosophy was founded in the United States in 1875 by Madame Blavatsky and Colonel Olcott, the objects of the society being "to form a nucleus of universal brotherhood" and "to investigate the unexplained laws of nature and the physical powers of man." The extension of this and similar orders in America and Europe has been phenomenal. Antique oracular style, allegorical and esoteric methods appear again in the fables and apothegms of so modern and antagonistic philosopher as Nietzsche. The Oriental influence will most certainly count on the side of idealism. It will tend to emotionalize the European intellect. It will quicken imagination. It will work for unity. It will effect brotherhood.

Some of the practical effects of Orientalism may be determined by its modification of Western modes. The Greek influence on Italian art was in the direction of more perfect and elaborate form. Painting lost its descriptive and symbolical power and assumed the motive of pure form. By the time of the high Renaissance art forms had become fully abstracted from meaning, and in the next century in Italy art was so conventionalized that it failed to serve any human interest and the life-energy came to be exercised elsewhere. But theosophical growth is inner: it depends upon experience and eventuates in character. Such beauty as it evolves will be characteristic, or that which corresponds to the inner thought. The outer form will tend to attenuate till it becomes the veriest symbol. The more mystical the feeling, the more vague and indefinite will be the form. The formlessness of Oriental literature has often been remarked upon. Japanese art, while not particularly mys-

tical, inclines to the characteristic. The music-dramas of Wagner well illustrate the new mode in the West. Beethoven was the last exponent of the music of classic form. Wagner through Schopenhauer became a convert to Orientalism and created a music of character dependent upon a philosophical system. Sounds exist not for themselves but for what they signify. The symbolistic manner is carried still farther in the plays of Mæterlinck, where outward action almost ceases, that the observer may follow the play of feeling and fancy with unimpeded motion. "The time will come," says Mæterlinck, "when our souls will know of each other without the intermediary of the senses."

An exception to the general philosophic influence seems to be afforded by the writings of Omar, which are unidealistic and seek the ultimate peace in sensation:

> "A moment's halt—a momentary taste
> Of being from the well amid the waste—
> And lo! the phantom caravan has reach'd
> The nothing is set out from—Oh, make haste!"

But Omar was himself a rebel against the orthodox Puritanism of his time, and the explanation of the amazing hold his *rubaiyat* have suddenly acquired upon the English race is their association with the same rebellious spirit in the West. Their acceptance betokens profound dissatisfaction with the current orthodoxies, and Omar in reality works indirectly for the spread of the idealism he opposed. The company of Omarians that meet in London in the midst of roses and over wine are simply agnostic; and if their contentment is not in thought, it is certainly not in sensation.

Science and theosophy represent different phases of the

great awakening in the nineteenth century. The emphasis is now on the outer and now on the inner. But it is wisdom and not knowledge that endures. The new cycle will witness the positive increase in the human race of thought, of experience, of character, of the life of the spirit.

III.

It is now possible to predict the affiliation of democracy with Orientalism. A casual observer would not fail to note the Pacific interests of America, the maintenance of the "open door" eastward for commerce, the interest of American scholars in Oriental subjects, the intervisitation of the teachers of all systems—the missionary activity of the Churches in one direction and the successful propagandism of the new Vedantism in the other direction. It is recalled that at the foundation of the University of Chicago, the youngest of the universities, the fullest provision was made for the oldest languages; that the first doctor's degree given by this university is held by a student from Japan for proficiency in the Semitic field; that its first building for the use of a department of language was an Oriental hall; and that its endowment provides for a series of lectures to be given annually in the cities of the East by Western scholars. And when one sees in America vast concourses of people wearing the garb and bearing the symbols of devotees to some "mystic shrine," he is impelled to wonder at the strength of migratory secrecies. There are these many outer signs of an inner identity. In certain emotional, imaginative, and reflective states, Americans

are often farther from Europeans than from many Asiatics. Amid all our diversity, there is in America a profound sense of unity. To win independence first and then union, our two great wars were fought. The philosophy of individualism is our inheritance from Europe. To the Indian philosophy of oneness we turn for confirmation of our principle of unity. The absorption of all in a common principle gives importance to the members of a group; it also provides for brotherhood. It is this consciousness of a common life direction that is bringing together again the various ethnic streams of the Aryan race, after a separation so long that the recollection of their common source has been completely lost.

Three American writers illustrate different phases of the reunion. In the works of Bayard Taylor, Emerson, and Whitman, I find the affirmation of my thesis.

Bayard Taylor was one of the first among American men of letters to be possessed with a passion for travel. He was an American Ulysses, "always roaming with a hungry heart." Other lines of Tennyson's poem spring to memory at the suggestion, and one is surprised to find how applicable the poem is to Taylor and all wandering men:

> "I cannot rest from travel; I will drink
> Life to the lees: all times I have enjoy'd
> Greatly, have suffer'd greatly, both with those
> That loved me, and alone. . . .
>
> I am a part of all that I have met;
> Yet all experience is an arch wherethro'
> Gleams that untravell'd world, whose margin fades
> Forever and forever when I move."

Beginning his wanderings in his youth, Taylor visited

in the course of his lifetime nearly every country of the globe. During a single journey, begun in 1851, he traversed most of the countries of Europe, Asia and Africa, traveling a distance of fifty thousand miles. He went with Commodore Perry to Japan in 1853. Keenly observant, with insatiable curiosity, with a ready and reliable pen, he was our best reporter abroad. But more than a mere observer and recorder, he had the genius of identifying himself with the life of many peoples. On the whole, he was the most conspicuous ethnic identity of the age. He seemed to be German, Spanish, Syrian, at need. Undoubtedly the most interesting and valuable part of Taylor's experiences abroad was his travel in India, China, and Japan. He felt himself drawn to these peoples as to no others. Not inappropriately Hicks, when commissioned to draw his portrait, painted him in Asiatic costume, turbaned, smoking, sitting cross-legged upon a roof-top of Damascus. E. C. Stedman, remark-upon Taylor's affinity with the East, noted the Oriental likeness "in those down-dropping eyelids which made his profile like Tennyson's; in his aquiline nose, with the expressive tremor of the nostrils as he spoke; in his thinly tufted chin, his close-curling hair; his love of spices, music, coffee, colors, and perfumes; his sensitiveness to outdoor influences, to the freshness of the morning, the bath, the elemental touch of air and water, and the life-giving sun." It was to be expected that his "Poems of the Orient" would give him freest outlet for song. Unrestrained, glowing with color, languorous, heavy with perfume, these lyrics not only represent Taylor's freshest, most vivid, and most spontaneous poetic work, but also are superior to anything of their kind in literature,

being freed from the "honeyed monotony of Moore's Orientalism and the bookishness of Southey." They are indeed the "flowers of a life that had ripened in the suns of many lands." When the poet came to the "Land of the East," his soul seemed native:

> "All things to him were the visible forms
> Of early and precious dreams—
> Familiar visions that mocked his quest
> Beside the Western streams,
> Or gleamed in the gold of the clouds, unrolled
> In the sunset's dying beams."

Flowers, too, shed their welcome; the birds claimed kinship.

> The Poet said: "I will here abide,
> In the Sun's unclouded door;
> Here are the wells of all delight
> On the lost Arcadian shore:
> Here is the light on sea and land,
> And the dream deceives no more."

When the poet bade farewell to sun and palm, he was frank to make the following confession:

> "I found, among those Children of the Sun,
> The cipher of my nature—the release
> Of baffled powers, which else had never won
> That free fulfillment, whose reward is peace."

Taylor was attracted to the East because of its permission of free emotion and high imagination; Emerson was drawn thither that he might appropriate its deep speculative wisdom. Some would think to select Alcott rather than Emerson as an exponent of oracular wisdom;

but Alcott was fed by the speculations of Greece and introduced no thought that is not in Pythagoras or Plato. Emerson was the sage, the seer. Brahmanism being a state of being rather than a creed, he may be said to have attained its highest condition. His very features recall the idea of Nirvana. Said an Indian visitor of Emerson: "There is that hushed, ineffable, self-contained calmness over his countenance so familiar to us who have studied the expression of Gotama's image in every posture." In "Representative Men" Plato is described as visiting Asia and Egypt and imbibing the ideal of one deity in which all things are absorbed. From the same source Emerson drew much of his serene idealism. The Bhagavad Gita and other Upanishads, the writings of Saadi and Hafiz, were among his favorite reading. "He delights," said W. T. Harris, "in the all-absorbing unity of the Brahman, in the all-renouncing ethics of the Chinese and Persian, in the measureless images of the Arabian and Hindoo." Without dwelling upon all aspects of Emerson's Orientalism, it may be said that it was his mission to translate to Western readers the philosophy of unity. Above all men of his generation in America, he perceived the occult relationship between man and the universe. Matter, a Hindoo seer might explain, is not a mere succession of appearances, nor yet a creation of the brain of man, but a mysterious marvelous putting forth in outward form of beauty that which is inwardly realized in the human soul. There is nowhere in literature so admirable an epitome of the Bhagavad Gita as the poem "Brahma"—that poem which was greeted with smiles and looks of amazement when it appeared in the first number of the *Atlantic Monthly* in

1857, which is still not so well understood, forty and eight years after, as not to need quotation:

"If the red slayer thinks he slays,
Or if the slain think he is slain,
They know not well the subtle ways
I keep, and pass, and turn again.

Far or forgot to me is near;
Shadow and sunlight are the same;
The vanished gods to me appear;
And one to me are shame and fame.

They reckon ill who leave me out;
When me they fly I am the wings;
I am the doubter and the doubt,
And I the hymn the Brahmin sings.

The strong gods pine for my abode,
And pine in vain the sacred Seven;
But thou, meek lover of the good,
Find me, and turn thy back on heaven."

Probably the poem still needs the commentary of a prose passage in "Representative Men," which summarizes so admirably the spirit of the Indian philosophy:

"The Same, the Same: friend and foe are of one stuff; the plowman, the plow, and the furrow are of one stuff; and the stuff is such, and so much, that the variations of form are unimportant. 'You are fit,' says the supreme Krishna to a sage, 'to apprehend that you are not distinct from me. That which I am thou art, and that also is the world, with its gods and heroes and mankind. Men contemplate distinction, because they are stupefied with ignorance.' 'The words *I* and *mine* constitute ignorance. What is the great end of all, you shall now

learn from me. It is soul—one in all bodies; as pervading, uniform, perfect, pre-eminent over nature; exempt from birth, growth, and decay; omnipresent, made up of true knowledge, independent; unconnected with unrealities, with name, species, and the rest; in time past, present, and to come. The knowledge that this spirit, which is essentially one, is in one's own and in all other bodies is the wisdom of one who knows the unity of things. As one diffusive air, passing through the perforations of a flute, is distinguished as the notes of a scale, so the nature of the Great Spirit is single, though its forms be manifold, arising from the consequence of acts. When the difference of the investing form, as that of god, or the rest, is destroyed, there is no distinction." 'The whole world is but a manifestation of Vishnu, who is identical with all things, and is to be regarded by the wise as not differing from, but as the same as themselves. I neither am going nor coming; nor is my dwelling in any one place; nor art thou, thou; nor are others, others; nor am I, I.' As if he had said, 'All is for the soul, and the soul is Vishnu; and animals and stars are transient paintings; and light is whitewash; and durations are deceptive; and form is imprisonment; and heaven itself a decoy.' That which the soul seeks is resolution into being, above form, out of Tartarus, and out of heaven—liberation from nature."

After such acknowledgment of the doctrine of unity, it is not surprising that Indian thinkers claim Emerson as of their own blood. From far Calcutta, Mazoomdar, a Brahman, wrote of Emerson: "He seems to us to have been a geographical mistake. He ought to have been born in India. Perhaps Hindoos were closer kins-

men to him than his own nation, because every typical Hindoo is a child of nature. All our ancient religion is the utterance of the Infinite through nature's symbolism." But no! India is not so much a geographical region as a condition of being, a spirit, an attitude. India is here or nowhere. It is one of the romantic incidents of history that the ancient sacred texts were recovered, even for their own peoples, through the agency of Western scholarship; it may happen that the spiritual mantle of Elijah will fall upon some Western Elisha.

Emerson was a home-stayer, but Whitman, like Taylor, was a traveler—a spiritual traveler, to be sure, but none the less did he know all lands, observe all facts, absorb all lives, contain all thoughts. He stands conspicuous among men for his enormous absorptive capacity. His was a "balanced soul," even as Emerson described Plato's to be, at home at once in the "phenomenal" and the "real." The East and the West are equally understood and included in his all-containing pages.

"My spirit has pass'd in compassion and determination around the whole earth,
I have look'd for equals and lovers, and found them ready for me in all lands;
I think some divine rapport has equalized me with them."

His Oriental attachments are unmistakable. His own countenance suggested being, rather than thinking. He spoke with peculiar pleasure of the primitive faiths.

"My faith is the greatest of faiths and the least of faiths,
Enclosing worship ancient and modern and all between ancient and modern,
Believing I shall come again upon the earth after five thousand years,

Waiting responses from oracles, honoring the gods, saluting the sun,
Making a fetich of the first rock or stump, powowing with sticks in the circle of obis,
Helping the lama or brahmin as he trims the lamps of the idols,
Dancing yet through the streets in a phallic procession, rapt and austere in the woods a gymnosophist,
Drinking mead from the skull-cap, to Shastas and Vedas admirant, minding the Koran,
Walking the teokallis, spotted with gore from the stone and knife, beating the serpent-skin drum,
Accepting the Gospels, accepting Him that was crucified knowing assuredly that he is divine."

And in his salutations to the world he did not forget the old empires of Persia, Assyria, India, or Egypt:

"I hear the locusts in Syria as they strike the grain and grass with the showers of their terrible clouds.
I hear the Coptic refrain toward sundown, pensively falling on the breast of the black venerable vast mother, the Nile.
I hear the Arab muezzin calling from the top of the mosque.
I hear the cry of the Cossack, and the sailor's voice putting to sea at Okotsk.
I hear the Hebrew reading his records and psalms.
I hear the Hindoo teaching his favorite pupil the loves, wars, adages, transmitted safely to this day from poets who wrote three thousand years ago."

In his vision appear plainly the Himalaya mountains, the waters of Hindustan, and the China Sea, "the spread of the Caspian," "the four great rivers of China," "the windings of the Volga, the Dnieper, the Oder," "the falling of the Ganges over the high rim of Saukara," the steppes of Asia, the tumuli of Mongolia, the tents of Kalmucks and Baskirs, the highlands of Abyssinia, African and Asiatic towns, the "Turk smoking opium in

Aleppo," the picturesque crowds at the fairs of Khiva and those of Herat," "the caravans toiling onward," "the place of the idea of the Deity incarnated by avatars in human forms," "the spots of the successions of priests on the earth," the place of pyramids and obelisks, Japan, and all the islands of the sea.

His thought also spans these vast distances. The speculations of India illumine his pages. It is remarkable that Vedantists and Parses grasp the significance of "Leaves of Grass" at first reading: they understand its principles of distinction and unity, its celebration of the Self, the deference of the "Me" to the "real Me," its contentment with being, its mystic pantheism, its doctrine of translations and avataras, its nature worship, its all-embracing symbolism. This gladness at birth, immense egotism, acceptance of evil, content at death, do not offend them as many Western readers—for their own philosophy teaches the necessity of many births and deaths, the importance of personality, the acceptance of such conditions as the soul selects in birth and life. "On the Beach at Night Alone" is as all-absorbing as any Indian poem. "All Is Truth" is readily received by a mind that understands Emerson's "Brahma" and "Uriel."

Yet what is remarkable about Whitman is not his translation of another literature but the attainment in his own personality of a given plane of being. His was an original wisdom, an intuitive comprehension of things. "I need no assurances; I am a man preoccupied of his own soul." There is no reason, however, for belittling his knowledge or conscious motive in chanting the songs of the Orient. He was well aware of the course of events that was bringing the geographies together, and took

upon himself the task of furthering the tendency. In "Facing West from California's Shore" he knew full well the import of the circle:

"Facing west from California's shores,
Inquiring, tireless, seeking what is yet unfound,
I, a child, very old, over waves, towards the house of maternity, the land of migrations, look afar,
Look off the shores of my Western sea, the circle almost circled;
For starting westward from Hindustan, from the vales of Kashmere,
From Asia, from the north, from the God, the sage, and the hero,
From the south, from the flowery peninsulas and the spice islands,
Long having wander'd since, round the earth having wander'd,
Now I face home again, very pleas'd and joyous—
(But where is what I started for so long ago?
And why is it yet unfound?)"

Two other poems set forth Whitman's understanding of the effects of the interaction of East and West: "A Broadway Pageant" and "Passage to India." In 1867 certain envoys from Eastern peoples visited New York.

"Over the Western sea hither from Niphon come,
Courteous, the swart-cheek'd two-sworded envoys,
Leaning back in their open barouches, bareheaded, impassive,
Ride today through Manhattan."

The pageant was for Whitman the occasion of a prophecy. He perceived in the "nobles of Niphon" the errand-bringers of the whole Orient.

"The Originatress comes,
The nest of languages, the bequeather of poems, the race of eld,
Florid with blood, pensive, rapt with musings, hot with passion,
Sultry with perfume, with ample and flowing garments,

With sunburned visage, with intense soul and glittering eyes,
The race of Brahma comes.

Lithe and silent the Hindoo appears, the Asiatic continent itself appears, the past, the dead,
The murky night-morning of wonder and fable inscrutable,
The envelop'd mysteries, the old and unknown hive-bees,
The north, the sweltering south, eastern Assyria, the Hebrews, the ancient of ancients,
Vast desolated cities, the gliding present—all of these, and more, are in the pageant-procession."

The coming of the envoys betokened the opening of the Eastern doors. The sleep of the ages had done its work. The first cycle of progress from the start in Paradise was finished. From America, the "Libertad of the world," would spring a "greater supremacy:" Asia to be renewed for a second cycle through absorbing the experiences the race had gained in its journey westward.

"Passage to India" reverses the prophecy. Its occasion was the opening of the Suez Canal and the completion of the Pacific Railroad, by which the rondure of the world was at last accomplished. Passage to India meant passage to the "most populous, wealthiest of the earth's lands;" it meant passage to "primal thought," "wisdom's birth," "innocent intuitions," passage to "flowing literatures," "tremendous epics," "budding bibles," passage to "old occult Brahma," and "the tender and junior Buddha." It meant passage to more than India, the solving of "aged fierce enigmas," "mastership of strangling problems," the telling of the "secrets of the earth and sky." It meant the liberation of the soul, the exploration of "Nature and its wonders, Time and Space and Death."

"O Thou transcendent,
Nameless, the fiber and the breath,
Light of the light, shedding forth universes, thou center of them,
Thou mightier center of the true, the good, the loving,
Thou moral spiritual fountain—affection's source—thou reservoir,
Thou pulse—thou motive of the stars, suns, systems,
That, circling, move in order, safe, harmonious,
Athwart the shapeless vastnesses of space,
How should I think, how breathe a single breath, how speak, if, out of myself,
I could not launch, to those, superior universes?"

Taylor betrays the closeness of kinship between the West and the East in point of personal character and emotional and imaginative temperament. Emerson attained through natural evolution the condition of a Brahman, and promulgated, with a conscious knowledge of its source, the Indian doctrine of unity. Whitman, testing the principle of unity, passed in compassion around the circle of the globe, perceived the cyclic currents of progress—that "the lords of life pass from east to west" —and predicted from the course of the sun the spiritual rejuvenescence of America through contact with Asiatic thought, and thence the spread and ultimate supremacy of the democratic principle. "In our own day," writes William Sloane Kennedy, "the great task is ended, and we now stand, with hand over eyes, gazing far over the blue Pacific to the ancestral home whence ages ago we set out."

UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA, LOS ANGELES
THE UNIVERSITY LIBRARY
This book is DUE on the last date stamped below

Biomedical Library

LD-URL FEB 23 1967

4 WK FEB 27 1995
MAR 06 1995
RECEIVED

INTERLIBRARY LOANS
FEB 10 1967
THREE WEEKS FROM DATE OF RECEIPT
NON-RENEWABLE
RECD URL-LD
UCSB
MAR 17 1967

JAN 29 1979

RECD LD-URL

APR 29 1984

RECD LD-URL
MAR 11 1988
FEB 26 1988

RECD LD-URL
NOV 7 1988
JUN 20 1995

Form L-9
25m-10,'44(2191)

THE LIBRARY
UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
LOS ANGELES

6e
3 1158 00425 5427